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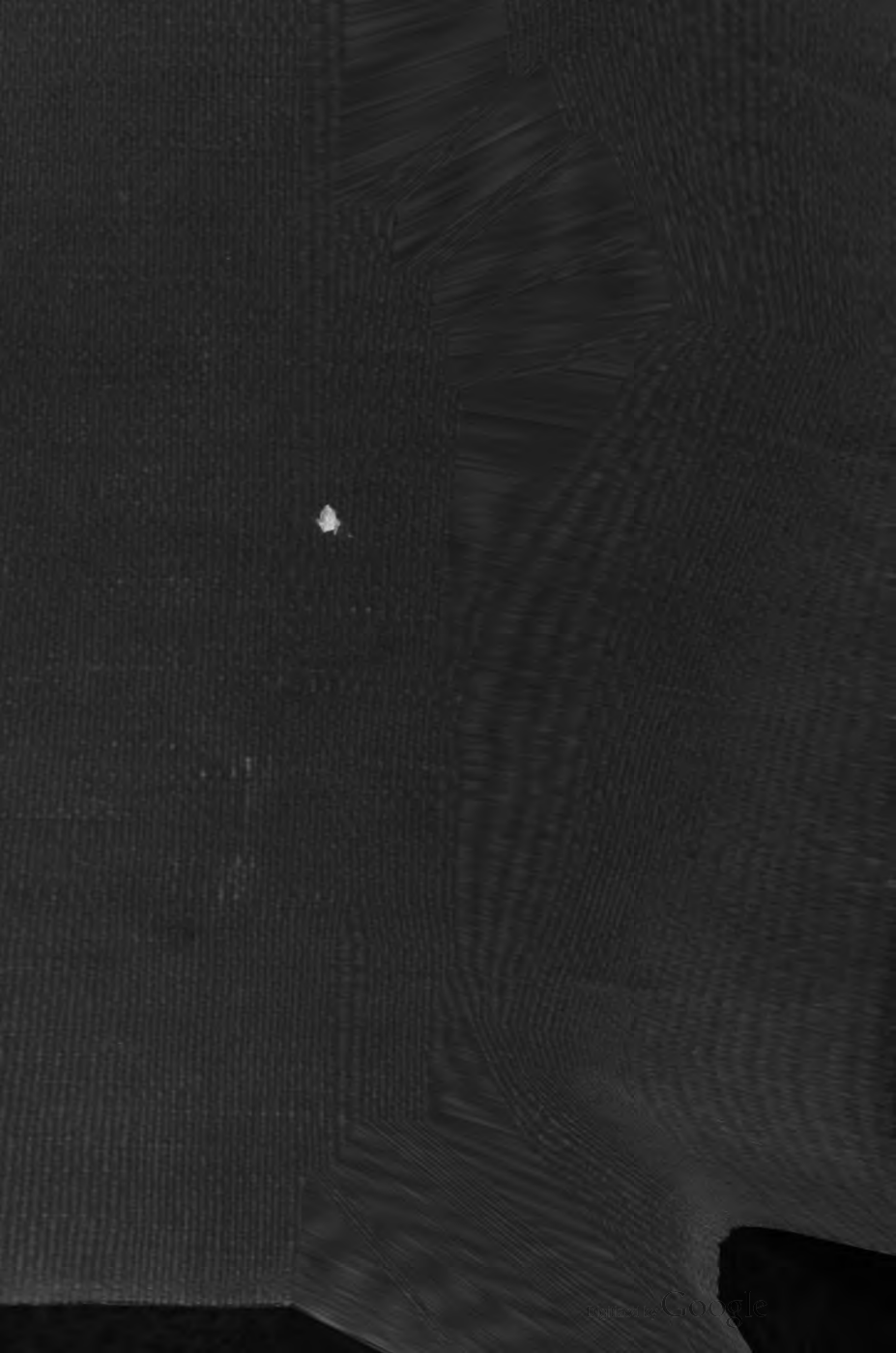
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*J. H. Wiffen*

# THE BROTHERS WIFFEN:

*Memoirs and Miscellanies.*

EDITED BY

SAMUEL ROWLES PATTISON,

*Author of*

*"On the History of Evangelical Christianity," "New Facts and  
Old Records," etc.*

*With Two Portraits.*

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## PREFACE.

AS it is a work of Charity to build resting places for the weary Pilgrims along Eastern roads, so must it be deemed meritorious to provide shelters for the combatants in the intervals of the Battle of Life. The wear and tear of mind and heart need the solace of quiet sympathizing thought. Such will be found in the lives and writings of the two Brothers here presented: men whose pursuits, though not dazzling to their fellow-travellers, were yet connected with the real progress of society, as well as its quiet enjoyments; for we agree with Mr. Carlyle, who says, that man's function "is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things." The reader will find the two Wiffens to have been men whose deep and yet wide views, and graceful thoughts, in advance of their generation in their own society, are worthy of permanent record for the future use and pleasure of society.

S. R. P.



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THE LIFE OF  
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BY  
HIS DAUGHTER.

II.  
THE LIFE OF  
BENJAMIN BARRON WIFFEN,  
BY  
SAMUEL ROWLES PATTISON.

# SUNSET AT NOONDAY.

THE

*MEMOIR AND POETICAL WRITINGS*

OF

JEREMIAH HOLMES WIFFEN,

Member of the Royal Society of Literature, and of the Cymrodorion Society ; Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy ; Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, etc., etc. Translator of the Poems of Garcilasso de la Vega, and of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Author of "Aonian Hours ;" "Julia Alpinula ;" "The Captive of Stamboul," and other Poems ; and "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell."

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

#### ERRATUM.

P. 57. For "some verra *fine ones*," read "some verra *pure ore*."

At p. 5, see footnote. The "Sketch of Life of Elizabeth Wiffen" is not inserted in this volume.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE — HIS FATHER AND MOTHER — EDUCATION AT ACKWORTH AND EPPING. 1792—1811.

"Poetry is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."—MILTON.

NESTLED among glorious pine woods, which stand golden green in the sunlight, dark misty blue in the shadow, lies the little town of Woburn in Bedfordshire.

Reposing under the shadow of the ancestral lions of the Ducal House of Bedford, the hum and stir of restless modern life are not permitted to penetrate thereto.

Half a century ago, it wore a different aspect.

One of the principal stages on the high road between London and the North, it was then wide awake and astir with the life and bustle which sixty coaches passing up, and sixty coaches passing down, day and night, would inevitably bring.

Its ancient hostelry, in those days called "The

George Inn," now "The Bedford Arms Hotel," was the centre of life and animation.

The merry notes of the guard's horn faintly heard in the distance along the London Road, coming nearer and nearer,—the echoing footfalls of the horses prancing down the street till they drew up in a rush all together at the door of the hotel, where stood the hospitable landlord and his portly landlady, ready with welcome and entertainment for all who came ; the steaming horses led away to rest, the sleek shining ones brought out, and put to, in inimitable quick-as-lightning style ; parcels handed up, parcels handed down, coming from the great metropolis, containing perhaps the last Waverley novel, or the new poem by Rogers, or Byron, or Campbell, eagerly waited for, and reverently treasured up, for months after ; or a box of millinery for the head " milliner and mantua maker," with the latest fashions from town for the *élite* at the next public ball ; friends come to meet their friends—the parting of those who set forth on their long journey into the unknown land of the North, the expectant stir of "the coach coming," the pathetic, lingering looks after the "coach is gone," the dying echoes of the horses' footfalls, and farewell blast of the guard's horn borne back on the breeze, as, passing out of the little town, the coach wound its way along the high road, and entered the deep wooded ravine which has Aspley Wood on the right, and the Brickhill Woods on the left, all formed a picture which indelibly imprinted itself on the

mind, and in its grave reality of the stern duties and business of life, contrasts strongly with the modern "playing at coaches" which exists now.

Nor did the little town of Woburn lack appreciation of mind and intellect !

A graceful act of respect and courtesy to a Poet is told of the landlord of the George.

On one occasion, the Poet Cowper, passing through Woburn, stayed to dine at the George Inn. On calling for the account, the master himself came forward, and stated that he could not think of accepting payment : the honour of having entertained so great a Poet at his establishment was more than sufficient recompence !

In the house next door to the George Inn, (now the Bedford Arms Hotel,) Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen was born, on the 30th day of December, 1792.

He was the eldest son of John Wiffen, and of Elizabeth his wife, who were members of the Society of Friends, and were engaged in business as iron-mongers.

Here also their second son was born, Benjamin Barron Wiffen, who became in after-life the Spanish scholar. His name is known in connection with "The Reformistas Antiguos Españoles," in the Libraries and Universities of England, and in those of the continents of Europe and America.

Their two elder daughters, Mary and Sophia, died unmarried.



The youngest daughter, Priscilla,\* herself a Poetess and writer, married the Poet Alaric A. Watts.

There was also another son, John Joyce, who died in infancy.

#### THE POET'S FATHER.

John Wiffen was descended from the old family of Wimpffen,† who settled in Norfolk. It is not known when this branch of the family became Friends, but the name occurs in the Quaker registers of Norwich monthly meeting, variously spelt (as Wiffen, Wifin, Wifen, Whiffen), back to 1736.

John Wiffen was an intelligent man, of great conversational powers and poetical taste. When travelling on his business journeys, he carried with him volumes of a miniature edition of the Poets, (Pope, Dryden, Akenside, Churchill, and translations of Homer and Virgil,) in saddle-bags slung across his horse, in the style of travellers of that day, when such a taste was not general, and usually restricted to the learned.

He died at the age of forty years, at Woburn, leaving his six children to the care of his widow.

#### THE POET'S MOTHER.

Elizabeth Wiffen (maiden name Pattison) ‡ was a

\* See "Memoir of B. B. Wiffen." By S. R. Pattison, Esq.

† "No doubt of German origin. There is a town called Wimpfen on the Neckar, and a family Von Wimpfen still flourishes." (Professor Boehmer in "Bibliotheca Wiffeniana.")

‡ She was also a Friend, descendant of a Quaker family who lived at Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, whose names occur in various generations on the Friends' registers, down from Ephraim and Ann Pattison, who died in 1670.

woman of superior abilities, of devout spirit and religious mind, gifted with great industry and energy of character. Left a widow alone, with six children to bring up and educate, her spirit bravely rose to the emergency.

She transmitted to her sons the principles which regulated her own daily life—self-reliance, unswerving honesty and integrity, and practical faith in the superintending providence of the all-seeing and Almighty God.

They in their day and generation left this impress on the minds of their fellow-men !

The noblest monument that can be raised to the memory of such a woman is this: "She was the mother of good and honourable sons." \*

#### EDUCATION.

From his earliest years, Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen evinced a predilection for poetry. He committed to memory, with ease, long poems, which, though exceedingly beautiful in themselves, could scarcely have been impressed on the mind of so young a child, had he not possessed intuitive perception of the melody and charm of song.

This inclination was assiduously cultivated by his father, who, himself an admiring student of the great Poets, carefully fostered in his children a similar taste. His early death, however, when his eldest

\* See "Memoir of B. B. Wiffen," by S. R. Pattison, Esq., for sketch of the life of Elizabeth Wiffen, by her son, B. B. Wiffen.

son was yet a child, left that taste to be developed under less favourable circumstances than the guiding influence of a father's mind.

J. H. Wiffen received the earliest rudiments of education in his native town, at Dame White's school. He also for a short time attended schools at Ampthill and at Hitchin.

Ampthill, a few miles distant from Woburn, is situated in the midst of a lovely sylvan neighbourhood: the undulating park is noted for its magnificent ancient oak trees, and Ampthill House is known to history as the residence for some years of the unfortunate Queen Catharine of Arragon.\*

To this period of his childhood, the poet afterwards refers, in the lines which he wrote on the occasion of Lord Holland planting the Alameda, or walk of lime trees, at Ampthill, for the recreation of its inhabitants.

"Farewell ! in childhood's careless prime  
It soothed to list the hum of bees ;  
To pluck wild flowers and lisp wild rhyme,  
Beneath thine immemorial trees,  
Sweet Ampthill."

#### ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

When about ten years old, he was sent to the Friends' Public School at Ackworth, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire.

"Ackworth is a neat agricultural village, situate

\* Catharine of Arragon introduced the manufacture of pillow lace first into the neighbourhood of Ampthill.

about three miles from Pontefract, and closely bordering on the great Yorkshire manufactories. It is so completely removed from any great line of road, either of the old system or the new, that but for the world-wide celebrity it has obtained in the Society of Friends, from its association with their school, it is probable that it would have slumbered in undisturbed repose, amidst the well-cultivated acres by which it is surrounded." \*

The school buildings, with eighty-four acres of land adjoining, were purchased in 1777 by Dr. John Fothergill, an eminent physician of London, a man of much influence in the Society of Friends, and a few of his friends. The property was afterwards transferred to trustees appointed by the Friends' Yearly Meeting, and the institution established as a public school.

Amongst the names of its scholars who have distinguished themselves in politics, science, and literature, are those of John Bright; James Wilson, late Financial Secretary of India; William Allen Miller, Vice-President of the Royal Society, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, etc.; William Howitt, the Poet and writer; and the brothers Jeremiah and Benjamin Wiffen.

Although in the present day, Ackworth School has greatly enlarged the range of its studies, in order to meet the requirements of the age, its

\* From "History of Ackworth School," by Thomas Pumphrey.

routine originally comprised only the acquirements of an English education.

The qualities of the young poet's mind and disposition, soon developed themselves in the ardour and diligence which he displayed in the pursuit of knowledge, so as to attract the favourable notice of his masters, as well as the love and admiration of his fellow-pupils. Here he acquired that style of penmanship for which his autographs are remarkable, and which rendered his letters and MSS. specimens of clear and legible writing.

Here also he commenced a practical acquaintance with the arts of etching and wood-engraving, cutting seals, and other small devices in wood.

By his skill in wood-engraving at that early age, he obtained occasional supplies of pocket-money, which he laid out in the purchase of books; and the acquisition of this art enabled him afterwards, to appreciate the merit, and to direct the execution, of the beautiful woodcuts, designed by Corbould and Hayter, which adorn the pages of his "Tasso."

There was a bookseller in the neighbouring town, whose literary stores were a great attraction to the young boy. On holidays he would walk over there, and the kind master of the shop, struck by the great interest he displayed, allowed him to look at and turn over his treasures, and aided him in the sale of his wood engravings.

On one occasion J. H. Wiffen was much taken by the title of one of the old-fashioned sensational

romances, and wished to purchase it ; but the worthy old bookseller, considering the moral tone of its melodramatic pages, filled with escapades of dark villains and murderous plots, to be very unsuitable for so youthful a mind, dissuaded him from this purpose. He showed him in its place a volume of Percy's "Old English Ballads," especially recommending to his notice the fine old ballad of "Chevy Chase." This was instantly seized, carried off in triumph, read and re-read with avidity. This circumstance doubtless laid the foundation for his love of ballads, and for the success with which, in after years, he wrote his own elegant ballad poems.

In the long summer twilight evenings, when the boys were accustomed to retire to rest before darkness fell, he would delight those in his room by reciting "The Hermit of Warkworth," or other long ballad or poem. When the novelty of these wore off, he invented thrilling romances of his own, peopled with heroes of incredible valour, and heroines of impossible loveliness. These he would place in all kinds of adventures, and having worked up the attention of his auditors to the most thrilling point of interest, he would suddenly leave off, and no persuasion or entreaty could prevail upon him to continue further at that time. Thus night after night, he held them all entranced by his fascinating narrations, and boys from the other rooms would quietly steal in, to listen to these tales in the mysterious twilight. One romance in particular,



which he called "The Black Brigand of the Forest," excited great interest, and was listened to, through many nights, in speechless awe and admiration.

A schoolfellow, Isaac Candler, gives the following reminiscences of him at Ackworth School :—

"Jeremiah's fondness for poetry began at school. The old ballads about Robin Hood and his merrie men, and Chevy Chase pleased him much, but his especial favourite was Dr. Percy's 'Hermit of Warkworth,' every line of which he could, I believe, repeat from memory. What, however, appeared to give him a desire to become a poet himself, was Dryden's 'Palamon and Arcite,' a copy of which he for a long time carried in his pocket, and of which his first attempt, consisting, as near as I remember, of about fifty lines, was in imitation. I call this his first attempt, all his former ones being only those doggrel rhymes of which schoolboys are so fond, and I speak with some degree of confidence, as he was accustomed to show me whatever he wrote. At a later period, Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' took that place in his estimation formerly occupied by 'Palamon and Arcite ;' and I remember remarking to him, on hearing him repeat one of his compositions, that it was too close an imitation of Campbell's style.

"Fond, however, as he was of poetry, he was not neglectful of his regular studies, in proof of which I may mention that he was the best penman in the school, and that few surpassed him in mathematics. He employed much of his time in wood-engraving,

an art in which he attained so much skill, that some of his blocks were bought by a bookseller, I think at Leeds, for an edition of *Æsop's Fables*.

"The above are all the particulars which I deem it necessary to communicate, as his career in after-life is better known to others ; but I may add that in my various interviews with him he always manifested amiability of disposition, and that when I was at Woburn, he bestowed his hospitality in the kindest manner."

## AT EPPING.

When he left Ackworth School, at the age of fourteen, J. H. Wiffen apprenticed himself to Isaac Payne, schoolmaster at Epping. In this situation, he hoped to be able, in connection with his official labours, to promote his own intellectual improvement, and acquire a knowledge of foreign languages.

Many obstacles were, however, placed in his way, and his daily occupations, and the duties of his position, left him little opportunity for the cultivation of his mind.

Nothing daunted, however, he did not give way to the disappointment, but with the steady perseverance and invincible determination which characterized him throughout his life, he rescued time from sleep ; and he was thus induced to begin a practice of midnight study, which by long habit became natural to him ; but there is too much reason to fear that it tended to undermine his constitution. In the depth

of winter, even, it was his practice, whilst at Epping, to rise from his bed, and pace his chamber (a blanket wrapped round his shoulders), reciting the classical stores, he had been enabled to acquire at intervals during the avocations of the day.

With a mind thus thirsting for knowledge, and alive to all the intellectual interests of the day, eager to see and criticise each new book that came forth, he taught by day, the dull routine of elementary school knowledge, to ordinary schoolboy minds, and learnt by himself at night. He not only wrote letters of gentle and kindly sympathy to his mother, and young sisters, and brother at home, and kept up a correspondence with some of his old schoolfellows and friends; but he began to write short poems, which were favourably received by the editors of several of the magazines of the day.

Ossian's Poems had made great impression on his youthful fancy, and on the second of the first month, 1808, he sends to his schoolfellow, Isaac Candler, the copy of—

ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR, VERSIFIED FROM  
OSSIAN'S POEMS.

“Hail, lonely beam! star of ascending night!  
Fair gleams in western skies thy paly light;  
As from thy cloud that shades the mountain's brow  
Thou look'st superior on the plain below.  
As thro' the regions of the sullen air  
Thou stalk'st, serenely bright; what seest thou there?  
The storm no longer whistles o'er the heath,  
No more the ghost resounds the shrieks of death;

By the grey stream is sunk his gleaming shade,  
Where lightnings flashed, and the red meteors played.  
O'er the steep cliff the tumbling torrents war ;  
Their murmuring waters echoing from the shore.  
But thou, sweet beam, dissolv'st in clouds away,  
And bath'st in ocean's realm thy cheerful ray.  
Farewell then ; go illumine the darkened skies,  
And let the light of Ossian's soul arise."

He adds : " This address I sent to the editor of the *European Magazine* ; it appeared in that publication for October. I composed an ' Ode to Meditation,' which was sent to the *Political Review*, published monthly by B. Flower ; it made its appearance in print last month. ' Lines on Epping Forest' is in the hands of the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, and I suppose will come out next month, with an account and engraved plate of Broxbourne Church, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by J. H. Wiffen.

" The charade in the ' Minor's Pocket Book,' signed J. H. W——n, is mine, and others of my productions that may have appeared in similar publications. I am quite become an author, and have thoughts of publishing a ' Key to Homer.' I am afraid, however, that thou wilt think I am possessed of too great a portion of egotism, so shall forbear saying anything more on that head.

" Had I known what it was, to be apprentice to a schoolmaster, I never should have entered into that situation. I have undergone a great many troubles, but—

"What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been  
 Like angel visits, few and far between?  
 Hope's musing mood shall every pang appease  
 And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please."

In March of the same year, 1808, his "Address to an Early Violet" appeared in the *Political Review*. On April 17th, 1808, writing to his friend, James Baldwin Brown, of the Inner Temple, he remarks—

"I have designed and engraved two pieces from Thomson's 'Seasons' at thy request, and intend to perform others. The plate of the hare is taken from these lines—

'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 Retired.'  
*Autumn.*

"The horse from the following—

'Oft too the horse, provoked,  
 O'erleaps the fence, and o'er the field effused,  
 Darts on the gloomy flood with stedfast eye,  
 And takes the fountain at redoubled draughts.'  
*Summer."*

"EPPING, 3rd of 12th Month, 1807.

"DEAR SISTER,

"As I have written to my mother, I have not much to communicate to thee. Thou wilt learn from mother, that I have written some poems which have appeared in print. The following is reserved for Spring, which will then appear more congenial to the subject. It is—

TO A VIOLET EARLY IN SPRING.

Hail ! lone companion of the rising year,  
Why droop thy honours in the misty gale ?  
Why does thy head refuse the pearly tear  
That robes the vernal tresses of the vale ?

Is it stern Winter overspreads the plain,  
That clothes the mountain in its azure hue ?  
Art thou a stranger to the pelting rain,  
Or shrinks thy bosom from the evening dew ?

But cease to mourn : pale Winter's lowering gloom,  
Her frowns, her shackles, soon will disappear :  
Soon will gay Spring restore thy vivid bloom,  
And give new fragrance to the dancing year.

Thus though the night wind wafts my rising sighs,  
Soon may my soul wing to its native skies.

“ Accept the love of thy affectionate brother,  
“ J. H. WIFFEN.”



## CHAPTER II.

## AT WOBURN.

“It is the mind that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :  
To some that hath abundance at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;  
And other that hath little, asks no more,  
But in that little is both rich and wise ;  
For wisdom is most riches ; fools therefore  
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise ;  
Since each unto himself his life may fortunize.”

SPENSER.

IN the year 1811, at the age of nineteen, J. H. Wiffen left Epping, and returned to Woburn. Here he took a house on the Leighton Road, and opened a school for the sons of Friends. It was a comfortable house, with a pleasant garden at the back, and the view from it, and from the windows on that side, stretched away over a green plain of fields, to the belts of dark pine trees, and the feathery beechen glades of the distant Brickhill woods.

In this responsible position, he won the regard and esteem of his pupils. He worked hard day and night, unceasingly and unremittingly. In the day-time, his energies were devoted to the instruction and oversight of his scholars, whilst far on into the

midnight, and early dawn, his student lamp was constantly burning. He prosecuted his classical studies, and attained considerable proficiency, not only in Latin and Greek, but also in Hebrew, and in the French, Italian, and subsequently the Spanish and Welsh languages.

Yet still, throughout these sterner studies, and amidst the increasing cares of the business of life, Poetry flung over her spell-bound votary, the magic of her divine mantle.

He possessed also great taste for music. He acquired some knowledge of it, and several of his songs were set to music.

He enjoyed mathematics, and drawing had always a great interest for him. Many of his delicate pencil sketches from Nature, attest the tenderness of his feeling for her beautiful traceries.

To him, with the keen, inner, spiritual eyesight of poetic temperament, the beautiful was *everywhere*, and the constant feeling of his heart arose in aspiration to Heaven.

“Oh ! if so much of beauty doth reveal  
Itself in every vein of life and nature,  
How beautiful must be the Source itself,  
The ever Bright One !”

*Tegner.*

In 1812 he united with his friends, James Baldwin Brown, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, in publishing a volume entitled “Poems by Three Friends,” which was favourably reviewed.

## CHAPTER III.

ASPLEY WOOD AND EARLY POEMS. 1819, 1820.

"AONIAN HOURS," "JULIA ALPINULA," "CAPTIVE OF STAMBOUL,"  
ETC.

"Poetry has been to me 'its own exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—COLERIDGE.

WHO that has wandered in childhood and youth, through the arched recesses and arcadian avenues of Aspley Wood, can ever cease to remember the delight of its beechen groves, and fir-clad heights? What pictures of its rich woodland beauty, remain indelibly stamped by memory, on the mind evermore!

In spring, the moss-covered banks, the greensward white with the wood anemone, golden with primroses, and blue with the fairy bells of the hyacinth,—whilst hidden in dewy recesses of the leafy underwood, lie whole beds of the fragrant lily of the valley. In summer, the festoons of sweet wild woodbine flung hither and thither in perfumed luxuriance, the

varied carpet of yellow cistus, purple foxglove, blue harebell, white wild strawberry flower, and scarlet strawberry fruit, and tracts of bilberry bushes with the blue purple bloom on their juicy berries. In autumn, the banks of purple heather and ling, and sweeping fronds of bracken fern,—the brilliant glow of colour over all,—golden, and crimson, and green, over beech tree and oak,—scarlet, and yellow, on sycamore, plane tree, and maple,—whilst unchanged through all, rises the dark green shadow of the cedars and pine trees, through whose gently waving branches, the autumn wind murmurs soothingly, as it whirls the sere leaves in rustling masses to one's feet. In mid-winter, on a bright frosty day, how beautifully does the frosted tracery of dark firs, gleam out against the cold blue sky, whilst on the ground, around their red branching roots, lies the track of the wild rabbit, or forest squirrel, over the new fallen snow.

Through these sylvan scenes, the young poet loved to wander. Hither would he resort on summer evenings, sometimes in company with a merry group of his sisters, and their young friends; when, choosing some sequestered nook of mossy turf, with the "green boughs arching overhead," they would pass pleasant social hours, in the reading of the last new poem by Campbell, or Rogers, or talk over the characters and points of interest, of the latest "Waverley," till the last ray of setting sunlight, gleamed red on the stems of pine tree and cedar, and they wended their way

homewards in the gloaming, or tarried yet later until—

“Calmly shone the moonshine pale,  
On glade and hillock, flower and tree,  
And sweet the gurgling nightingale,  
Poured forth her music wild and free.”

More often he would wander forth alone through the woodland paths, and flinging himself down at the foot of his favourite old Pine tree, give free scope to the fancies of his imagination.

In his poem on “Aspley Wood,” he thus describes the influence of Nature upon his spirit :—

### III.

“O Nature ! woods, winds, music, valleys, hills,  
And gushing brooks,—in you there is a voice  
Of potency, an utterance which instils  
Light, life, and freshness, bidding Man rejoice  
As with a spirit’s transport : from the noise,  
The hum of busy towns, to you I fly ;  
Ye were my earliest nurses, my first choice,  
Let me not idly hope, nor vainly sigh ;  
Whisper once more of peace—joys—years long vanished by !

### IV.

To you I fled in childhood, and arrayed  
Your beauty in a robe of magic power ;  
Ye made me what I am and shall be, made  
My being stretch beyond the shadowy hour  
Of narrow life,—ye granted me a dower  
Of thoughts and living pictures, such as stir  
In the eye’s apple ; to the breathing bower,  
Here where bright chesnut weds the towering fir,  
Recall fair Wisdom back, that I may dwell with her.”

“Aspley Wood,” is the principal poem, in a volume containing several, published by J. H. Wiffen in 1819,

under the title "Aonian Hours," a second edition of which was called for in the following year. It is dedicated to his brother.

TO  
B. B. WIFFEN,  
IN RECREATION AND IN STUDY,  
IN GLADNESS AND IN TRIAL,  
THE COMPANION, THE BROTHER, AND THE FRIEND,  
THIS POEM  
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

A few selected stanzas will present the beauty of the woodland scenery, and its charms for a poetic nature.

XXVII.

"But I thereon in the warm luxury  
Of an Italian sky will fling me down  
Unscrupulously, lightly envy I  
The cowed monk's scapulaire or hermit's gown  
Woven of sackcloth, and a bed of down  
I scorn as lightly ; but on Nature's breast,  
'Mid flowers and ferns and freshness all her own,  
And soft airs giving sweetness sweeter zest,  
O who could slight such charms ? who shun so pure a rest ?

XXVIII.

The far-extended prospect—the dim spire  
Which bounds the blue horizon—white walls seen  
In glittering distance—wreathing from the fire  
Of pastoral huts, ascending smoke—the sheen  
Of hamlets humming in the morn—the green

And beautiful hue of youth on every flower,  
 And herb where spring's betraying steps have been—  
 The bright leaves sparkling in a sunny shower,—  
 Music on every bough, and life in every bower.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXXIII.

He who hath ne'er invested Solitude  
 With an undying beauty, ne'er hath knelt  
 In worship when her sceptre brought the mood  
 Of melancholy o'er him, hath not felt  
 Sweetness in sorrow—is not used to melt  
 With the humanities of life, nor hears  
 The whispered lore, the music which is dealt  
 Invisibly around us from the spheres,  
 The tender, bright, and pure—the Paradise of tears.

## XXXIV.

The ineffably serene, the kind regret  
 Which speaks without upbraiding, the mild gloom  
 Of thought without austerity, but yet  
 Heavy with pensiveness,—our future doom  
 Seen without fear, presages which assume  
 The features of an Angel—feelings grand  
 Grand and of incommunicable bloom,  
 The growth of Eden ; O he hath not spanned  
 The soul's infinitude with an Archangel's hand !

\* \* \* \* \*

## LXIV.

Look on that flower—the daughter of the vale,  
 The Medicean statue of the shade !  
 Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,  
 Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.  
 There, half in elegant relief displayed,  
 She standeth to our gaze, half-shrinking shuns ;  
 Folding her green scarf like a bashful Maid  
 Around, to screen her from her suitor suns,  
 Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

\* \* \* \* \*

LXXVI.

That pageant past, comes the quick Squirrel forth  
 From his high cedar with a burst and bound,  
 To sport upon the warm grass of the earth  
 Feeding, and wave his graceful brush around,  
 And pause,—and prick his ears, and at each sound  
 List in a breathless attitude, and start  
 If far away intruding steps resound :  
 With feet already raised to spring, to dart  
 On to the nearest pine, but claims a moment's part.

LXXVII.

Anon he cowers upon a branch, and thence  
 Looks deeply down on his pursuer's shape,  
 And yet alarmed, on his glad eminence  
 Stamps wrathfully, then looks a laughing ape,  
 Playing his thousand pranks o'er an escape  
 Almost too lofty for our eye to reach  
 Through the thick gloom, then hies he to the rape  
 Of the pine's cones, or to his nest, the pleach  
 Of many a wilding bough in the next giant beech.

LXXVIII.

This his spring life—e'en when the October wind  
 His firm beech rocks with a sea-murmur loud,  
 That squirrel the same merry mime I find—  
 A mariner on his vibrating shroud :  
 Though darkly glooms the burning thunder-cloud,  
 And rends with sulphurous bolt some mighty tree,  
 He hears the roar as fearlessly and proud  
 As a Fleet-admiral when dark-alee,  
 The fiery battle joins, and chaos shakes the sea."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another favourite resort, was the grove of pines  
 within the gates of Woburn Park, called "The Ever-  
 greens." There, fir-crowned heights, and piny glades



rise in dark masses along the lake, "Drakelow," and are reflected in its still placid waters. The timid moorfowl dart in and out of the sedgy banks, or rush over to the surer protection of its island with the Chinese temple.

There is one group of grand old cedars of Lebanon, some of the first which were naturalised in England. The Duke of Bedford gave strict orders that *whenever* the young trees should arrive at Woburn, they were to be planted immediately.

They arrived at Midnight! The orders were too stern to be disobeyed, and the nursling cedars were accordingly planted at that hour.

An old man, living at Ridgmount not long since, used to tell the story to my uncle. His great-grandfather, then a little boy, held the lantern during the performance.

Not content with daylight experience of Nature, the young poet and his brother, sought the revelation of her arcana, at times, "'neath the pale light of stars."\*

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\* Benjamin B. Wiffen makes allusion to these moonlight expeditions with his brother in the following lines and note, in canto third of his poem, "The Quaker Squire."

"And on the other side, a border made  
Rows of tall pines in cloistered colonnade,  
Ancestral and columnar trunks, whose high  
And fretted tops, roofed out the star-lit sky.  
A solemn temple to the ear and sight,  
In the wind's sobbings and the dusk moonlight;  
Nature's cathedral! pillared and increased  
By shadowy styles, and wanting not the priest.

In 1820, appeared the volume of poems containing "Julia Alpinula," "The Captive of Stamboul," "The Russell," some smaller pieces, sonnets, etc., which also passed into a second edition. This volume he dedicated, in some pleasing stanzas, to his brother-in-law, Alaric A. Watts, then Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Of this work, the author writes to a friend :—

"I was glad to find 'The Legend of the Statue' pleased thee. Montgomery copied it into his Iris.

"The monthly reviewers this month, have given me a stunning box on the ear. I may now break all my lutes, viols, and other stringed instruments, and take up Bion's motto,—“Let us all be unhappy together.”

In the summer vacation of 1819, the brothers took a long anticipated journey together, to the

---

When autumn gales along the ceiling go,  
Like funeral dirges mixed with gusts of woe,  
When the black arches, on the earthy floor  
Inscribe strange tablets to the 'gone before,'  
Around their shafts, the moonbeams flit and flee,  
And show like Beings we must shortly see ;  
And every footfall that we take, invades  
Like foreign travel, their strange world of shades."

"This description will not appear exaggerated, to any one who has walked in autumn, along a pathway shadowed by aged firs, under a morning moon, before the earliest day breaks. Owing to the longer departure of the evening twilight, the shadows are blacker, the lights by contrast brighter, than during the evening or earlier hours of the night. The reflection of the lingering rays of twilight, has then completely passed away, and it is darkest before the earliest dawn. If the moon be in full, the ground is then mapped in the strongest geography of light and shade."

English Lakes. Extracts from J. H. Wiffen's diary, will give the principal features of interest. Part of the time, they were accompanied by their artist friend, Louis Paréz, who took sketches of the mountain scenery.

"In the morning of the 29th, we walked over Greta Bridge to Keswick Church, at the distance of half a mile from the town. It is a neat white building, with a square tower. The monuments were many of them most tastefully engraved. The church is backed by Skiddaw, which seems on this side of comparatively easy ascent. Cawsey Pike, a bold eminence. lay to the west, its base varied with white villas and woods. Returning, we called upon Southey. Our boatman of the evening before, said much of him, and told of his virtues with enthusiasm; that he often used to row him on the lake, but not frequently since the death of his son Herbert. There is not a more pathetic composition than his letter to Neville White, on this most mournful of all events, to the hopes of a fond father. It may be placed by the side of the affecting epitaph over Julia Alpinula, quoted by Lord Byron, in the notes to the third canto of 'Childe Harold.' It has been observed, that true sorrow is always concise in its expression, a truth which is here livingly portrayed.

*"17th April, 1816.*

'MY DEAR NEVILLE,

'I should not deal with you as you deserve,

if I left you to be informed of my affliction, by any other hand than my own. The severest of all afflictions has fallen upon me. I have lost my dear son Herbert, my beautiful boy,—beautiful in intellect and disposition,—he who was everything which my heart desired. God's will be done! Do not write to console me. I look for consolation to the only source, and find it there.

'Edith has supported herself, with exemplary fortitude, through this long and most painful trial. I, on my part, am not wanting. We have yet abundant cause to be thankful, for the blessings which are left us. Perhaps, we were too happy before, and this visitation was required, to wean our hearts from the world.

'God bless you, Neville.

'Your afflicted friend,

'ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

"Mr. Southey's house stands at an easy distance from the town, on an eminence embosomed amid fruit trees. We reach the house, through beds laid out in a nursery of young firs, yews, box, oak, etc., into a second garden, laid out in a grass-plat, surrounded by beds of flowers. In a few moments we were in his study, and he advanced to meet us, giving us a kind welcome, as we mentioned the name of Mrs. White, saying, he was most happy to see any one from her. Of her, and her family, he made many particular enquiries; and then diverged

to our own tour, descanting with much animation on the loveliness of the scenery, and sketching out for us an excursion up Langdale, which he described, as possessing considerable interest. He regretted the introduction of manufactories into Keswick, as productive of the most baneful effects, in producing pauperism, and in withering the bloom of the soul. We spoke of the frankness, and independence, and comfort, of the Cumberland cottagers; and he drew a picture of their manners, and habits, and mode of life, and contrasted the appearance of the country, and of English agriculture, with those of France, Switzerland, and Germany. He then took up the subject of velocipedes, and of the state of roads throughout the nation, looking forward to a period of society, when the iron Railroad would be used with advantage, throughout the country, and adverting to the period, when the iron trade of the country was so stagnant, as having been the most suitable time for the Government to have adopted it;—a measure, which he argued, would both have relieved the distress of that branch of trade, and have given to national travel, a rapidity, and certainty, suited to the growth of civil society, and the accelerated improvements, which distinguish the present age. From this topic, he passed on to Mr. Owen's system, of improving the situation of the poor, and characterised him as a man of unbounded benevolence, but deprecated his non-admission of religion, as a measure fraught with

mischievous. He spoke of Lord John Russell's anticipated work, with curiosity and expectation ; him, he characterized, as a young man of talent. He was at Woburn Abbey, when news of the battle of Leipzig was brought. He liked the Duke, (John, sixth Duke,) as a most amiable man, and accomplished nobleman, and spoke of his former wife, the late Duchess, in terms of high estimation, and applause. Lady William was a lovely, a most beautiful woman. He had, in his youth, walked through Bedfordshire, from Oxford to Cambridge, and yet remembered with delight, the pleasure he had felt, from the distant sight of our woods, and villages. He thought the Ouse, if traced along its banks, would disclose many lovely spots. With this and the like conversation, three-quarters of an hour was soon spent, and we arose to take our leave. He offered his hand with much cordiality at parting, and hoped to see us again if we returned to Keswick ; then accompanying us to his garden, bade us another kind farewell. He is in manners, a gentleman, affable and courteous ; fluent in conversation, pouring forth a perpetual flow of ideas, sinking his tones to the close, in a cadence quite low ; in conception, quick and vivid, acute and copious ; his features varying with his subject, indicative of feeling, creative power, energy, and sensibility ; hair flexible, nose decisive and original, smile radiant, lips persuasive and plastic, forehead nothing peculiar, complexion dark, stature neither short nor tall. His study was surrounded with

books ; two oncries stood in the windows ; his table of manuscripts before him ; a sofa beside, on which we sat. Above the fireplace, his own portrait in profile, and Edith Southey, with blue eyes and chesnut hair, Coleridge, his Mother, Kirke White, a pencil profile of William Wordsworth, and a miniature of three of his beautiful daughters, taken in their childhood.

ON SEEING THE MINIATURE PORTRAITS OF THREE  
INFANT DAUGHTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

‘O ! yet upon those speaking eyes,  
Ye lovely Graces, let me look !  
Where all of peace and beauty lies,  
Three leaves in Nature’s virgin book.

Spotless as snow on Skiddaw-fell,  
The dark-eyed Bertha grave with thought ;  
And little laughing Isabel  
As though she had a sunbeam caught.

Whilst placed ’twixt Pensiveness and Play,  
So full of both the third appears,  
She knows not which she should obey,  
So keeps the smile, and loves the tears.

To those serene spiritual orbs,  
The glance of life is surely given,  
A charm which every thought absorbs,—  
They are so pure and full of heaven.

The same sweet light, too, on your lips,  
Which, angel-like, illumined Eve,  
Ere shrouded in that dark eclipse,  
In which we share, for which we grieve.

And then that whiteness of the will,  
The meekness of the soul so blest,  
It does not, cannot think of ill,  
But lies like ocean waves at rest.

O ! o'er your heads, ye beauteous Three !  
 No wave shall swell, no whirlwind blow,  
 To bear you from the Armit Tree,  
 Where flowers and fruit all fadeless grow.

You should be like the bird which flies,  
 And feeds but on celestial dew,  
 And when blue calms forsake the skies  
 For heaven take wing, and follow too !

My hopes are cold, my wishes vain,  
 Yet would kind heaven the boon bestow,  
 I'd pray that you might aye remain  
 For ever such as you are now !'

"The study of the Poet, looks on one side down upon a grass-plat in his garden, surrounded by roses, and other flowering shrubs, and trees, and looks out upon Keswick, and a glimpse of its lake; of this, a fine view might be created, by felling one or two trees, whose boughs hang over the window; but this, he said, he was not inclined to do, as he should be unwilling to lose their noontide shadow. On another side, it commands a prospect of Cawsey Pike and its brotherhood of mountains."

It is difficult to personify, or to properly describe Grasmere. Coniston is beautiful, Ullswater is beautiful, Derwentwater is pre-eminently so; but a different style of grace, distinguishes this water from all others. Its waters, sparkling and pellucid, its beautiful villas, its white church at the head embowered in the greenest trees, its gentle slopes, or its abrupt acclivities, alike covered with wood in every form and mass of elegance—and, above all, the spirit of repose which pervades its whole horizon,



—give to its shores, a charm which none other can emulate, and mark it out, as that Temple to which two elegant minds would love to retire, and where, amid the loveliness of valleys, woods, and waters, at a distance from the distractions of the world, they might strike the lyre, or give eloquence to the canvas, and thus consume life in beloved remembrances of the Past, in the philosophic repose of the Present, and bright anticipations of the Future. Grasmere, is the last impression of the seal of taste. It is, as if,

“When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
Sprang on the viewless winds to heaven again,”

they had soared from Grasmere, and that yet their footprints remained. At the end of Grasmere, Rydal Water opens with a new character. It is seen to great advantage from the eminence near the slate quarries. Being considerably smaller, it might seem at first sight, and by the side of its sister lake, to have little interest for any one coming from Grasmere. But this consciousness is soon forgotten, as a sense of its delicacy comes upon the mind. In its centre, is an island hung with syfvals to the edge, and around it, the glad waves sparkling with light and joy. Nearer, between the eye and the lake, a wood of various trees intervenes, and an eminence of dark firs to the right of it, as keeping guard over the scene. Mountains around, their immediate summits only naked. Whilst sitting amid ferns, and flowering thyme, on the hill-top, a blast, (as we

conjecture), took place in the slate mine : the mighty sound, passed grandly from hill to hill, reverberated by each, and died away behind us. At the edge of the water, beneath some ample beech trees, and almost in front of the island, many fine water-lilies were unfolding their beautiful chalices to the sun ; with difficulty, we cropped a couple, and hastened on to Rydal Mount, to our anticipated interview with Wordsworth,—the spirit who pervades the spot, and where all things speak, of the talisman which he has wielded, with so much magnificence, and power, in “*The Excursion*.” On reaching the first few houses, a road turns hastily to the left, leading to Lady Fleming’s grounds and mansion, near which is the celebrated fall of Rydal.

Coming to a brotherhood of firs, a gate opens into the grounds of the Poet. The house is most elegantly hung with climbing shrubs, which flower around the windows, and aspire to twist themselves together, in a mass upon the roof. We knocked at the glass door, through which I saw the Poet pass, mentioned our name to the servant, and were shown into a parlour, by Mrs. Wordsworth,—a lady past the prime of womanhood, dressed in a purple silk pelisse, and straw bonnet. We seated ourselves on a sofa, and expected the appearance of him, whose name had been held up to so much ridicule, and praise, by the two poetical factions, in the republic of letters. He came, loosely, carelessly dressed, in white pantaloons, and a short coat ; his bosom open, a countenance

dark and furrowed, a hawk's nose, very similar to Southey's, and drooping eyes, which seemed weak, as a green shade was lying on the table. I apologized for our intrusion, ascribing it to the desire we had, of seeing the author of a Work, to which we had owed many hours, of pleasing and of elevated thought. He set us immediately at ease, entering directly, into affable conversation on the lakes, the birds which frequent them, the plants peculiar to them, the season favourable for visiting them, and then on streams, woods, waters, mountains, clouds, fields, torrents, and all that constitute the elements of poetry. He made a beautiful remark: the lapse of a river seen gleaming at a distance, harmonized with the heaven which seemed to come down, and blend with it in harmony of light and colour. His sister, an elegant lady in white, entered the room as we conversed, with an eye and ear bespeaking curiosity. She is much younger than he, and has a figure of symmetry. Mrs. Wordsworth informed me the little mountain flower, which I admired so much, was the bee-hyacinth. Wordsworth, shortly after, conducted us over his grounds, laid out with much art, and commanding, through its shrubs, delightful scenes. He sketched out more precisely, our intended walk through Langdale, and informed us, it was there he had placed his Solitary—whose cot near Blea Tarn was now dismantled. At parting, he shook hands amicably, enquired our names, applauded the plan of our tour, and the spirit with which we had

executed it, saying we *were deserving* of a visit to their floods, and fells, in contradistinction to those, who, without aught of enthusiasm, hurried over scenery the most attractive, and concluded by a general invitation to tea, whenever our time and inclination concurred with his desire. As we accompanied him into the road, we saw his son, a boy about nine years old, very much like his father. William Wordsworth, both in appearance and conversation, has nothing of that character, that love of puerile simplicity which shines throughout his earlier writings. There is, on the contrary, a manly sense and vigour of conception, joined with much frankness and facility of manners. . . . Landing at the ferry, we wended by the road to a rustic cottage, requesting admittance to the "Station"—a summerhouse so called. The portals of the garden were thrown open, and in our circuitous ascent, we had leisure to admire the admirable union of art, and nature, here exhibited, in which neither too much preponderated. Over the sloping rocks, flowers and ferns intermingled, the rose, and the blue hare-bells, heath, and London pride, the foxglove, and the pink, the broom, and the pansy. We ascended the structure, up a flight of steps, and were ushered into a large room, commanding through its windows, the most delightful views of the adjacent scenery. Its walls were hung with coloured etchings, of some beautiful scenes in Wales, and several of the panels in the subordinate windows were stained of different colours,

which gave to the scenery without, respectively, the appearance it presents under the sky of the four Seasons. The delicate greenness of Spring, the golden lights of Summer, the purple benevolence of Autumn, and the hoar austerity of Winter, were all centred in a span ; the sight was new and curious. Looking through the principal window of the temple, a scene at once varied and beautiful, Windermere, formed one glassy and transparent expanse, for miles on either hand, its shores, now sweeping in graceful undulating lines, and now broken by wooded promontories, on whose slopes, and in whose valleys, sheep were feeding, and amidst whose trees, half obscured by the rosy light of the clear morning, arose structures in accordance with the quiet repose of the spot, some pastoral, some elegant, and all, adorning the bank, with the image of placid enjoyment. . . .

Rydal, looked as lovely by the still noon, as it had done, in the freshness of morning, and from our present point, the disposition of its trees, its two islands, and its amphitheatre of hills, were much more picturesque. We flung ourselves down, upon the mountain's breast, upon ferns, and blossoming thyme ; a grove was before us, and the lake, below, from whose blue waters, reflecting the unclouded face of heaven, the breeze wafted freshness to our throbbing temples.

There is not a greater pleasure, than thus in the heat of noon, after a fatiguing walk has rendered

rest a blessing, to throw yourself carelessly down between earth and sky, to close your eyes, and perceive, when you open them, the glittering of waters at your feet, and a summer valley, with here, and there, a villa half seen amongst bowers, to remind you that others are as happy as yourselves, in selecting this, as the spot of their meditations and repose. Now, and then, a fly brushes past you with its indolent wing ; the grasshopper sings drowsily in the thyme ; the shrill cry of the mountain swallow is heard, flying in action over the lake ; the sunbeam is intercepted by a thin cloud ; or the axe of the woodman is repeated by the echo, which resides in the recesses of the hills. You forget the cares of the distant city, and all its fluctuating passions, and feel that it would be a happiness, ever to be wrapped round, by the quiet shades, and valleys of nature. Nor, are there wanting high thoughts, and devotional feelings, which make us regret that we cannot always divest ourselves, of the vain attractions of sense, and grow fixed, in the sunshine of heavenly hopes, and contemplations, which borrow from the sky which excites them, its purity and hue.

The spell cannot long last : though "half deity," we are also "half dust," and are summoned down to clay again, and to continue a pilgrimage, the purport of which we were beginning to forget.

It was six o'clock, when, divesting ourselves of our travelling accoutrements, we sat down to tea

with William Wordsworth, his wife, and a nephew and niece residing with them. I turned the conversation, which had set in at first rather strongly upon politics, into the channel of Poetry, by enquiring if he had seen Campbell's "Specimens," and from his reply, I gathered that he read few new books, and that he thought himself too old to derive profit from critiques of any kind, or from any quarter; that, settled into perfect complacency, with his own system of opinions, he was altogether unsolicitous, and reckless, of that of others, and made intellectual reflection, his principal literary employment and enjoyment. Of Campbell, as a Poet, he seemed to think very lightly, and blended his name with the nameless productions of other modern writers, whose extravagant fables, and guilty heroes, would be hid in oblivion in the next age, when the glare of novelty was worn off, and men found out that those conceptions were unnatural. I think, when he made this remark, he had in his eye, Scott, and Lord Byron. Of Crabbe, he spoke in terms of almost unmingled praise, conceiving that his works would be turned to, with curiosity, and pleasure, when the rapid march of improvement, in another century had altered the manners, and situation, of the peasantry of England, referring, in proof of his proposition, to the delight we have, in tracing, in the characters of Shakspeare, the customs and rites of times, now obsolete. Whilst agreeing with him in this sentiment, I could not avoid opining, that even

those extravagant fables, and heroes of crime, would continue to amuse, and interest, from the love of stirring emotion, which is natural to the human mind, and from those strong agitations, which may continue, as they have long continued, to convulse the political world, giving to every eye, an anxious observation, and to every ear in Europe, an ear of curiosity, open to the changes which may be rung, throughout her States, and Kingdoms. He agreed with me to some extent, but still thought they would be left, for more natural creations, and domestic incident. It is evidently, upon these opinions, that he has built his poetical structures. He cannot scruple, to give "Peter Bell," to the world; if laughed at, in the present age, he cares not—the future will see in it, a correct description of the costume of present times, and will accord it their approbation and, perhaps unmingled, sympathy. This may be, but this, I think, is no argument, why he should not select, a more dignified hero for his tale, preserving the usages of the *country*, equally correct, in his descriptions. Interest was never lost, by leaving vulgarity for neatness, and coarseness, for elegance of expression. It is no argument, why he should content himself, with exerting his great powers upon trivial subjects, when he might command, a far wider field of energy and applause, and have instead of a domestic coterie, a nation for his admirers.

In his conversation, he was remarkably clear in argument, fond of abstract idea, somewhat positive



in enforcing his sentiments, and fonder of speaking than of listening ; but yet the transparency of his language, and the brightness of his imagery, made it a pleasure to listen to him. His prose style is a perfect specimen of his conversation. He is fond of the mythological fictions of the ancients, notwithstanding the severe decretals he has issued, against those fine ones of Ossian, even if we disbelieve the authenticity of these Highland reliques. The sun was now nearly setting, and we walked to his Mount to enjoy the noble view of the valley, which it commands. The sunbeams, intercepted by the mountains behind us, in the vicinity of Rydal Water, divided the valley, beautifully, into two parts. The Mount, whereon we stood, Lady Fleming's noble elms, to whose verdurous bowers, the rooks were returning with loud cries, a naked grey crag, and a large part of the vale itself, were in shade. The line of sunshine, took in part of a grove of firs, and the mountains on the east, and illuminated a great part of the far valley, embosomed in bowers—through which the distant town of Ambleside, faintly appeared—on to the villas, on the banks of Windermere, and that part of the Lake itself, which was revealed to sight. It was, without comparison, the finest summer vision I ever beheld ! All was brightness, tranquillity, and pleasurable repose. Wordsworth was absorbed in it ; he stood, with folded arms in a reverie, which, judging of his enjoyment by my own, he had not often felt. Long time, we

observed the growth of the huge shadows over the vale ; we were at length, mindful of prosecuting our journey, and received from the Poet, and his family with pleasure, the proposal to walk with us to Ambleside. As we went, I sounded him with regard to Ossian. I was chagrined to find, that he was denounced, as a disgusting imposture, the manners, and imagery, designated as false, and unreal, condemned in toto, yet to the blind Bard himself, he had some relentings. He was evidently satisfied with the image of the aged Harper, left the last of his race, and giving his griefs, to the echoes of the hills ; but all beyond,—the touching tenderness, and beauty, of the characters delineated, the lively description of mountain scenery, and the ethereal spirit of melancholy, which pervades those singular compositions, were abandoned without a sigh. How stands the taste of Wordsworth in this point ?

As we advanced, the sun sank, and a warm flush of bright carnation lighted up the sky around ; it reminded me of the sunset scene in the "Excursion," and I told Wordsworth so ; he said he had never before seen so fine a one. Mrs. Wordsworth fancied a lion rampant in the clouds, and contrasted the transient colours of those lovely skies, with the permanent repose of the ever-during crags, round which they floated. At the town we parted. I shall never revert to the day, without a feeling of serene pleasure. We walked along Winander Mere to Low Wood, and at noon the next day, reached

Kendal. Thus then, July 8th, we left with regret the region of lakes and mountains. We had been gratified beyond our expectation, whilst lingering among them ; we were attached to them, by hours of joy, and of fatigue, passed in their solitudes ; we were charmed, by the simplicity of manners, and the benevolence of their peasantry ; and we could not bid farewell to them, without emotion.

“ In the land of the south, their remembrances shall rise, and bring with them a gladness to the heart.”

In the summer of 1821, J. H. Wiffen was appointed Librarian, at Woburn Abbey, by the Duke of Bedford.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TASSO'S "JERUSALEM DELIVERED."

"For once, once more, must Palestine  
See banners reared, and hosts arrayed,  
And fierce, beyond the First, must shine  
The terrors of that Sealed Crusade."

What future Tasso shall *that* strife  
Big with the world's last fates inspire,  
When Judah shall be roused to life,  
And Prophecy, with Time expire !"

THE melody, and charm, of Italian Poetry, had early seized on the fancy, and imagination, of the young poet. The idea was first suggested to him, by his brother, to translate into English verse, "La Gerusalemme Liberata," the great Epic,

"Which sainted Tasso writ with pen inspired."

To resolve, was to achieve. Inspired by the grandeur of the Poem, and its subject, he pursued the work, with the ardour, and perseverance which distinguished him through life. As he proceeded, his interest increased, until the enchanting Poem became for the time the delight of his life, and he thus apostrophises it, in his L'Envoi :

"My pride at noon, my vision of the night,  
My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve."

The pious heroism of the Champion of the First Crusade, Godfrey de Bouillon, as delineated by the Poet of the Cross, excited the admiration, and exercised an elevating influence, upon the spirit of the translator.

Tasso's representation of his virtues, is borne out by history. In him, "the gentlest manners were united to the firmest spirit, the amiableness of virtue, to its commanding gravity. He was alike distinguished, for political courage, and personal bravery. His lofty mind, was capable of the grandest enterprises. His deportment was moral; his Piety was fervent. He regretted the stern necessity which drew him from the immediate service of God; but when in arms, he was a Hero; and his martial zeal in the cause of Heaven, was always directed by prudence, and tempered by philanthropy." \*

"In proof of his unfeigned Piety, it should never be forgotten, that whilst, under the mask of religion, his brother Baldwin, gratified his worldly ambition, Bohemond, his pride, and Raymond, his avarice, the Duke of Lorraine, faithful to his first simple wish of becoming the Defender and advocate of the Holy Sepulchre, and pressed as he was by the voice of all the Croisés, refused to wear a diadem, in the City, where his Saviour, had worn the Crown of thorns." †

To the Poet of the Cross, Torquato Tasso, was likewise offered an earthly crown.

\* Mill's "History of the Crusades," vol. i., pp. 83, 84.

† See *Ibid*, vol. i., p. 266.

The fervent and sincere Piety of *his* soul, also, estimated worldly honour at its true value, as it passed before his dying gaze.

On receiving the warning from his physician, that his last hour was at hand, he "thanked him for tidings so agreeable, and raising his eyes to heaven, returned tender and devout thanks to his Creator, that after so tempestuous a life, He had now brought him to a calm haven." He acknowledged with humility, and gratitude, the "plenary indulgence in remission of his sins," granted to him, by the pontiff Clement, saying, "that this, was the chariot upon which he hoped to go crowned,—not with laurel, as a Poet to the Capitol, but with glory as a Saint to heaven."

"Uniting, as he did, the exercise of virtue, to the ardour of devotion, the duties due to his Creator, and to his fellow-men, we may hope, with his Italian biographers, that God, the bountiful Remunerator, called him to Himself, before his earthly coronation, to adorn him with a more true and incorruptible Crown, in the heavenly Jerusalem." \*

The example of these heroic Characters, their deeds and their works, stimulated, and ennobled, all the energies of the translator.

His delight in the Poem itself, in its heroes, in the researches for the Life of Tasso, his interest in the engravings, and designs, for the embellishment of the work, the hours it occupied, the untiring labour which he bestowed upon it, that all should be as

\* See "*Life of Tasso.*"

complete, and perfect, as possible, now occupied his thoughts for some few years.

In the period between the commencement, and completion, of his Tasso, J. H. Wiffen, also rapidly advanced, in the study of the Spanish language, and gave to the world, his translation of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets, with a Critical and Historical Essay on Spanish Poetry, and a Life of the Author.

The Essay on Spanish Poetry, charms the reader by its elegance of diction, and by the depth of research, and knowledge of the Spanish poets therein displayed. The Life of Garcilasso de la Vega, is of much interest. Whether considered, as the cultivated spirit, who, shaking from the Spanish lute the dust of ages, imparted to it, by the force of his genius, a more harmonious string, and a more polished tone; or whether, "as a young warrior, brought up in the court of the most celebrated prince of his age, qualified both by birth, and education, to take part, and actually taking part, in that prince's enterprises, till doomed to fall the victim of his too rash valour, his story is calculated to strike forcibly the attention, and to touch the springs of admiration, and of sympathy, in no common degree. The character of the times in which he lived, of the monarch whom he served, (Charles V.), his own adventures, his deep devotion to the Muses, during the few hours of leisure, which alone, he was able to snatch, from the hurry, and alarm, of war, the amiable qualities, and classic taste,

developed in his writings, and the new impulse which these writings gave to Spanish poetry—all offer to the biographer, a theme more fertile, than usually falls to his lot, in recording the lives of Poets." But, "the pen of his contemporaries, was unemployed in the record of his actions, and centuries were suffered to elapse, before any of his countrymen, set themselves to the task. . . . And it must always remain a subject of regret, that we know so little of him, who has ever been considered by his countrymen, as one of their most elegant writers, as the one, in short, who contributed most, to the polish, and refinement, of their language." (Life of Garcilasso.)

In 1823, J. H. Wiffen's Translation of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, appeared, dedicated—

TO  
JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD,  
IN PUBLIC LIFE,  
THE STEADY FRIEND AND ASSERTER OF OUR LIBERTIES ;  
IN PRIVATE LIFE,  
ALL THAT IS GENEROUS, DIGNIFIED, AND GOOD ;  
THIS TRANSLATION,  
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE LITERARY EASE  
THAT HAS LED TO ITS PRODUCTION,  
IS WITH DEEP RESPECT AND ADMIRATION  
INSCRIBED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

Writing to a friend from Woburn Abbey, 5th month, 4th, 1823, after requesting his friend's ac-



ceptance of a copy of this work, J. H. Wiffen, goes on to observe: "The presentation copies have been admired; everybody that has seen it calls it a *beautiful book*. Jerdan, Bowring, Lord and Lady Holland, Blanco White, *alias* Don Lencadio Doblado, and those whom I was most ambitious to please, the Duke and Duchess, have expressed themselves highly interested in their copies. I am about sending others to Jeffrey, and Lockhart, and into Spain, to Quintana, and the Spanish Academy."

"6th month, 15th, 1823. I send thee specimens of the *Tasso*, the sized type, and paper, that will be used in the printing. I shall have wood engravings, from designs by Corbould and Hayter, at the head of each canto, which will cost two hundred guineas; but as it is my intention, to lay out all the subscription money, to produce a couple of splendid volumes, that may stamp the work as standard, I shall be able to compass this if I obtain about forty more names, which I do not doubt of receiving, with the exertions of my friends. Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Lord Spencer, have just sent me their names, and I have now full 160. I am about the nineteenth book.

"I shall commence with the printer, so soon as the types are ready, which he has ordered to be struck. I purpose having an entire Canto set up at a time, and to send proofs of it, to Lord John Russell, Rogers, and Foscolo, for their critiques, as Stewart Rose did with his *Ariosto*, the first volume of which, is just published.

"I shall in the Life, elucidate as much as possible, Tasso's passion for Leonora, by translations of the pieces from his 'Rime,' which were addressed to her, and vary the biography, by other beautiful little gems, like the following :—

TO TARQUINIA MOLZA.

I.

The green earth of its wealth displays  
White violets, and the lovely sun  
Its sparkling crown of rosy rays  
O'er shaded vale and mountain dim.

II.

You, lady, for your sign of wealth,  
Of genius, beauty, thought sublime,  
Fling forth in glorious show by stealth  
The riches of unfading rhyme.

III.

And whilst your laurels, charmed from blight,  
Thus greenly mock the passing hours,  
Your verses all are rays of light,  
Your living thoughts ambrosial flowers.

"The finest of Tasso's poetry, is, in fact, to be met with, in his 'Rime.' It is possible, I may publish hereafter, a third volume, containing translated specimens, of his most beautiful smaller verses, and most interesting letters."

To the Rev. C. Fletcher. 8 mo., 25, 1823 :—

"I shall sleep to-morrow night, at Mansfield, and take from thence the earliest morning coach after

breakfast, and pass one night at Nottingham, which will be, I much fear, all that I can compass. I promise myself, however, much pleasure from the interview; and we shall be able, I do not doubt, to talk over many things in that short space of time.

"I shall bring with me, a valuable original painting of Tasso, which Mr. Roscoe has presented me with, the sight of which I am sure will please thee, as it must once, have been in the possession of Paulus Jovius, historian to Charles V. of Germany, who was contemporary with the Italian Poet, and it is, besides, a really fine and authentic head. Corbould, is drawing me, some most beautiful designs for the poem, which I hope to put to press next month. . . .

"The Duke has introduced me to Sir T. Lawrence, Wilkie, and Calcott, and to Young the tragedian."

In another letter, written at this time, to the same correspondent, he says: "When I went to London, to make arrangements for publication, I received much gratification, from the society of Mr. Bowring, and of Sir Thomas Lawrence. With the former, I had corresponded, but had never before seen him. His great eloquence, and his knowledge in Spanish, and Italian, literature, charmed me during dinner. There was a *conversazione* in the evening, attended by many Spanish deputies of the late Cortes, to whom I was introduced, as the Translator of Garcilasso, and with whom, I had much conversation on the Spanish Muses. Sir Thomas,

had wished an introduction on a visit he had previously made, to Woburn Abbey ; but a forgetfulness of the artist who undertook to do so, prevented it at that time. I breakfasted with him, and was charmed with his elegant manners, his acquaintance with our English Poetry, and the productions of his delicious pencil. Rogers, I visited more than once ; Campbell, was from home. Whilst in town, I received from the Royal librarian the King's name to "Tasso," which he had been authorized to communicate.

"I have discovered, amongst some literary rubbish, an old black-letter, MS. Chronicle of England, written apparently, by one of the monks of the abbey. I am reading it—no easy matter—by the Duke's desire. It is very curious, and may possibly be published by the Society of Records."

When on the eve of completion, a fire broke out at the printing office ; the copies of Tasso were consumed, and the labours of years, in an hour, destroyed.

About this time J. H. Wiffen visited Cambridge.

ON PLANTING A SLIP FROM MILTON'S MULBERRY TREE,  
IN THE GROUNDS OF WOBURN ABBEY, PRESENTED  
BY DR. THACKERAY, OF CAMBRIDGE.

The mulberry mourns in its changed hue, the doom  
Of love-lamented Thisbe, and the fond  
Stripling she ruined ; but a charm beyond  
That elder story, henceforth shall allume

The song which chaunts its praise ; for in the bloom  
Of life, celestial Milton from the throng  
Of verdurous sylvans, chose it to prolong  
His memory here. He slumbers in the tomb,  
But this is yet unfading. Chose he not  
Thy frame, dark tree, to shadow forth his woe  
For those diviner lovers whom his verse  
Wept for, cast forth from Eden? The dire blot  
Makes us yet weep ; but all sweet leaves below  
And holiest blossoms sanctify his hearse.

1824.

B. B. Wiffen, on visiting Cambridge University, writes, 10 mo. 17, 1840, to Mrs. Wiffen :—

“I called on Dr. Thackeray. He inquired about thee and the family. He told me of how his acquaintance with J. H. Wiffen began. He was entering the Public Library, when he noticed a Friend, coming out, with chagrin depicted on his face. Having, as he told me, a respect for the Society, he inquired if there was any service which he could render him. J. H. replied that he wanted to search some books, but had been refused, being a stranger. Dr. Thackeray took him in, and entered his name, and left him for a time : when he came in again, he found he had selected forty books for reference. He wanted to take them to his inn to copy his extracts ; as this could not be permitted, Dr. Thackeray invited him to his own house, where he stayed a week. I told Dr. Thackeray of the care which is taken, (at Woburn Abbey,) of the slip of Milton’s mulberry tree, which he gave J. H., with which he seemed pleased. . . .

"I went into the gardens of Christ College, and saw the original tree which was planted by Milton's own hands. It is two hundred years old, is leaning towards the earth, and very fruitful ; one side of the trunk is decayed, and carefully preserved from the weather by a covering of lead. It was a grateful sight to me, both as connected with so great a man as Milton and with dear J. H. Milton's bust very appropriately adorned the grounds, and those of Sanderson, the great mathematician, and Cudworth, author of 'The Intellectual System ;' a monument to Mead, the great physician, is also there."

In a letter to a friend J. H. Wiffen says :—

"I must not forget to tell thee, before I conclude, that I had lately a visit from Arguelles, the celebrated constitutionalist of Spain, the most eloquent, distinguished, and patriotic member of the late Cortes. Arguelles, is rather tall, with a pale face, marked with the small-pox ; his features overspread with a deep melancholy, except when under the excitement of conversational feelings, when his eye grows vivid, and his face expressive. He is very eloquent in conversation, and the tone of his voice, and the movement of his lips, have a music correspondent when he talks.

"He speaks good English, having once before been in England. We conversed on Spanish subjects, Garcilasso, Quintana, Melendez, Quevedo. He spoke with regret, and admiration, of Garcilasso, and complimented me on my translation. He spoke of the

sublimity, of Herrera and Rioja, but he seemed particularly charmed, with the taste, and elegance, of Melendez, whom he styled, the regenerator of their poetry. He spoke of Spain, as in a 'state of *suspense*,' and as it seemed, though with much depression of spirits, without hopelessness. He has not his books with him in England, but he has two of mine,—the "Garcilasso," which, directed to Quintana, and the Spanish Academy, reached him, as Minister of State, with Admiral Jobat's despatches, as he was embarking for England, and which he promises to send to their destination when he can safely. I asked after authentic portraits, of Garcilasso, and Boscan. He questioned the authenticity, of those of Columbus, and Cortes. I asked him after the memorials of the former. He assured me there were several, in the archives of Seville, relating to Indian affairs, but that the jealousy of the old Government, prevented their being consulted by literary persons. It would have been different, he said, had the Constitutionals prevailed. These were some of the heads of our discourse. He shook me politely by the hand, and I bade him farewell, with a tenderness, and regret, which I have rarely felt for a stranger; my heart bleeding at the idea, that one of the warmest patriots, of the best, the most amiable, and the most talented men in all Spain, should be thus compelled to self-exile from her enslaved shores, and to trust to a foreign nobility for the sympathy, and small enjoyment, which is left him as a solace, for the vain regrets, and humiliating

remembrances, which he cannot but keenly feel, when he thinks of the Country he would have made free.

"But I prattle away finely, and shall be too late for the coach.

"Farewell, and believe me ever

"Thy faithful friend,

"J. H. WIFFEN.

"Tasso has of course slumbered on the shelf, but the printing is to be re-commenced next week."

The dedication of Tasso, was—

TO

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

I.

Years have flown o'er since first my soul aspired  
 In song the sacred Missal to repeat,  
 Which sainted Tasso writ with pen inspired,—  
 Told is my rosary, and the task complete :  
 And now, 'twixt hope and fear, with toil untired,  
 I cast the ambrosial relique at thy feet ;  
 Not without faith that in thy goodness thou  
 Wilt deign one smile to my accomplished vow.

II.

Not in dim dungeons, to the clank of chains,  
 Like sad Torquato's, have the hours been spent  
 Given to the song, but in bright halls where reigns  
 Uncumbered Freedom,—with a mind unbent  
 By walks in woods, green dells, and pastoral plains,  
 To sound, far off, of village merriment ;  
 Albeit, perchance, some springs whence Tasso drew  
 His sweetest tones, have touched my spirit too.



## III.

O that, as happier constellations bless  
 My studious life, my verses too could boast  
 Some happier graces, (*should* I wish for less ?)  
 To atone for charms unseized and splendours lost !  
 No ! the rich rainbow mocks the child's caress,  
 Who can but sorrow, as his fancy's crossed,  
 That e'er so beautiful a thing should rise,  
 To elude his grasp, yet so enchant his eyes.

## IV.

On the majestic Sorrentine I gazed  
 With a familiar joy—methought he smiled ;  
 But now the vigil's past, I stand amazed  
 At the conceit, and sorrow like the child.  
 What second hand *can* paint the scenes that blazed  
 In Tasso's brain, with tints as sweet and wild ?  
 As much the shapes that on his canvas glow,  
 Their birth to Frenzy as to Genius owe.

## V.

Yet may I hope o'er generous minds to cast  
 A faint reflection of his matchless skill ;  
 For here his own Sophronia, unaghost,  
 Flings firm defiance to her tyrant still ;—  
 Clorinda bleeds ; lovelorn Erminia fast  
 Hies through the forest at her steed's wild will ;  
 And in these pages still Armida's charms  
 Strike the rapt heart, and wake a world to arms.

## VI.

Thus then, O Lady, with thy name I grace  
 The glorious fable ; fitly since to thee  
 And thine the thanks are due, that in the face  
 Of time and toil the Poet's devotee  
 Has raised th' enchanted structure on its base,  
 And to thy hand now yields th' unclosing key,—  
 Blest if in one bright intellect like thine  
 He wins regard, and builds himself a shrine !

A visit to Brighton, and its baths, in the early summer of this year (1825) enabled J. H. Wiffen to regain much of his former strength, which had ebbed away in the severity of an attack of rheumatic fever. He writes to the Rev. C. Fletcher, of the feelings of loneliness, and desolation, which come over him, when his Tasso, the joy and delight of years, was finished, and he bade farewell to the—

“ Harp of the south ! the stirring of whose strings  
Has given by power of their melodious spell  
Such pleasant speed to Time’s else weary wings.”

In the “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” the Ettrick Shepherd says, after praising the Howitts, Bernard Barton, etc., “The best scholar among a’ the Quakers, is Friend Wiffen, a capital translator, Sir Walter tells me, o’ poets wi’ foreign tongues, sic as Tasso, and wi’ original vein, too, sir, which has produced, as I opine, some verra fine ones.”

## CHAPTER V.

## THE POET'S HOME.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come!"

OVER the night of desolation, which enshrouded the author, when the completion of Tasso, ended the entrancing occupation of years, arose the star of hope and "the dawning of new day."

Especially fitted, by his sensitive nature, and affectionate disposition, for domestic happiness, the charm of life, "conjoined and kindred to the sound of home," early attracted him. But his ideal Love married another, and the disappointment weighed heavily upon his spirit. She died! and after her death, when time had assuaged his sorrow, J. H. Wiffen found in Mary Whitehead, (who became his wife,) the realization of his youthful hopes, and poetic aspirations.

In the L'Envoi, to the first edition of Tasso, in 1824, he apostrophises her as Ida, and the last two verses of the L'Envoi, to the third edition, in 1830, present a picture of their home life at Froxfield.

## L'ENVOI.

## I.

Fare-thee-well, soul of sweet romance ! farewell,  
 Harp of the south ! the stirring of whose strings  
 Has given, by power of their melodious spell,  
 Such pleasant speed to Time's else weary wings,  
 That, rapt in spirit to the Delphic cell,  
 'Midst its green laurels and prophetic springs,  
 The tuneful labours of past years now seem  
 A brief indulgence,—an enchanted dream.

## II.

My pride at noon, my vision of the night,  
 My hope at morn, my joy at lonely eve!  
 Now that thy tones of magical delight  
 Are o'er, do I not well to droop and grieve ?  
 To what new region shall the muse take flight,  
 What pictures fashion, what fresh numbers weave,  
 When all that else had charmed, must now appear  
 Tame to the eye, and tuneless to the ear ?

## III.

Much shall I miss thee, when in calm repose  
 The Summer moon upon my casement shines ;  
 Much, when the melancholy Autumn strows  
 With leaves, my walk beneath the o'erarching pines :  
 Nor less when Spring, 'twixt shower and sunshine, throws  
 Abroad the sweet breath of her eglantines ;  
 And Winter deepens, with his stormy din,  
 The quiet charm of the bright hearth within.

## IV.

If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,  
 I sought to give thy foreign chords a tongue,  
 Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,  
 When on thy cypress bough again thou'rt hung,\*

\* " In che ne vai in Pindo,  
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un Cipresso,  
 Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi  
 Ch' io son dagli anni e da fortuna oppresso."

*Rime del Tasso.*

But sometimes whisper of me to the few  
 I love, the fond, the faithful, and the young ;  
 And those who reverence the wronged soul that planned  
 Thy world of sound, with archangelic hand.

## V.

Hear how the strings, dear Ida, sound abroad  
 The grief and glory of that matchless mind !  
 What ardour glows in each seraphic chord !  
 How deep a pathos Echo leaves behind !  
 Yet was he wretched whom all tongues applaud,—  
 For peace he panted, for affection pined :  
 Be thou, whilst thy mild eyes with pity swim,  
 More kind to me than Aura was to him ;—

## VI.

Else shall I little prize the indulgent praise,  
 Which some may lavish on a task so long ;  
 Else shall I mourn that e'er my early days  
 Were given to feeling, solitude, and song ;  
 But thee no light capricious fancy sways,  
 To doubt thy truth would be the heavens to wrong ;  
 Peace to thy spirit with the closing spell !  
 And thou, Hesperian harp, farewell, farewell !

\* \* \* \*

## VII.

Thus went the verse : and thou art now to me,  
 All that the cherished Muses were of yore,  
 And, glassed in other eyes than thine, I see  
 Fair visions rise, but dimly traced before.  
 This peaceful home, this garden, where the bee  
 Hums of Hymettus, and these woods, have more  
 Of stirring music than those old day-dreams  
 Of airy fame and praised Pierian streams.

## VIII.

To him who lives as Wisdom would require,  
 As Duty woos, and as the Virtues claim,

Time, if it robs the Poet of his lyre,  
Bestows a bliss beyond the wealth of fame,—  
Fruits, that refresh the spirit, and inspire  
The immortal yearning, and that purer flame,  
To quicken which, until they blend with heaven,  
The mortal Poet and the Lyre were given.

*Froxfield, 4th mo., 16th, 1830.*

A little beyond the top of Stump Cross Hill, passing out of Woburn Park by the Froxfield lodge, the small hamlet of Froxfield, is reached.

*Here* stood the "peaceful home," of the poet, and his "garden, where the bee hums of Hymettus," to which he brought his bride, the *Ida* of his poetic dreams, and *here*, as years went on, the patter of tiny feet and the echo of infantine voices, amused and soothed his hours of leisure.

On the 28th, day of November, 1828, Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, was married to Mary Whitehead, at the Friends' Meeting House, in Leeds.

Mary Whitehead, descended from the line of Hollinshed the Chronicler, possessed by inheritance, a taste for literature, and intellectual ability of no common order. She took great interest in all movements for the enlightenment, and progress, of the human race, and possessed a love of knowledge for its own sake. She personally engaged in the work of the Bible Society, and Peace Society, of her native town of Nottingham, and entered warmly into the missions of mercy, organized by Elizabeth Fry, and other great philanthropists of the day.

She read the Old and New Testament in their original languages, and was conversant with the best Latin, and French, authors. She drew, and painted in oil, and water-colour, and was acquainted with the various details of domestic life, the knowledge of which, constitutes the mistress, "who looketh well to the ways of her household."

In all his literary labours, after their marriage, she ever gave to her husband, her ready, and practical sympathy. Whilst he was writing, "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," she would often, with one of her infant children asleep on her knee, write to his dictation, sometimes, until far on, into the night.

To her, as "Ida," he addressed many of his sweetest verses.

On the 16th day of September, 1829, came the first little daughter, to gladden the peaceful home at Froxfield.

She was named, Ida Margaret, and inherited her father's poetic talent, and literary taste.

Like him, also, her sun was destined to set at noonday.

A Poet's Firstborn, she was welcomed into the world by the Poet's benediction.

## TO A NEW VISITANT ON A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

"One that from some unknown sphere  
Brings strange thoughts and feelings here ;  
Dreams of days gone out of mind,  
Hints of home still left behind ;  
Spring's fresh pastime, Winter's mirth,  
Smiles of heaven, and tears of earth."

Welcome, dear Child, with all a father's blessing,  
To thy new sphere of motion, light, and life !  
After the long suspense, the fear distressing,  
Love's strong subduing strife.

Sealed with the smile of Him who made the Morning,  
Though to the matron charge of Eve consigned,  
Com'st thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning  
Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble,  
Wherein thy destined course is to be run ;  
Where joy is deemed a shadow, peace a bubble,  
And true bliss known to none.

Yet to high destinies it leads,—to natures  
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild,  
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features  
Lovelier than thine, fair child.

To winged Beatitudes for ever tending,  
Rank above rank, to the bright Source of bliss,  
And in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending  
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launched in this benign direction,  
We will not sorrow that thy porch is past ;  
Come ! many a picture waits thy young inspection,  
Each lovelier than the last.

What shall it be ? On Earth, in Air, in Ocean,  
A thousand things are sparkling, to excite  
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,  
Heiress of rich delight !



Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted  
On thy fair brow, with Galileo soar ?  
Rove with Linnæus through the woods, or haunted  
Be by more charmed lore ?  
Shall sky-taught Painting, with her ardent feeling,  
Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit ?  
Or shall the quivered spells be thine, revealing  
The polished shafts of Wit ?  
Or to thy fascinated eye, her mirror  
Shall the witch Poesy delight to turn,  
And strike warm to every brilliant error  
Glanced from her magic urn ?  
Heed her not, darling ! she will smile benignly,  
So she may win thine inexperienced ear ;  
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely  
Will cost thee many a tear.  
She has a Castle, where, in death-like slumbers,  
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves ; some break,  
After long hurt, their golden chains ; but numbers  
Never with sense awake.  
She it was, dear, who in Greek story acted  
Such tragic masques ; who in the grape's disguise  
Choked sweet Anacreon, Sappho's soul distracted,  
And seared old Homer's eyes.  
Tasso she tortured, Savage unbefriended ;  
O'er Falconer's bones the matted seaweed spread ;  
Chatterton poisoned, Otway starved, and blended  
White with the early dead !  
She, too, with many a smile thy sire has flattered,  
Promising flowers, and fame, and guerdons rare,  
Till youth was past, and then, he found, she scattered  
Her vows and wreaths in air.  
Shun, then, the Siren ; spurn her laurelled chalice,  
Though the bright nectar dance above the brim ;  
Lest she should seize thee in her mood of malice,  
And tear thee limb from limb !

But to selecter influences, my beauty,  
Pay thy young vows,—to Truth, that ne'er beguiles,  
Virtue, fixed Faith, and unpretending Duty,  
Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles.

Look on me, love, that in those radiant glasses  
Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace;  
O'er them alternate shade and sunshine passes,  
Enhancing every grace.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure;  
With a fond yearning o'er the leaves I look;  
But the lid falls—farewell, the enchanting treasure,  
Closed is the starry book!

Two other daughters, afterwards completed the  
family circle.

## CHAPTER VI.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF  
RUSSELL. 1833.

“Hence taught that Empire stands no more  
On the brute Legion’s charging shock,  
Nor Persian gold, Chaldean lore,  
Nor Porch where graceful cynics flock—  
May he on Righteousness, the Rock,  
Fix Freedom’s ark, and Britain’s fame.  
For blessings to far times bequeathed  
With amaranth be his forehead wreathed,  
And Russell be his name !”

*Temple of Liberty.*

IN the midst of the disappointment, and delay, involved in the conflagration of the Tasso, J. H. Wiffen, commenced, “The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell,” which occupied eight years in arranging, writing, and completing. The preparation for this, included a journey into Normandy, and the adjacent provinces of France—the examination of Records, and Libraries, there, an occupation fully congenial to the poet, and which he described, with great fulness, in his correspondence.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS, TO THE REV. C.  
FLETCHER.

Soon after his return from Normandy, at the beginning of the year 1827, he writes:—

“WOBURN ABBEY.

“I have had the unsolicited offer of the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen. The Duke offered to pay the twenty guinea fee, for the diploma, but various considerations have led me to decline it at present.

“I have done a little more to the Russell history since my last; but until I am truly *settled*, I can adhere to nothing, with my wonted tenacity of purpose. As to Poetry, though I do not forswear it, I am content to place it perfectly in abeyance, to more necessary, if not higher pursuits; and I think it very improbable, that I shall ever publish, or even write, another volume of it, but I make no vow.

“I met Bowring, at dinner with Alaric. I have twice dined, and passed the night, with Sir James Mackintosh, at Ampthill Park lately, and highly enjoyed his surprising conversational powers, and varied information on all started subjects.

“I breakfasted with Rogers in town. He is coming out by-and-by with a new volume, which is to be illustrated in the manner of the annuals, with an immense number, as I understand, of beautiful engravings; and high report says he has printed ten thousand copies, which I think not improbable, as he must perceive the popular taste for illustrated

works. Moore, and Murray, have made up their differences, and the former is to produce a Life, to redeem Lord Byron, from what they consider the unworthy representations of Leigh Hunt. Hunt's is, with all its faults, however, a very amusing volume, but his self-importance peeps from every page, and has had its effect in colouring his views, of Lord Byron's conduct and character. Thou hast, of course, seen Moore's caustic lines, on the lion and puppy-dog !”

After eight years of patient research and investigation, “The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell” were completed, and were published by Messrs. Longman and Co. in the year 1833.

“It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time !” was the motto selected by the author for this his last work. An extract from the preface gives his feelings of interest in the prosecution of the necessary researches, and his delight in the success which crowned his labours :—

“It is nearly nine years since the notice in the British Museum of some valuable original letters of Sir John Russell to Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey first suggested to me the idea of collecting together all the records I could find, connected with the Russell family, in Normandy and England. I was attracted to this task by the veneration which

from my very early youth, I had cherished for the memory of that admirable Patriot of their line, to whom the British nation is so deeply indebted for the vindication, and perpetuity, of its inherent liberties and rights. This feeling alone, would not indeed have justified an undertaking like the present ; but during the prosecution of long and very laborious researches, the various incidents and correspondence which I met with, particularly of the first two Earls of Bedford, presented so many features of interest, and were so intimately connected with the history of the times in which they flourished, as to furnish me, upon deliberation, with a sufficient warrant and inducement, for employing my best powers both of industry, and perseverance, in gathering together, and embodying in a systematic narrative, the most memorable actions of the Family, from the earliest known period, that could now be gathered, from the keep of time. I flattered myself, that the survey would, in some degree at least, give back an image of those past ages, manners, and achievements, which at all times, strongly excite our curiosity, and interest ; and that there might be a value, and utility, which 'posterity would not willingly let die,' found couched in the records of a House, the members of which have borne an almost uninterrupted and conspicuous part in British story, from the time of the Norman Duke, to the Tudors, from the Tudors to the Stuarts, and from the domination of that intolerant, and repudiated dynasty, to the latest constitutional benefits effected

under the more congenial Sceptre, of the House of Hanover. The indulgence of this conviction, will perhaps appear to some, to savour too strongly, of partiality, as the hope of doing justice to the subject may wear to others, the appearance of presumption ; but it is certain, that little can be accomplished, that is worthy of enduring, which is not actuated by a love of the subject selected, and sustained in its execution, by the studious care, arising from the desire of success.

“ It is unnecessary here, to recite, by what slow but certain steps, based always upon authentic Records, I was enabled to complete, in an unbroken line, the chain of family descent, and to ascertain the precise spot whence the House derived its surname.

“ Little satisfied with the meagre account which even the great Dugdale, gives of the early history of the Russell family, I, for two years, applied solely to this portion of the work ; and left no chartulary, roll, or record unexamined, that promised to add the least tittle of evidence, to that already gleaned from other sources. At the end of this period, after a close examination of the Fine and Close Rolls, in the Tower, the Pipe Rolls, at Somerset House, and chartularies in our public libraries, I communicated the object of my pursuit, to the Duke of Bedford, who, after opening a communication with the venerable Abbé de la Rue, charged me with a mission into Lower Normandy for the further discovery of family evidences ; and it is to his liberality

in this particular, that I have been enabled, to throw so much certain light, on his first progenitors.

“In the muniment-room of the prefecture at Caen, and in the Tower of Matignon at St. Loo, I revelled in a perfect *mer noire* of abbey charters, those of the whole department of Calvados, having been safely deposited in the former, during the Revolution that swept away the abbeys and their riches, and those of all La Manche, being with equal convenience gathered in the latter receptacle. There, every bundle which I opened, disclosed some note, or memorial, of the surnames most renowned, in Norman, or in English story—Cliffords, Percies, Clintons, Byrons, Mortimers and Bruces, besides those of equal lustre, which are now only to be met with, in the extinct baronage of England.

“The pleasure which I derived from my researches amidst this most interesting mass of deeds, of the feudal, and chivalric ages, I shall not soon forget. I went upon a tour of four weeks; I stayed as many months!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Dated, Ffoxfield, 4th month, 18th, 1833.”



## CHAPTER VII.

SUNSET AT NOONDAY. 1835, 1836.

"But, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is 'Nunc Dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also—that it openeth the gate of fame, and extinguisheth envy."

BACON.

THE Pale Messenger, bearing the banner inscribed "Nunc dimittis," was nearing with rapid strides the peaceful home of the Poet. No foreshadowing cloud darkened the air. No spell of illness came as precursor of the event. To his brother, he had, at times, complained of difficulty of breathing; but considering it merely a temporary feeling, and not wishing to bring, even the shadow of anxiety, over his Wife, to her, he had not spoken.

But his thoughts were evidently much occupied with the life of the Hereafter, and his spirit liked to linger in contemplation of that Home, to which this earth life, is but the journey. Thus, to a spirit already attuned to celestial harmony, death could only appear in the guise of the loving Angel, who tenderly uncloses the portals, draws back the dark veiling curtains, and leads the soul gently in, to the realm of that Glory which is unrevealed to mortal eyesight.

In one of the last letters, to his friend, the Rev. C. Fletcher, occurs the following passage :—

“Poor Jane T—— still lingers out her life. But why should I call her poor? She is rich in consolation, and in the anticipation of the final change. She declares, that she has nothing now to do, but die; that she is so happy, that she would not change situations, with any living being. Her brothers, have both been, to take leave of her. She is, I understand, shrunk to a very small figure, and lies like one of wax in resemblance—beautiful already as one of the redeemed spirits—amongst whom, we trust, she will very shortly mingle.

“I think, the witnessing of these triumphs of the soul, over the weakness of mortality, through the infinite mercy, of our God, and our Redeemer, has a very strong tendency, both to wean us from the world, and to diminish our dread, of that change, which must before very long, come upon ourselves, also. It strengthens our weak faith; it realizes to our mind, the glories, and the peace, of Immortality; and serves, in some small degree, to stimulate us, to ‘press forward to the mark of our (own) high calling, in Christ Jesus.’ I hope to make a little progress, in this course—the only one, really worth living for; for here, we have no continuing city, and our years pass literally, ‘like a tale that is told.’”

J. H. Wiffen, died suddenly, in the night of May 2nd, 1836, in his forty-third year.

A friend, thus gives the account, in a letter to his daughter:—

“We are now on a melancholy visit, to our very dear, and very old friend, Mrs. Wiffen, who has lost her husband, in the most sudden, and afflictive manner, in which bereavement can take place. No illness—no notice—but between ten and eleven o'clock at night, he woke, and said he felt very poorly. Mrs. Wiffen got up directly, and went for the nursemaid. When she returned to their room, Mr. Wiffen was standing at the foot of the bed, and said he had great difficulty in breathing. He begged them to send for Mr. Parker, the doctor at Woburn, who had attended him many years ago in a bad rheumatic fever. They then got him into an arm-chair, and his feet in hot water, but—in about half an hour from that time, he ceased to breathe.

“Seldom, very seldom, were superior minds united, or dispositions, and pursuits, more adapted to each other. Sublunary happiness, and consistency of high principle, and exemplary conduct, were realized in that pair, to an extent rarely to be witnessed ; but they enjoyed the world together, only eight years. Mr. Wiffen was saying to me in August, 1834, (the last time we were here,) when riding together in the park, ‘how he wished he had known Mary Whitehead ten years earlier.’ Ah, dear man! such gentle, courteous, and unassuming manners, and mode of speech to every one, poor or great, and such good

conversation, and mellifluous words, that flowed from his tongue!"

The end was so sudden, and without any previous apparent illness, so altogether unlooked for, that at first many of his friends (especially those at a distance) *would not* credit the report of his death. When the sad truth was realized beyond doubt, the sorrow was universal. Expressions of heartfelt sympathy, and affectionate regret, came alike from all classes to the sorrow-laden home at Froxfield, so lately the abode of domestic happiness.

How distinctly do I, even now, recollect the funeral ! the brilliance of that May morning, as it passed across Woburn Park ; and how, along the entire length of the road, from Woburn, to the Friends' Burial Ground at Woburn Sands, (a distance of two miles,) each side of the road, was thronged with people, who had come forth, from far, and near, to pay the last tribute of affection and regret. For he was greatly respected, and much beloved.

There in his last resting-place, he was laid, in the sunshine of the Sabbath morn, May 8th, 1836. The poet, and scholar,—the true son, brother, friend—the loving husband—the tender father.

His brother, B. B. Wiffen, passed away in March, 1867, having completed his life-work, the republication of the "Reformistas Antiguos Españoles."

Side by side, with the rest of their family, lie the two brothers.

"They lie together in that lonely Ground,  
Far from the din of Human Life ;—and Spring  
Festoons their resting-place with violets sweet.  
With pitying hand, along the waving grass,  
A veil of clustering harebells Summer flings,  
Drooping their heads, in token of the grief,  
Which swept the souls who loved them, when they passed.  
The Autumn wind, sighing through the dark Pine trees,  
Murmurs for aye, their sad and solemn requiem ;  
And Winter, tender in her sternest moods,  
Drifts there a mantle of her whitest snow.  
But earth no longer holds them, for *they* tread  
The Crystal Sea of glass—before the Throne,  
With the Redeemed of countless ages past !  
All that they *have* and *are* laid lowly down  
In humble reverence at the feet of Him  
Whom far off here they worshipped."

**The Quaker Squire and other Poems.**

**BY**

**BENJAMIN BARRON WIFFEN.**

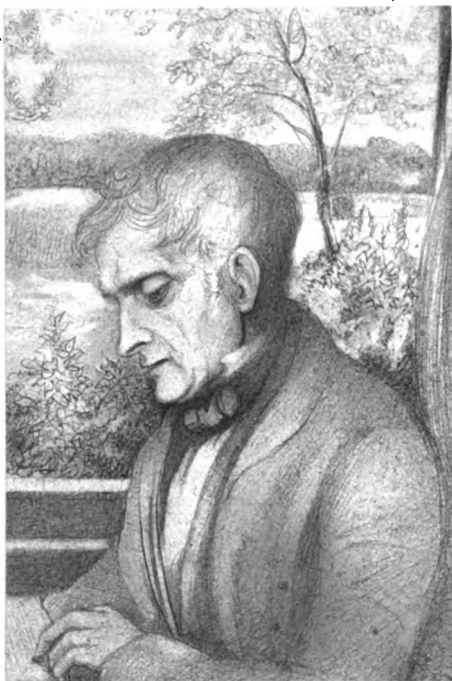
**WITH A MEMOIR.**

“ What lovelier garland can affection bring,  
What nobler tribute admiration pay,  
What sweeter requiem can the poet sing  
To hallow man, ‘ the pilgrim of a day,’  
Than this : ‘ He sorrowed, worshipped, passed away,  
And harmonized,’ as thou sweet spirit hast,  
‘ With those whose life was truth, their name a ray,  
A guiding star, a beacon of the past,  
Souls in the glorious mould of mental grandeur cast ’ ? ”

J. H. WIFFEN.







*Benjamin B Wiffen*





## CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS. 1794—1836.

“ We think of the faithful life,  
Whose age was the crown of his youth  
Lowly in service, lofty in aim,  
Unflinchingly true to truth.”

MRS. CHARLES.

ON the south-western edge of Bedfordshire, the rich levels of the Midlands are exchanged, for a rolling district, abounding in sandy knolls, covered with forests, in which the Fir predominates. In the midst of this, is the Ducal domain of Woburn Abbey. In spite of the withering denunciations of Burke, in his celebrated “Letter to a Noble Lord,” this fine property, has, in the hands of its owners, the Russells, been of continuous benefit to the nation, owing to the series of experiments, in Forestry, and Agriculture, which successive Dukes of Bedford, have carried on there. Added to which, they have accumulated, and liberally opened to all, the treasures of a rich Library, Gallery of Sculpture, and the beauties of a glorious Park—elements of Poetry existing in a world of Prose.

On one side of the Park, stands the little town of

Woburn, on the other, the scattered upland village of Aspley Guise, embosomed in swelling hills, amidst the thick foliage of tall trees.

At the uppermost end of Aspley Guise, is the hamlet of Mount Pleasant; on the verge of this, towards Woburn, hard by a clump of venerable Scotch Firs, and overlooking a valley of corn-fields, edged by the woods of Woburn Park, is a small brick-built cottage. Creeping plants adorn the front, a little space of shrubbery separates it from a private roadway, an old-fashioned flower "knot," leads to a crowded fruit orchard, and beyond this, the fields. In the field, at the front, is the fir-crowned knoll, and from this, close to the house, is a view which must at all seasons be beautiful. In the distance, all around, are ancient woodlands; a few openings, disclose other woods beyond. Within this belt, lie open fields, with one or two farms. An air of tranquillity, reigns over the scene, to which the vast extent of cloud-land, and the distant solemn girdle of trees, contribute. From the knoll, a country path invites you forward, along the ridge, which commands the broken ground of the green-sand, on the one side, and the wide sweep of Woburn woods, on the other. The hidden charms of Aspley Guise, are now becoming known, and new, yet secluded, villas, are rising, to testify to the pure taste of those who choose retirement, and select this spot.

One of those, who made this selection, was BENJAMIN BARRON WIFFEN, a name scantily known to fame, and deserving wider recognition.

In the recently published work, "*Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*," there is a brief biography, and a graceful memoir, of Mr. Wiffen, by his niece, Isaline Wiffen.

The Annual Obituary of the Society of Friends, for 1867, also contains a short notice of him, from the same hand.\* We shall be doing good service, by attempting to give a wider circulation, to the short and simple annals of this good man's life, than is accorded by these publications.

It was known to a few scholars, in Germany, to a very small circle of sympathizers, in Spain, and to a scarcely larger circle, even, of his own Society of "Friends," in Britain, that a man of retired life, dwelling in a Bedfordshire village, was devoting his life to the sole object of rescuing from oblivion, the deeds, and writings, of the early Spanish religious reformers. Like another "Old Mortality," he traversed the land to restore dead reputations; but in lieu of bringing to light faded inscriptions, he unearthed immortal Truth, and thus added to the records of true glory on the earth.

Mr. Wiffen, was a small, pale, keen-eyed man, possessing a delicate organization, with a brave, stout heart, uncommon perseverance, and an indomitable love of justice and truth. He had a good fund of humour, which at first scarcely seemed in harmony with his emaciated form, and plain Quaker garb; but the smile which often stole over his features, indicated the wise and loving spirit dwelling within.

\* "*Annual Monitor*" for 1868, or "*Obituary*" for 1867, p. 236.

In society, his presence was a continued testimony for truth, gentleness, and justice. He was charmingly human, and a poetic temperament, gave grace to his sympathy with all knowledge; but he was so enamoured with his chosen study of the Spanish reformers, that he would not long be diverted from communion, with these "dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." The sacredness of his settled purpose, gave him always a quiet dignity, and his charming manners, and innocent wit, were favourable introductions to the subjects of his constant enthusiasm. His devotion to these, was determined by love for the men, whose names he restored to fame, and love for the Truth which they held unto death, and on a determination that the world, in these after ages, should know who had been its benefactors. B. B. Wiffen, was the son of John and Elizabeth Wiffen, of Woburn, and was born there in the year 1794. His father, was a man of superior culture and taste; the family was originally from Norfolk, and his more remote ancestors from Germany, where they were Von Wimpffens. His mother, was a woman of strong character, a memoir of whom, written by B. B. Wiffen, appears in a subsequent portion of these volumes.

The elder brother of B. B. Wiffen, was Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, librarian to the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, and the translator of Tasso, into elegant English verse. The brothers went together, to the "Friends" school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire. After

this, the elder followed the bent of his inclination, and entered the field of literature, whilst Benjamin, with his mother and sisters, carried on the trade of an iron-monger, the largest of the kind, in the small, quiet town of Woburn. Although Mr. Wiffen was habitually gentle, he was stern in requiring the fulfilment of common obligations; he loved accuracy as well as truth, and in his business relations, he was the terror of all slovens; in his municipal duties, he enforced the utmost economy, and the strictest fidelity, to the public. One of his contemporaries, assures me, that excuses in such matters, were of no use with him; he would pass nothing, that was not properly authorized and vouched, and he was in all respects a useful citizen. Notwithstanding his continuous, industrious, pursuit of the daily, dull routine of such business, he found time to cultivate Literature, and occasionally to woo the Muses.

At an early period, Wiffen appears to have passed through, one of those severe mental conflicts, which are not unusual in the religious life of the youthful Christian; for in a letter to a friend, after the lapse of forty-six years, he recurred to it with vivid remembrance, and related that after fighting in anguish with the tempter, a whole summer's day, he "went out at dew-fall, and kneeling on the grass under the open sky, found victory and peace, which have not been so challenged since."

As years rolled on, his views became exceedingly clear on the practical fitness of the great truths of



Christianity for the comfort, and happiness, of the believer. He expressed regret, that Christians did not live more, "*by the faith of the Son of God.*"\* His religious life, was passed somewhat in the sequestered shade of great truths, which yielded him deep, but not dazzling delight. He belonged to a Society, which, if not absolutely declining, was relatively so. It had borne its testimony against the errors of the age, nobly, and conscientiously, but the world would not receive it. In the chosen path of social progress, other reformers had marched past them with drums and banners, and reaped the harvest of their sowing. Although the "Friends," had displayed remarkable force, intensity, and perseverance in their tenets, yet they have declined in numbers, at the rate of about one per cent. per annum, during the present century.

There is something extremely mournful, in the slow decay of an institution, from within, going on, whilst its outer form remains, and commands respect. It is, however, to be remarked, that, concurrently with this decline, there was a gradual approximation in public opinion towards them, arising from the adoption by others, of many of the sentiments, once peculiar to the "Friends." This fact has not escaped the observation of Mr. Wiffen, who has expressed his apprehensions and opinions, in the little poem, called "The Church in Decay," which will be found in another part of these volumes. The reflective mind, and poetic tem-

\* Obituary for the year 1867, in "Annual Monitor" for 1868.

perament of Wiffen, found refreshment, and food, in the sylvan glades of Woburn Park, at all times open to him, and close at hand. He absolutely declined the collisions, and contentions, of ordinary social life ; he lived at first, amidst the ideal creations of the romantic school of poetry, but latterly with the noble Spaniards, who had hailed the dawn of the Reformation, and whose high inspiration, had been savagely checked by ruthless persecution. His sense of justice found unvarying exercise, in the attempt to make restitution, for undeserved neglect.

Down to the year 1839, until he had reached the age of forty-three, Mr. Wiffen was engaged in business in the house at Woburn, next to the Bedford Arms Hotel, which is still occupied in the same manner. He, however, found time for the cultivation of his poetic taste, as the following letter, written at this time to a friend, who had lent him some books, shows :—

“ Moore, so long kept, is returned ; he is a writer after my own heart. Oh that I could hive every drop of his honey in my heart ! it would indeed be a continual feast, and, like that of Hymettus, create a *sweet delirium*. Anacreon is detained ; if you want it early, say so. How luxurious it is at night to sit down to his song, and there give up the heart to its influence ; to relieve *all thoughts*, and fill the whole soul with only a *passive* sensation of delight ! do you understand me ? Perhaps you cannot. *I have* a poetical pulsation, a poetical bubbling of the blood

unconnected with *any cogitation*, without any action of the thinking principle, except a passive consciousness. This is no metaphysical abstraction, but is tried by the test and tact of the senses.

“‘The Lyre of Love’ goes back in this parcel, because I am afraid it is kept too long. I am like Smug the joiner, a man slow of study. In your next send Dryden, and anything else you may have : you know my taste ; whatever you administer to it, you *feed me with honey.*”

The romance, and indeed the reality, of his sequestered life, lay in his fraternal association, with his brother Jeremiah. The Brothers, were tenderly attached to each other, and were united in thought and taste. Jeremiah, dedicated his first volume of poems, to his brother, as follows :—

TO  
BENJAMIN BARRON WIFFEN,  
IN RECREATION AND IN STUDY,  
IN GLADNESS AND IN TRIAL,  
THE COMPANION, THE BROTHER, THE FRIEND.

The Brothers went together to the Lake District, and by their log-book appear to have walked 307 miles out of that journey of 785 miles. In the course of their journey they visited Wordsworth and Southey, and were kindly received by both. J. H. Wiffen, died in the year 1836, at the age of forty-three, and thus was unexpectedly closed the first source of

solace, and sympathy, enjoyed by the survivor. Years afterwards, he refers to this wound as still fresh, and thus gives dignity, and grace, to his sorrows :—

“ Ye groves, whose sweep my unveiled windows view,  
Not e'en Frascati bears the palm from you.  
: If there Italian skies in radiance glow,  
Here deeper verdure lights the turf below.  
Dear classic glades ! where he who late took down  
Tasso's sweet lyre, and made its echoes known,  
Formed his pure taste, and made with graceful ease  
Italian sense, in Saxon music please.  
That lyre, alas ! with all its chords unstrung,  
Is on the cypress bough again uphung.  
How oft at dewfall, when the setting sun  
Told that the labours of the day were done,  
In that sweet sense, accomplished duty brings,  
When Time himself, takes rest upon his wings,  
Here have we met, and walked uncounted hours,  
While verse, sweet verse ! strewed all the way with  
flowers.  
The twilight lake, the woods, the drowsy birds,  
E'en solemn midnight, witnessed of our words.  
There, on our own, how oft the starry eyes  
Of the bright Pleiades, glistened from the skies.  
I will not question, of their spheres to tell  
What Memory chants in her eternal cell ;  
To her, whilst wet with ink this paper lies,  
A Brother's hand inscribes a Brother's sighs.  
His after scholar in the art divine,  
How late to learn, how rough in every line !  
Not touched to music by his graceful hand,  
How rude, as written, must these verses stand ! ”

Several years afterwards, on meeting in an album with some lines written by his brother, he thus refers

to the undying friendship, and his own habits of study:—

“I hung over them a good while. Each one brought some remembrance to my mind. I brought up to town Mungo Park, and took it to Murray’s. What hopes and fears! It was politely refused. I remember his reading me the lines written at Haughton, after his return. The lines written at Pré Mill were familiar to me, and yet so strange to see them in such a collection, and in his own handwriting. Although dead, he seemed alive, as when we sat and drank coffee at midnight, and during the early morning; and I strove to forget, in the amenities of literature, the anxieties of the coming day. How often, when I have seen the black of night, whitening in the twilight of the morning, have I wished I could stop the dayspring in its course, and stay my fears for a few hours more.”

## CHAPTER II.

“THE QUAKER SQUIRE.”—THE SECOND FRIENDSHIP.

“Others, too,  
There are, among the walks of homely life,  
Still higher ; men for contemplation framed,  
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase ;  
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.”

WORDSWORTH.

THERE have never been wanting, among the “Friends,” men who have mingled Literature with their exercise of Philanthropy, and have shown by example, how the two may well be pursued together. A distinguished philosophical Historian of the present day,\* is only the successor of a numerous line ; nor have the accomplishments of Poetry and Art been wanting, in the records of the thoughtful, reflective race, whose existence has ever been, a standing testimony for invisible things, and a protest for right against might.

At Aspley, amidst the shade of tall trees, and the decorations of ample lawns, and flower-beds, rises a light cheerful dwelling ; spotless within, and without,

\* Mr. Frederick Seebohen.

displaying comfort, taste, and competence. This is the home of the Hows, and is now held by Mrs. Lucy How, the widow of William F. How. Richard How, the second, received a liberal education, and devoted himself to the collection, and enjoyment, of the books forming the Library, still in being, and cared for with reverence by Mrs. Lucy How. Richard How, began his collections in early life ; he accumulated above five thousand volumes. He was not a mere collector, but a diligent student. He wrote a critical, laboured defence, of Lord William Russell, against the charges of Dalrymple, the historian. He obtained permission, of the Duke of Bedford, to edit the Letters of Lady Rachel Russell, then in MS. at Woburn Abbey ; and it is owing to him, that these incomparable, and popular, Epistles, saw the light. By a note in his handwriting, in his own first copy of the Letters, it appears that the first Edition, was published in quarto, on May 18th, 1773, of five hundred copies ; the second, of five hundred, on June 15th the same year ; the third, of one thousand, in 1776 ; and their popularity still attests the judgment of the worthy librarian. Among the treasures in this Library, are many MSS. : a notable MS. of the Romaunt de la Rose ; a unique and deeply interesting Manuscript, on fine vellum, forming a handsome, stout, quarto volume, in early English, " The Lyfe of Kateryne of Siena, written by a Brother of Sion ; " an exquisite pocket Bible, written in Latin, on the purest vellum, not thicker than a bank note ; a

perfect, and beautifully preserved English New Testament, published in 1534, by William Tyndale; and the first printed English Bible, by Miles Coverdale, 1535; a series of early English Bibles, Grafton's, or the Great Bible—curious editions of that faithful Translation, made by our pilgrim Forefathers, who fled to Geneva, to escape the cruelties of the English State Church; also a series of Works, illustrating the noble art of Printing, from the Coburgers, Aldines, and Elzevirs, to the Foulises and Baskervilles. A fine Catalogue, beautifully written, and very elegantly ornamented, with uncial letters, and arabesque borders, and ornaments in gold and colours, by Mrs. Lucy How and her niece, Miss Thorp, is the key to this valuable collection.

The Founder of the Library died in 1800, leaving Richard Thomas How, his successor, who lived at the same place, and was a man of most refined taste and good attainments. He was of a very retired disposition, naturally shy, and possessing a dislike to publicity, which increased with age; but he was not a recluse, for urbanity, characterized his address, and hospitality, reigned in his dwelling. B. B. Wiffen was attracted to him, by his love of Poetry and retirement, and Mr. How, acquired that genial and good influence, which an elderly man of thought, and observation, and attainments, always wins, on a much younger man, possessed of kindred tastes, and some literary aspirations. Thus originated the Friendship, which ended only with the life, of Richard Thomas



How, and was celebrated, in the Poem of "The Quaker Squire," now for the first time published. "The Quaker Squire," will remind the reader, both of Crabbe, and Cowper; the accuracy of the former, and the poetic ideality of the latter, are combined in this production. An incident in their common life, led to the determination of all Wiffen's future career. He referred to it in after years, as follows:—"While my time was occupied in business, I had occasion to journey to a distant religious meeting, with an aged Quaker friend, who possessed an ancestral, and neglected Library, in the neighbourhood where I resided. As we jogged on together, in his little pony-chaise, my conversation turned, upon what would be done with his books, after his death, for he had no children to succeed him; and as I questioned him, about the rareness, and value, of some of them, he mentioned that the library contained one old work, by a Spaniard, which represented essentially, the principles of George Fox. Nothing could be further from my thoughts at that time, than that I should have to do, with ancient Spanish literature; but years having rolled on, I was, from physical weakness, thrown into a state of leisure, and wanted occupation."

## CHAPTER III.

## SPANISH AFFAIRS.—THIRD FRIENDSHIP.

“O Spain, thou wert of yore  
 The wonder of the realms ; in prouder years  
 Thy haughty forehead wore  
 What it shall wear no more,  
 The diadem of both the hemispheres.”

BRYANT.

WIFFEN, after the death of his brother, and his own retirement from business, in 1838, took his mother, and sisters, to reside in the cottage at Mount Pleasant. The Brothers had at first, together, cultivated the art of Poetry ; but Benjamin, finding that its pursuit was likely to lead him astray, from the stern requirements of necessary business, deliberately abandoned it, and committed most of his previous efforts to the flames. He afterwards wrote a few occasional verses only. About the year 1836, there was living at Madrid, with his wife, a Spanish nobleman of middle age, Luis de Usoz y Rio, a man of learning, leisure, and fortune, and possessing liberal and enlightened sentiments. Like most of his countrymen, he was proud of the writings of their great Poet, Garcilasso de la Vega ; and he learnt with interest, that a Translation of his favourite writer

had been made into English, by a Quaker, J. H. Wiffen. At this time, he was offered by a bookseller a copy of "Barclay's Apology," the manifesto of the Friends, in Spanish. He obtained, and read it with interest, and resolved to ascertain their doctrines more fully. Don Luis, came to London; he was taken by George Borrow, to a committee meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and there introduced to Mr. Forster, one of the best known of the Quakers. He inquired of him, for J. H. Wiffen, and learnt that he was dead. Mr. Forster told B. Wiffen of Don Luis's inquiry, and asked him to call on the stranger. Mr. Wiffen, felt, on the one hand, reluctant to do this, owing to his natural reserve and timidity; on the other hand, he was impelled by love to his brother's memory, to honour one who had sought to honour him. The latter feeling prevailed. He says of the interview, "I found him residing with his wife, at 10, Jermyn Street. He was erect, and rather tall, in person, with thick black hair, close-cropped, according to the Spanish mode; his countenance was grave, and dark-complexioned, yet mild in expression, and his eyes were dark and animated; in figure, and in features, he was spare. He was modest, and had an air of polite reserve. After a time passed in general conversation, as I had to proceed further, he put on his hat, and accompanied me. While we walked along the street, our conversation continued; and in order to correct what I thought, was an erroneous view entertained by people

who travel in foreign countries, to view the productions of the Fine Arts, I made the remark, that I did not think, it was by pictures, statues, and vases that the civilization of nations, was advanced ; but that *religious liberty*, the real freedom, of moral and religious thought, and action, was the *only basis of true civilization*. The heartiness, with which he expressed his concurrence with this sentiment, showed me that it was no new thought, but one familiar to his mind. I believe that our friendship, which lasted for the remainder of life, was then begun, while walking the streets of London." Henceforward Spain, took entire possession of Mr. Wiffen. Don Luis, was the Editor, of the "Reformistas Antiguos Españoles," ("The Early Spanish Reformers,") of which a series of twenty volumes has been printed. He had attained the age of fourteen years, ere he even saw a Bible. When he entered the Central University, at Madrid, to study Hebrew, the chair was occupied by Don Antonio Puigblanch, known to English readers by William Walton's translation of his "Inquisicion sin Mascara," ("The Inquisition Unmasked,") 2 vols., 8vo.

The study of Hebrew, introduced Don Luis, to the Old Testament Scriptures, in which that most ancient, and venerable of languages, is preserved, and, as it were, embalmed. Henceforth, Don Luis, became, not only an ardent and critical student of Scripture, but he became also, devotedly attached to its important verities ; and indeed, so far did his talents, and affec-

tions lead him, that he afterwards came to be elected, to fill the Professor's chair of Hebrew, in the University of Valladolid. To the close of his life, he continued to pursue, that course of religious and critical investigation of Scripture, which he had thus begun, as a youth, nor was he diverted from it, by his varied literary avocations, which, proscribed as they were, by the rulers of the day, must have awoken in him, feelings consciously akin, to those portrayed by Dr. Johnson, as Milton's, in relation to his "Paradise Lost," which was decried, both under the reign of Charles II. and afterwards. Johnson says, "He surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way, in a kind of subterraneous current, through fear and silence."

In the year 1839, Mr. Wiffen, accompanied Mr. Alexander, to Spain, on a deputation to promote the abolition of the Slave trade. Don Luis, entirely sympathised with them, and they happily succeeded in attaining their object. This journey, gave still greater strength, to B. Wiffen's Spanish inclinations. His letters show, what an immediate, and permanent impression, his whole nature received, from the people and scenery. He loved them, with the ardour of personal attachment. Even the inconveniences of travel, only stirred his poetic temperament; he says, "I dipped my hands, in every river I passed, and gathered memorials from every memorable spot." Writing to a friend, some years afterwards—"How pleasant it is, at the earliest morning before sunrise,

to jog along the mysterious country, through strange villages, enveloped in a fragrant atmosphere of burning lavender, and to notice the melting colours of the sky, from the deepest purple, almost black with intensity, the vermilion, and gold, unequalled in purity of colour, by anything seen in these moister northern latitudes, and at night, the stars are really like lamps hung in heaven ; for the air being so dry and pure, the eyes seem to look beyond, and see the other side of them."

Some of these impressions of beauty, and thoughts suggested by them, he embodied, after his return home, in a Poem called "The Warder of the Pyrenees," which was published in Finden's *Tableaux* edited by his sister, Mrs. Alaric Watts ; others will be found recorded in the next chapter.

In 1841, Don Luis, and his wife, visited Wiffen at Aspley Guise. Then, they formed the common purpose, to rescue from oblivion the Works of the early Spanish Reformers. Don Luis, gives the following account of the commencement of this peculiar work : "There is a sort of literary proselytism which is exercised unconsciously, and which, in relation to these, has come to be one of the sources of my wealth. Years ago, conversing with an Englishman, in the corridor of the hotel, at Seville, where we were staying, about Spanish literature, I spoke to him of this branch of it, casually showing him an ancient copy of Carrascon, which I had in my hand. That Englishman, was my friend, Benjamin B. Wiffen, who

was acquainted with our poet Garcilasso, but who did not, at that time, know the book which I then showed to him, nor any of its companions in misfortune, stupidly registered in our Expurgatory Indexes. Without acknowledging it at that time, Benjamin Wiffen, was at once made a literary proselyte, as unexpectedly to himself, as to me. And looking at it more closely in the sense, which I attach to the word, I shall call him too, an indispensable proselyte. For being a Spaniard, and drugged with no small dose of indolence, or Spanish slowness, and resident in our hard Spain, where to seek these, my loved books, is almost as vain, as it is dangerous, it was necessary for me, to have a friend out of Spain, some person, as much a friend to myself, as to these books. Wiffen was that friend, and the consequence of our conversation at Seville, was, that it concentrated his thoughts and studies, in the search for the Works of those Spanish writers, who were persecuted for their attachment to Christian liberty."

## CHAPTER IV.

## SPANISH TRAVEL.

"I would not escape from memory's land  
 For all that the eye can view ;  
 For there's dearer dust in memory's land  
 Than the ore of rich Peru."

MISS HOLFORD.

ON his first journey into Spain, in the year 1840, Mr. Wiffen wrote a description of the scenery and its associations, in the shape of rhyming letters, supposed to have been addressed by his companion to his wife at home, with copious notes. The greater facility of access to Spain now enjoyed, the changes in the political situation, and the diffusion of the excellent guide book of Richard Ford, have deprived the bulk of these descriptions of the charm of novelty, yet a few of these first impressions are deserving of preservation.

The travellers entered by the diligence road from Bayonne, and encountered the fresh marks of the bloody warfare, then apparently expiring, carried on by the partisans of Don Carlos. This had overlaid, but not effaced, the traces of Wellington and Soult throughout the same picturesque wild district. After accomplishing their errand at Madrid, they went on



to Andalusia, and viewed the wonders of busy Seville, poverty-stricken Cordova, Granada superb in ruins, and the lovely Mediterranean, coming out *via* Barcelona and Perpignan. The rhyming letters describe some of these scenes, but we take from the one day's doings only.

BARCELONA, 1st month, 3, 1841.

### A DAY IN SPAIN.

In the diligence, on the coast of the Mediterranean, in Valencia, and Catalonia.

#### THE DAWN.

Roused from short dreams of home by noisy rackage,  
Tramping of mules, quick call, and busy shout,  
Boxed in the coupé, with a motley package,  
Ere earliest dawn, behold us on the route,

With long-drawn team, and "lantern dimly burning,"  
Making night visible, in doubt and fear,  
Through blindfold streets, round many a rapid turning,  
Till past the Sea-gate and the causeway clear,

Sniffing fresh air, betwixt the trot and amble  
The mules' lithe feet, how cheerily they play!  
Firm is the road. Now thought has leave to ramble,  
Or take its long arrears of sleep till day.

I call not feathery slumber to restore me,  
While the strange features of this unknown land  
Lie in the mystery of hope, before me  
The waste, the fair, the ancient, and the grand.

Religion's, Poesy's, and History's pages  
Are all around this mid-sea's bowers spread;  
I follow in their wake the Roman ages,  
Where Paul, the Apostle, much desired to tread.\*

\* Romans xv. 24—28.

On Albaracire's head, Orion pillows  
His flaming limbs, distending o'er the north,  
While hangs in chains of light, o'er ruby billows  
The gentle Star that leads the shepherd forth.

Short hour till dawning, and meanwhile I wander  
Far from myself in thought away, away,  
O'er all these old historic scenes to ponder,  
Each spot made classic by some poet's lay.

## MORNING.

Fling me a feather from thy deep-dyed pinion,  
O Morn, fresh rising from Italian plains,  
Flushed with imperial ensigns of dominion,  
To picture truly what I write of Spain's.

Language may paint, yet in a master's power  
'Tis an imperfect servant of the mind's ;  
Can words speak sight, but for one little hour ?  
Or pens write radiance, by their inky lines ?

I need Castile's rich tongue, and words Virgilian,  
To warm our Saxon, and pourtray the hues,  
The lustrous yellows of her sun's pavilion,  
The glory of her morn's intensest blues ;

Whose delicate purples, whose divine carnations  
Stream from the seaborne sun's uprising place :  
*Those* glorify the mountains' desolations,  
These burn upon the billows' blushing face,

Whose cheeks are twofold coloured as the turtle's  
Bosom and neck ; for hither as they flow,  
Their shoreward curves give back the mountain's purples,  
Their crests vermilion and carnation glow.

Sure 'twas a truthlike fable, that Aurora  
Led seaborne beauty from the deep's repose,  
Grace's perfection ! and the airs before her  
Wreathed the blue locks of ocean with her rose.

Such they behold of artist Nature's order  
Morning by morning, ever new to be,  
Who track till noontide, Spain's romantic border,  
Beside the margin of her eastern sea.

## NOON.

Noon in such splendour as is rarely given  
To northern climate, and our shaded sky ;  
Light fills the whole circumference of heaven,  
So pure, it seems but to expand the eye.

What sights the road-track shows, where'er it follows  
The lines which her so lovely ocean shapes,  
Now, trending inland, winding heathery hollows,  
Now, flinging terrace round her marble capes ;

Now, by the cities of Phœnician story,  
Existing vouchers of historic truth,  
By time-gray monuments grown bald in glory,  
And old when Hanno was himself a youth ;

Now, by the sea, that like the dolphin speckles  
Its fluid scales of vermeil, green, and gold ;  
Now, over ferries, where the south wind freckles  
Their yellow waters, like a silken fold.

Then, over fragrant moors, by old round towers  
Built to arrest the Arab pirate's path,  
O'er wastes of lavender and lily flowers,  
Sweet fuel for the lowly peasant's hearth ;

Then, thro' her green huertas, and the valleys  
Rich in the fruits our northern merchant seeks ;  
Now o'er the sands, where Carthaginian galleys  
To land Hamilcar,\* drove their haughty beaks.

Shown in her atmosphere's unstained perfection  
Stands the remotest convent, to the sight  
Distinct, unhazy, every intersection  
And gable glowing in excess of light.

\* Barcelona claims to have been founded by Hamilcar.

Her air is fluid essence, circumfusing  
Earth from the sharp Sierras, to the plains ;  
Sweet ichor to our northern lungs, transfusing  
The poetry of motion through the veins.

Her veins run quicksilver, her sands are marbles,  
Upon whose shelves, harmoniously clear,  
Her sea's Æolian undulation, warbles  
Arion's music, to the classic ear.

All the hot noon, the panting wave caresses  
The ancient grottos of the marble rocks,  
Where still the sea-nymphs seek their shy recesses,  
There still old Proteus, drives his scaly flocks.

Such they behold, who loiter on, and pardon  
The slow-paced mules, where nature smiles to show  
Her charms unveiled, and lavishes her guerdon  
Where Atalanta's golden apples grow.

Here can we read each legend, by the feature  
Which struck the lively and impassioned Greek,  
Who but personified, the forms of nature,  
And gave them presence, as the senses speak.

#### EVENING.

But now the bright and broad effulgence, hovers  
Round the bold Cape, where late the journey lay ;  
The glow of a celestial evening covers  
The swelling bosom of the glassy bay.

For handmaid Eve, tempers the noon's hot glory,  
Heaven's shining portals opening from above,  
Where radiance circles, story above story,  
Flushed o'er, and blended by the smile of love :

One hand, the tinted robes of daylight folding  
O'er the warm south ; towards the colder north  
The other moves, with dewy fingers holding  
The Vesper lamp, that leads the maiden forth.

Pause in thy chariot, vestal Eve, and sprinkle  
Balm on the hearts of multitudes, whilst they  
Pace the Paseos, smoothing every wrinkle  
Graved by the arrowy fervours of the day ;

Scatter thy dewy balm on all the senses,  
Cool down the passions, *whatsoever they be*,  
To join the general Vesper, that dispenses  
A worship brooding over land and sea,

Till queenly Night, at princely Day's resigning,  
Walks to her throne in ether's blue abyss,  
Whose stars are suns, but more remote and shining,  
All radiant, burning in their focuses ;

Beauty in depth, depth, beauty more revealing ;  
So to dark eyes, when beauteous woman brings  
The light of mind, all eloquent with feeling  
They talk of spirits, and of heavenly things.

Such they behold of nature's sweet adorning,  
Who setting northward, fair Valencia leave,  
Rocked in the diligence from night to morning,  
From glorious sunrise to resplendent eve.

Land of the Evening, the stranger's wonder,\*  
At once a glory and a mystery,  
Upon thy west, they hear the Atlantic thunder,  
While on thine east, Hesperia's charms they see.

\* "Handalucia, the Land of the Evening, is the Arabic name for the whole of Spain, though limited by the Spaniards to the province of Andalucia, the province longest retained in possession of the Moorish conquerors, and the latest recovered from them. Hesperia, is the Grecian name, and Tarshish, that of Scripture, for the south and east. On the coast towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain, to which country they still express their hopes of one day returning, and again planting the Crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra."—*Scott's "Travels in Morocco and Algiers."*

Spain is yet oriental ; earliest ages  
Gave her an Asian beauty, which is set  
Brighter in Syrian, than in Roman pages,  
And less in Gothic, than Arabian yet.

Tyre, Carthage, Greece and Rome, have each contended,  
The Visigoth, and polished Saracen,  
For charms, her riches, and her beauty, blended,  
And the last, asks her for his home again.

'Tis said e'en now, the wealthy Moor of Tunis  
Teaches his daughters, her sonorous tongue,  
Believing Prophecy's benignest boon is  
To yield them back the land, from whence they sprung.\*

Vain hope ! for lo, the dawning Future, ruddy  
With purer light, and liberty, for Spain,  
With robes indeed, disordered all and bloody,  
Has yet a heart that will not pant in vain."

\* "This I was told in Spain."

## CHAPTER V.

## BOOK HUNTING—AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

“They lived unknown  
Till persecution dragged them into fame,  
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew  
No marble tells us whither.”

WE are able to narrate, in Mr. Wiffen's own words, the story of his successful searches, which resulted in the discovery of materials largely contributing to the great work of Don Luis, the “*Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*,” and overflowing into the continuation edited by Dr. Boehmer, under the appropriate title of “*Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*.” Although the bulk of this, has been previously published in the form of notes, to that work, yet we shall be doing good service, in reproducing it in the present form.

In the autumn of 1841, Luis, and his wife, returned to Spain. Early in the following spring, I was invited by my friend, G. W. Alexander, a second time to accompany him, to that country, and in the course of our journey, I met my friends again at Sevilla. Luis, has himself, reported his own impressions of

this interview, in the twentieth volume of his "*Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*" (p. 156).

On my return home, from this second visit to Spain, I found in a bookseller's catalogue a tract in English entitled "*The Reformed Spaniard*," by Juan de Nichólas Sacharles. I sent it to Luis; it was unknown, even by name, to him. He translated it into Spanish, and inserted it, with the title "*El Español Reformado*," in the eighth volume of the "*Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*." The author of the work wrote at first in Latin, a copy of which is in the Library of the British Museum, with several others, of which I have not been able to purchase one.

Perceiving in this incident, a certain aptitude in me which might facilitate his object, Luis remitted a small sum of money, with a request that I would send him certain books, of a general character, and all others, of this special nature, that I could discover and procure.

When Luis, was in London, he had become acquainted with the Canon Riego, a Spanish refugee, the brother of the patriot Riego. He knew that the Canon possessed certain books which he highly valued, and which he had not succeeded in purchasing of him, whilst he remained in London; he now wrote to me to obtain them, if the owner could be persuaded to sell them. They were "*Valera's Calvino*," (1597,) "*Juan Perez's Psalms*," (1557,) and the "*Epistola Consolatoria*," (1560,) an unknown work also by Juan Perez. I took an opportunity to see the Canon about



*THE LIFE OF B. B. WIFFEN.*

them. I found him occupying two upstairs rooms, in a house, kept by a shoemaker in Seymour Street, Camden Town; the front room was crowded with books, chiefly Spanish, for he was a dealer, and combined love of money, with love of books; the smaller back room, served him for chamber, and kitchen, where he slept, and prepared his food, leaving space that barely sufficed for a chair for himself, and another for a guest. He was shy to me about his books. I candidly avowed my object, at the same time manifesting my respect to him; for indeed I felt pity for his misfortunes, and sympathy with the cause that produced them. I did not, however, urge my wishes, and went away unsuccessful. After a lapse of some months, taking a niece of mine with me, I called upon him again, and repeated my desire to purchase the books, and asked permission at least to look at them. He showed me two of the books, and for the third, "The Epistola," he substituted a written copy of his own for the printed one. I had been informed that he would certainly try to expunge some offensive passages from the work, and been warned to be careful, that it was not mutilated, or rendered imperfect. This interview therefore, ended unsuccessfully. About half a year afterwards, I called upon him a third time. I avowed the same purpose, and the old man yielding somewhat to more familiar acquaintance, somewhat to my perseverance, perhaps forgetful of his caution, showed me the little book itself. I had it

in my hands but a few moments, and was looking through the leaves, when he passionately snatched it away, and this third interview passed like the previous ones, with the addition of a little troubled feeling between us. He had expressed his desire that the Psalms, of Juan Perez, should be printed, and I had avowed my own wish for the "Epistola." I waited again an interval of some months, and then wishing to remove any unfavourable impressions that might remain on his mind from our last meeting, my residence being at a distance from London, I wrote to him kindly, and asked him once more whether he was willing that I should have the books. He replied promptly that he was willing, and that for a certain sum he would send them. I answered I would give him a high price ; and now aware that I was not to be put off with a copy, he sent the three printed books down to me. On examination, I found that he had obliterated a long passage in the "Epistola." I regretted to see this, not only for the literary injury, but for the flaw in the Canon's moral integrity, the more so, because he had many times declared to me how much he loved and honoured the book and its author, saying, that while the sentiments of the book were Protestant, they were however not Lutheran. The passage, as I afterwards found, was one in which he had a deep personal interest : it strongly condemned the folly, and idolatry, of the reverence, or worship paid to relics ; and Riego himself was a Canon of the church at Oviedo, where, of all places in the kingdom

of Spain, are preserved at this day, the most absurd and monstrous collection, of these remains of humanity. I have a list of them purchased on the spot, and the Canon Riego, himself, shared in the gain, derived from the ignorant and superstitious devotees. I returned all the books, with a letter written rather sharply, but indeed not unkindly, charging him with having perpetrated a falsehood to posterity, upon an author and a book, he had declared, he so much admired and loved. I judged it better to sacrifice the books, so that I might awaken his moral integrity. He wrote me an angry letter in return, and here seemed an end of the affair. I deemed the books entirely lost to me, and endeavoured to forget them. After some time, a strong impulse came over me, that the Canon, who was an aged man, would soon die, and that if I were ever likely to obtain the books, I ought to write to him again. I knew by his former letter, that he had felt my remarks, and that was enough. I wrote to him, therefore again in a friendly manner, asking him if he would let me have the books; he replied in the same tone, saying that if I would send him a draft he would return the books, and that he had moreover restored the passage he had obliterated, adding that it would give him much pleasure to assist, me in printing it, by the correction of the press. I had the books but about a week, when the Canon was found one morning, in his bed speechless and dying;—his heart chilled by the first frosty nights of October, 1846, had ceased to beat.

Luis printed in Spain, in 1847, the curious and witty book called "*Carrascon*," which he had bought of a parish priest in the country, prefixing to it an introduction of seventy-two pages. It is composed in a gay and graceful style, with a charming mixture of wit and seriousness. As much as £12 had been given for a copy in London. This was the first attempt to carry out his main desire. The author was unknown. I had no part in the preparation of this book. A good deal of curiosity had been shown by learned refugee Spaniards to discover the author's name, but without success. After it had been printed I searched and discovered the author's name, plainly avowed, as *Ferdinando de Texeda*. I found him mentioned by the same name, in *Hackett's Life of the Chancellor Archbishop Williams*, as the translator into Spanish, of the *English Liturgy*. He is mentioned again, in *Browne Willis's Survey of Cathedrals*, as being Canon of Hereford, and he was incorporated at Oxford, by the same name. I drew up a succinct statement of these evidences. It was afterwards printed as a second appendix, yet doubtless some copies were circulated before it could be added. *Carrascon* is the first volume of the series of "*Reformistas Antiguos Españoles*."

The next book treated, was the "*Epistola Consolatoria*," of *Juan Perez*. I was unwilling to risk the little book of the *Epistola Consolatoria*, by sending the only copy, that I then thought remained in existence, to a foreign country, and in addition to this, jealous of the

loss of it, to my own. I felt an anxious desire, that it should be multiplied, and secured by the press, before it went. I therefore formed a design, inexperienced as I was, to print it. I first made a literal translation, and then I wished to present with it, also some account of the author. I searched M'Crie, the only work I knew of, for what I could find in him, and I gathered afterwards from Llorente, and from another source, particulars not known to M'Crie. These I arranged and embodied in an introductory notice, which, in order to serve two purposes, I thought to give in English and Spanish, as my friend Luis gladly translated it into his own language. This labour, although so briefly told in words, was only accomplished gradually, at intervals, in the course of several years. My means did not enable me to incur the expense myself, and several of my friends, to whom it was mentioned, at once rendered their assistance. I had taken M'Crie, as my text book, and searched for every reformer's work, in which he had gathered his information. The work of Montes was one of the chief; and turning over a small waste catalogue, which I picked up on the floor of an attic in London, I found the title of his "*Sanctæ Inquisitionis*." I immediately went to the bookseller's in an obscure street near Leicester Square. The master had died, the book could not be found, it had probably been sold, and the rest of the books would in a few days be swept away to receive another tenant. The keeper promised to search all the shelves, and return-

ing next day, he having found the book, presented me with a mean, dirty copy ; part of the margins had been deeply burnt, the text, however, was but little injured. This mean and mutilated volume he asked 10s. for. If I grumbled at the price, it was not without a certain degree of pleasure I carried the book away, and on the earliest occasion sent it to Luis. He had no acquaintance with it, nor could he find it in his own country. The obtaining possession of this volume was important ; it led to the translation of this interesting work, for the first time into Spanish, by Luis, as also to his new edition of the Latin original.

Next in order, is the discovery of a work by Juan Valdés. As I sat beside the winter fire, in the very parish, where Richard How's old library was kept, and when the search to find books of the early Reformers had become an interesting object to me, the long-forgotten conversation with my old friend, recurred to my recollection. I now called to mind, that a book containing principles like those of the Quakers, and written by a Spaniard, was actually existing within arm's length, as it were, in the library of my friend. The library still remained in the same state, though he himself, had died several years before. I procured the catalogue, written in a most minute hand, and in it I found the name of John Valdesso. This I supposed to be the volume, my friend had mentioned, but there was no indication in what part of the Library, it could be found. Determined not to leave it doubtful, at last I fixed upon the upper corner of one of the sides of the

large apartment. I took down every book that came in order, reading its title, resolved to leave nothing in uncertainty. When, after two or three days, I had looked over about four-fifths of the whole, I came upon the book itself, and with the owner's permission brought it home to read. This was my first acquaintance with Juan de Valdés. It was a book quite unknown to Luis, who, however, at this time, possessed an original copy of the "*Diálogo de Mercurio*." This discovery, like the finding of the work of De Montes, led thereafter to the restoration, of the various and unknown works of Valdés; not only of the "*Dos Diálogos*," viz., the "*Diálogo de Mercurio i Caron*" and the "*Diálogo entre Lactanzio y un Arzediano*," but of the "*Alfabeto Christiano*," the "*CX. Consideraciones*," and the "*Commentaries*;" and these furnished us both, with delightful and interesting work, down to the termination of my friend's valuable life; not merely arising from literary admiration of his writings, but also because, peculiar as some of his sentiments seemed to be, they accorded intimately with the sentiments of us both. One incident, however, I may be excused for relating, since it has reference to a name which has filled all Europe—I mean that of the Duke of Wellington. In the year 1858, I purchased at Sotheby's, at the sale of the library of Dr. Bliss, the Editor of Wood's "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," and Registrar of the University, Felix Antonio Alvarado's "*Liturgia Ynglesa, edicion segunda, 1715, 8vo.*" It was a choice copy, bound in blue morocco, and with

the edges gilt. Its value was increased by MS. notes, etc., which I found in it, placed there by Dr. Bliss. The following original letter, addressed by the Duke of Wellington, after he had become Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to Dr. Bliss, and an additional note by the latter, relate the circumstances :—

“LONDON, *May 31st*, 1837.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I am much obliged to you for the account of the (Spanish) Prayer Book. It was given me by Lady Elinor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, of whom you may have heard, who resided at Llangollen, in North Wales. It probably descended to Lady Elinor, from her ancestor, the Duke of Ormond, who, I believe, resided in Spain after his attainder. Has it ever been printed by the University? The translation is so good, that I am astonished that you should not print an edition of it. I beg you will keep it, till you will have satisfied yourself, that you have attained all the information that can be got.

“Believe me,

“Ever yours most faithfully,

“WELLINGTON.

“The Rev. P. Bliss.”

Note by Dr. Bliss, on the flyleaf :—

“When the Duke of Wellington, first went to Spain, he had, from adverse winds, a much longer passage than usual, during which, with a copy of this liturgy and a common Spanish grammar, he made himself



master of the language, so much so, that, as his Grace himself told me, he was surprised to find that he could make out, nearly the whole of a speech addressed to him, on landing, by the principal officer of the port, at which he, and the troops under his command, disembarked. The Duke, being anxious to know something of the book and the translator, sent it to me in 1837, when I made out the best account I could, and forwarded it with the volume which his Grace had given to a lady."

Dr. Bliss, had subjoined other notes respecting the Spanish translator, which it were needless to repeat here. The volume came afterwards, by gift or otherwise, into the possession of Dr. Bliss, and was sold with his library. I sent it to my friend Luis, with all its contents, as the best copy of its kind, adding some notes of my own.

About this time, I went to visit some family relations living in the village of Waterbeach, on the border of the fens, five miles from Cambridge. I took this opportunity to enlarge my knowledge of books, for the librarian of Trinity College, since deceased, was somewhat related to my host. It was delightful in the early summer mornings, to walk over to Cambridge, and while the yellow sunshine streamed in at the long gallery window on the statue by Thorwaldsen of the Poet of the age, how charming was it when turning over the leaves of the catalogue, to fall first on one, and then upon another, of the books of this class, to me before unknown. I remembered,

too, how my late Brother, the translator of Tasso, had trodden the same steps, in pursuit of materials for his work, and had been turned back with denial because he was an unknown man, and had brought no introduction, while I, the more unworthy, introduced, so may I say, by the honour of his name, and the memory of his character, received at once a kindly welcome, and a ready acquiescence, with all my wishes. I was allowed to carry away, a selection of several books and papers, that I wished to examine, and copy at leisure. My host gave me a little upper chamber, at the back of his house, whose open window looked out upon no single object, save a garden of apple trees. Here, I spent all the hours of the day, copying out the tracts of Texeda, and the "Diálogo de Lactanzio" of Valdés, the same which is reprinted in the "Dos Diálogos." These, I sent at once, to Luis, by the post, as the sheets were written in Trinity library. I found the Commentaries of Valdés, and, what was especially to my purpose, since I had become acquainted with the "CX. Considerations," the Italian version of them. This, however, did not then engage my labour, being entirely occupied with others; but, after my return home, finding how rare those "CX. Consideraciones" were, and despairing to hear of any copy for sale, I requested the loan of the volume, to occupy the lengthening hours of the evenings, in the autumn of 1850. I copied it literally, page for page, line for line, fifteen thousand lines, finishing it about the anniversary of my sixtieth year. I had the transcript

well bound, a portrait of Giulia Gonzaga inserted, and sent the MS. volume to Luis. He considered it a pledge of duty, to the labour I had taken, not to be sparing of his own, and he began to translate it gradually into the language in which the author had written it at first, but the MS. of which had perished, having never been printed. Luis, printed it in 1855, being the ninth volume, of the "Reformistas." I have in this, anticipated their strict chronology, not to break the thread of narration. When I went to the Library of the British Museum in the winter of 1849, I was prepared with a list compiled from an old catalogue, at Woburn, of some definite objects to seek for. Here, I found treasures before unexpected: the earliest writings of Antonio del Corro, the original Carrascon, a work of Valera's entirely unknown, the Italian edition of the "CX. Considerations," and various editions both in Spanish, and Italian, of the "Diálogo de Mercurio," and of the "Diálogo de Lactanzia." I reported these books to Luis in a letter of eight leaves, and on the reverse of each of them, I placed a fresh title, copied as much as might be in *fac simile*. I had, as before mentioned, sent him the MS. of the "Diálogo Lactanzio;" he now wished for a copy of the black-letter edition in the Museum library, which I had reported to him, in order to compare the readings of the two editions, and he made arrangements for reprinting the "Dos Diálogos." A learned Spaniard, an ardent lover of ancient literature, who now sought his acquaintance, and to whom he communicated his

design, offered to conduct the printing, and correction of the press, while Luis, was left with the responsibility of preparing the whole MS., and of the entire expense. He placed the MS. of both "Dialogues," prepared in his own beautiful writing, in the gentleman's hands, and deposited £60 worth of paper in the printer's possession. He heard no more of the gentleman, and his MSS.; the paper lay unused at the printer's, nor did Luis make a stir for the recovery of its value, knowing that he should thereby stir up a hornet's nest. He loved his author too well, however, to be discouraged by the circumstance, although he lamented the waste of time. He prepared another MS., writing it with his own hand, for he could not venture upon an amanuensis; other paper was procured; it went to the press under his own superintendence, and issued in a handsome and correct volume, perhaps the most valuable of the series of the "Reformistas," as vol. iv., in the year 1850.

I reprinted the "Epistola Consolatoria," in the summer of 1848. Having heard of the valuable library possessed by George Offor, of Hackney, I called upon him at that time, to enquire whether any of this class of books, were to be found in it. He possessed none, nor had he the least knowledge of them, for he had never cared about the Spanish language nor its literature. He recommended me, however, in rather positive terms, (his usual manner,) to call upon an acquaintance of his, and ask him about them. I felt unwilling at first, to go and intrude

upon a stranger, for purposes of my own; but being urged by him, I threaded my way, through the purlieus of Bethnal Green, and Whitechapel, and turned at last, into a dingy, and doubtful back street, in the neighbourhood of the Tower, into which, I think, the sunbeams never descended direct from the skies, and would only be caught by reflection. Passing through a little office, I found a respectable and amiable-looking gentleman, and his middle-aged son, sitting at the tea-table. I made my business known to them, with some hesitation, which they quickly dispelled, by asking me to take refreshment with them. Their kindness, and their refreshment, for I was very much fatigued, with the heat, and the length of the way, both served as elixirs to my spirit. He had no knowledge of books, said the younger, but he had bought two little volumes, with a miscellaneous lot of other things; and these, said he, if you wish I will show you. He brought out two little volumes bound in vellum, and placing them in my hand, said, "The little one, sir" (and it was a very small one), "I will give you; for the other you may give me what you think its value. The larger one I well knew, for it was the "*Dos Tratados*" of Valera; the little one I had never seen nor even heard of. I at once, however, perceived its nature; for it was identical in its size, in its letter, in its appearance, yet anonymous, with the Spanish original of the "*Epistola Consolatoria*," of which I had this same summer, finished the reprint. I soon perceived it was

also like an unknown book by Juan Perez; it was the "Breve Tratado de Doctrina," of 1560. I retained the book some time, in order to have it bound, and to discover, if possible, some notices in reference to its origin, for I thought, I perceived, by its arrangement, and style, that a great part of it, was an expanded translation, of some other earlier work. I found the original draft, of it in the works of Urbanus Rhegius. In his tract, "*Novæ Doctrinæ ad Veterem Collatio per Urbanum Rhegium*, MDXXXI.," Perez, has made it a valuable book of controversial doctrine, by additions of his own. I sent it to Luis, with notes of all that I could learn about it, and of the manner in which it was found. He reprinted it, prefixing a dedication, delicately written and addressed to myself, in the year 1852, forming the seventh volume of the "Reformistas."

Our labours were thus intertwined, as in a garland together; for as he had discovered and pointed out to me, the unknown book of the "*Epistola Consolatoria*," in the hands of the Canon Riego, which I procured and printed, so had I discovered the "*Breve Tratado*," also unknown, and by the same author, and having sent it to him, he performed the like service by printing it in this year. Thus, I printed a book, that he pointed out to me, and he printed a book, which I introduced to him; each of them, was by the same author, and each of them, had been unrecorded before.

I had found two unacknowledged Tracts, by Valera, in the Museum library, and obtained copies of them.

A tract, the "Reformed Spaniard," by Juan de Nichôlas,\* the first of the class, I purchased, and sent to Luis, being in English, for I have never found the Latin for sale. He translated it into Spanish, placed it as a companion with the two treatises by Valera, and they were printed in the year 1854, in one volume, forming the eighth of the "Reformistas."

I have already mentioned, that Luis, had made a Spanish translation of the Italian version, of the "CX. Consideraciones" of Valdés. He printed it well, and on fine paper, for it was a book he loved, in the year 1855, and this forms the ninth volume of the "Reformistas."

Every day, and not merely every year, showed advance in this labour of Luis's affections; for not a day was allowed to pass by, without many lines; and in the year 1855, he had prepared copies of the two Commentaries of Valdés on the Epistle to the Romans, and the Epistles to the Corinthians, with explanatory notes occupying sixty pages, which he placed at the end of the "Commentary on the First of Corinthians." Though appended to one, his notes comprised remarks on both Commentaries, and he united them in one volume, which was completed in the year 1856, exactly three centuries after the first

\* "Tratado para confirmar en la Fé Cristiana," etc. Publicado el A 1594. "Aviso a los de la Yglesia Romana sobre jubileos," etc. Publicado el A 1600. "El Español Reformado." Publicado el A 1621.

publication of the Commentary on the Romans, forming the volumes 10 and 11 of the "Reformistas."

Acquainted with what M'Crie, and Gerdes, had written about Francisco de Enzinas, I earnestly sought in books, whatever related to him. Gerdes had mentioned in his *Florilegium*—a book with a French title written by him—besides his New Testament, which I knew contained the narrative of his imprisonment for printing the same. I found also that Fox, the Martyrologist, had read it in Latin, the book, as he says, remaining in the hands of John Oporin, of Basle. From this book, as he calls it, which was not indeed a printed book, but the autograph written by the author in Latin for Melancthon, Fox drew the information about Dryander (Enzinas) that he inserted in his Martyrology. I availed myself of all opportunities of enquiry for this work, whether printed, or in MS., by correspondence abroad, at home, and by personal services of the few friends whom I could interest in my object. Among these was James Hurnard, a "Friend," of Colchester, who has served me in this, and in various other ways. He, going about this time to Paris, to attend the Peace Congress held there, combined these my enquiries, with his other engagements there. He was led by chance, to a bookseller's in the Palais Royal, and made enquiry for books of this class. The master of the shop engaged to seek for them; and on a second visit to him, he produced a small volume, entitled, "*Histoire de l'Etat du Pays-Bas, 1558.*"



This did not seem to be one of the kind he sought, being in French, nor was it one of the titles with which I had furnished him. The master of the shop remarked, either by way of reprobation or recommendation, "It is a bad book, Monsieur, written against the Pope, and the Church, and the author was a bad man enough." This was sufficient to decide my friend's doubts, although the bookseller asked what seemed to him an extravagant sum for it. He, however, laid down the sum, resolving to present the book to me, that if it should prove worthless, at least it should not tax my pocket to pay for it. I answered his letter, informing me of his purchase, by sending the money to pay for it, with expressions of gratitude, for it proved to be a French translation of a work I had earnestly sought for, in Latin, and Spanish. It was this French translation, Dryander's Latin narrative of his imprisonment at Brussels, that furnished Gerdes, with his information, from whom M'Crie drew it on his part.

Continuing my enquiry, now more frequently, for the Latin MS., I found its existence mentioned so lately, as about the year 1740. I was at length informed, by Dr. Ewald, director of the Library, at Gotha, that a Latin MS. of it, continued to be preserved in the Library of the Johanneum at Altona. I lost no time in procuring, through the courtesy of Dr. —, a careful transcript of it. I found that some leaves at the beginning of it, were lost, and that it was not the author's autograph, but a copy. In other

respects, it was complete and tolerably correct. A copy of the French book, had been found in the Royal Library at Brussels, by M. Ch. Al. Campan; and because it had reference to the history of Belgium, la Société de l'Histoire de la Belgique, commissioned him to edit it for publication. He procured a copy of the Latin MS., and carefully edited the French, and Latin, with notes, in two volumes, 8vo, 1862-1863. There were other works by Enzinas, yet to be discovered. I had found in the catalogue of La Serna Santander, the anonymous title of "Las dos Informaciones."\* This volume was reported to me existing in the Library of the University of Göttingen, by Dr. Hoeck, the curator. With ready courtesy, and a confidence for which I shall ever feel grateful, he sent it to the Hanoverian Secretary of Legation, in London, for my use. I at once copied it in my usual manner, page for page, and line for line, speedily returning the original to Göttingen, through the same channel, and forwarding my copy of it, with notices and remarks, to my friend Luis. I perceived that the work, had been edited, and enlarged by the well-known hand, of Juan Perez, and I believed that the character of it, evidenced the talents of Francisco de Enzinas. Luis, edited, and printed, the copy I sent him, occupying 326 pages, enlarged by documents, and observations, corroborative of the subject to an extent almost equal to the text, in the

\* Dr. Boehmer has lately discovered the Latin original of this, by Sleidan.

year 1857. This forms the twelfth volume of the "Reformistas."

By degrees, I gathered a large mass of the author's letters, some printed, and scattered, in various books, the larger portion, however, yet remaining in MS. Copies of these letters, were obtained mostly from the autograph letters preserved in the archives of the Libraries of Zurich, Gotha, and the Protestant Seminary at Strasburg. How pleasant it is to me here, to mention the kind and laborious zeal, of Dr. Chas. Schmidt, Professor of Strasburg, in one of the very earliest schools of Learning, founded by the Protestants, at the time of the Reformation, who made the copies with his own hands. To him I owe also, letters unpublished of Juan Diaz, of which I shall have to speak afterwards.

The Spanish translation of de Montes was printed as No. 5 of the "Reformistas;" the two previous Latin editions were not to be got—perhaps I may say not to be found—in Spain. Luis, who had passed through six universities in Spain and in Italy, was eminently fitted for the undertaking. He executed it, as he did every literary work, with scrupulous care and accuracy. He added about fifty pages of Spanish notes, and issued the volume, in the same year, as that in which he had issued the "dos Informaciones," in 1857; it forms No. 13 of the series of the "Reformistas."

One of the three books, I had obtained, from the Canon Riego, was the translation of Calvin's "Institutes," by Valera, printed by Ricardo del Campo

(Richard Field, 1597) ; it is frequently found on the shelves of the large Public Libraries.

I had stated, in the prefatory notice to the "*Epistola Consolatoria*," reprinted in 1848, that my view in restoring such long-forgotten books, would be mainly addressed to the multiplication of copies, and the preservation of them, in Public Libraries of this, and foreign countries, where they might remain in security, from the waste of time, and carelessness. There, they should be found, when the activity of enquiring minds might be excited to call for them, and bring them into popular use. No merely sectarian, or proselytising motive, had suggested this course, but something of a love of books, and literature, and a feeling, (call it obstinate, or generous, as you will) that the persecuted victims of Literature, should find a voice in after ages, and protectors, from the cruelty, and bigotry, of the ruling powers of their own times ; in short, that the fires which had consumed the bodies of men, should not be so absolutely successful, as to burn out the teachings of their minds, from the earth, so that it might be said—

" For every tome of price destroyed,  
A double volume fills the void  
Of nobler pages.  
Burn on, ye zealots of a day,  
For so ye herald freedom's way,  
And speed the ages !

With these views, it has long been my wish that the unique copy, of the "*Alfabeto Christiano*," should be multiplied by others, and that these should be pre-

served for later times. I have mentioned before, in the introduction to the "Reformistas," the manner of its discovery, the delight with which I read it. Cherishing such views as these, in relation to the "Alfabeto Christiano;" I desired to have the unique copy of it, which I possessed, reproduced, by reprinting it in numerous copies, enriched and illustrated, with notes from the pen of my talented coadjutor, Don Luis. I have related, in my preface to my English translation, of the "Alfabeto Christiano," the incidents and mode of its discovery; and well did I recall the pleasure, with which I first read it, pen in hand, jotting down each sentence as it passed through my mind. In that preface, I tell of the solicitude, I felt, when about to expose this unique copy, to all the perils of travel, in transmitting it to Don Luis, at Madrid. I have said, I parted with the book, I so much loved, sending it on the uncertainties of foreign travel, to my friend Luis; for I had made it a rule of my conduct, to sacrifice the choicest object to him, whose superior talents, and learning, I was well persuaded, would make better use of it than I could. I only laid upon him a desire, not a requisition, that the Italian original might be literally reprinted. Years passed on, expecting that some time or other he would find opportunity to do this, increasing the value of his work by well-furnished notes. As the volume demonstrated to a certainty, a point upon which doubts had been thrown, namely, the intimate intercourse of Valdes with Giulia Gonzaga, I took

every occasion to increase my information about her, drawing it only from sources of the first authority. The chief Librarian of the British Museum, directed me to the magnificent work of Count Litta, "*Memorie delle celebri famiglie Italiane*," and Trencò Affò's "*Memorie di tre Principesse*." In the account of the "*Memorie di tre Principesse*," I found what I desired, given with indispensable authority. Luis, had despaired of being able to reprint the book, in his own country. If other obstacles were not in the way, he wished to obtain a fac-simile reprint, and he knew of no printer who could execute it. However, he wrote, asking me, if I could undertake it, stating the difficulties he was under. I shrank from the responsibility, yet my desire, overcame my doubts, and hesitation. I replied, that I would do it, and as it would be in England, it might be accompanied by an English translation, which I had already roughly prepared when I first read the book. I wished also, that some information should be added, respecting the personages mentioned in the volume. My answer satisfied him. He had his Spanish translation ready, and the reprint might go out, together with the two translations, as an evidence of our love of the author, and of our mutual friendship. He prepared, and sent me over by the post, a beautiful transcript of the Italian, done by his own hand. He objected to run the risk, of the transmission of the original; I was obliged, therefore, to adopt his transcript. This was so beautifully written, however, that I grudged to sacrifice it to the

compositor's effacing fingers. I sat down, and made yet another transcript from his. I found realized, what I doubted, and feared ; his scrupulous exactness had not preserved him, from the omission, in some few instances, of whole lines of similar expressions to the preceding ones, as I found by comparing my English copy. Convinced by the report of this, Luis afterwards trusted the precious volume to a private conveyance, as soon as such an one occurred. The original arrived safely. I put the transcript, into the hands of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., who employed a new fount of italic letter for the purpose. This induced him, afterwards, to impose upon me the care, of producing his improved translation of the "CX. Considerations," by the same printer, in the same character. He had sent me his Spanish translation of the "Alfabeto," in parts. I had proceeded with revising, and preparing a fresh copy of my English version, and with the preparation of a notice of Valdés, and Giulia Gonzaga. I wrote the composition five times, and whether the effort, to do the subject justice, issued at last, in a manner worthy of the time, and labour, it absorbed, is not for me to determine. It was satisfaction to me, at the conclusion, to learn, that it more than satisfied my friend, who repeatedly expressed it in his letters, and even his admiration of the volume. At the same time, that the Polyglot was printed, a hundred extra copies of the English only were taken off for publication, and for presents to friends. This work now completed, and

executed entirely at the cost of Luis, except as to my personal share in it, the precious original was again sent back to him in safety.

The Polyglot edition of the "Alfabeto Christiano" constitutes No. 15 of the "Reformistas." Of the "CX. Considerations," of 1550, I had succeeded in procuring from Augsburg, a copy of the Italian original, and had sent it to Luis. Thinking that some of the Spanish Reformers' books, might be preserved in Holland, I ventured to write a letter of inquiry to Frederick Müller of Amsterdam, who referred my letter to his son, a very intelligent, antiquarian, book-seller. My letter, gave him the scent of game, and he hunted, as he literally said, for me in the purlieus of the city. As the result, he sent to me a copy of the same original which I now possess, and which belonged to Acronius, a Frisian, who occupied the chair of Mathematics, and Medicine, at Basil, at the time it was printed, and who must have known its editor, Curione. I thought the sum of £2 5s. a moderate price for the acquisition of such a book, and unexpectedly received from Frederic Seeböhm, author of "The Oxford Reformers," an offer to furnish at once, the requisite funds. I communicated this to Dr. Boehmer, asking him to do it for love, not money, save for the printer's expenses; he readily embraced the proposal. With alacrity, he caused another transcript to be made, by the hand of an intelligent Italian, who modernized the orthography, while Dr. Boehmer, with the characteristics of a critical German



mind, edited and passed it through the press. I requested Dr. Boehmer, to add increased value to his labour, by affixing a memoir, or notice of Valdés. With great industry, and research, he produced as an appendix to the "CX. Considerations," his "Cenni Biografici sui Fratelli Giovanni e Alfonso de Valdesso." It is a valuable production, calculated for the student rather than the general reader, and needs an index to assist his reference. Only 300 copies were printed, not quite half of them for sale. It issued in 1861, and does not form one of the series of the "Reformistas," yet, like the work of Enzinas, by M. Campan, it stands in intimate relation to that series, and I may be said to have somewhat assisted in their compilation.

When I printed the "Epistola Consolatoria," in 1848, I entertained the opinion, that the book might be unique. It is a common mistake, of book-hunters with limited knowledge, to think that any book that has been printed, is unique, because they do not know of a second copy. The research of a friend, to whom I had given the title, found in an obscure place in Edinburgh, a second copy. He sent it to me by post, demanding a shilling for its price; but what was more, the volume contained not one, but three treatises by Juan Perez. First, stood the "Breve Tratado," 1560. In the middle, was "Epistola Consolatoria," defended on the other side, by a new and unknown tract of the same author's, "The Breve Sumario." With the first two, I had already furnished my friend,

and they had been printed. I had learnt from the preface, of an ancient English translation, of the "Epistola," that the translator, John Daniel, had also translated another tract from the Spanish. The title of this, I had found in Maitland's catalogue of such English books, as were printed before the year 1600, in Lambeth library. I went to Lambeth; I was allowed to copy it, and after the transcript had lain by me for some years, I now found the Spanish original, of the English tract of John Daniel, in the "Breve Sumario," the before unknown tract, at the end of this long-despised and neglected volume, which seemed to fly, as it were from utter destruction, into my hands for preservation. I wished to retain this volume, the only copy I knew of, in this country, having first supplied my friend. I prepared to reprint the "Breve Sumario," thinking to add John Daniel's English translation, and had even drawn up an introduction, which was to have been inserted in English and Spanish. I fell, however, into a state of chronic ill-health, when just on the point of beginning, and now despaired of accomplishing the design. There lived in my neighbourhood, a village maiden, the only child of her aged parents, whom I had instructed in the manner, of making fac-similes, of the titles of books. She took so readily to the art, and executed it with such fidelity, and grace, that the Librarian of Woburn Abbey, having seen the collection I had rudely made for myself, conceived the idea of collecting all books, which were dedicated to the Russell

family, in order to illustrate its history, and to make a collection of the Titles and Dedications of them in fac-simile. This village maiden, executed them with skill almost unrivalled. He did not, however, live to see them finished; they were completed under his successor, and bound together, form a volume truly beautiful and unique. She had owed the thought, the art, to me. The art, however, was truly in herself, mine was but the pointing out the way for its exercise. She readily made for me, a fac-simile of the "Breve Sumario," part of which being printed in a minute letter, required more than usual precision, and clearness of vision. It was indeed beautifully done, and was a gem, when bound as a small quarto, in green morocco. I sent it together with my introduction and notes. This beautiful, and tasteful, village girl married very respectably, and died in her first confinement, and this record of the event, is not written without a sigh to her memory.

Luis, edited the tract, re-writing my introduction, and adding to it other interesting information, particularly, a long intercepted letter, of Antonio del Corro to Cassiodoro de Reyna, relating to the printing of the Spanish Bible, preparing to print it at an old castle in Navarre. It was printed in a very small size in 1862, as much as could be in fac-simile; it forms No. 18 of the series of "Reformistas."

Gregorio Mayáns, had published in the year 1737, in his "Orígenes de la Lengua Española," the Dialogo de las Lenguas, from a MS. in the National Library, at

Madrid. The MS. is anonymous; it has since been ascertained to be the composition of Valdés. Luis, who possessed a large paper copy of the *Orígenes*, one of those printed by Mayáns, for his friends, wished to verify some passages in it, from the MS. He had a careful and exact copy made, by which he found that the errors, and alterations, made by Mayáns, were numerous. He collated the whole, with scrupulous labour, finding no less than 1089 variations, etc. This little work, gives incidentally, some important references, to the particulars of Valdés' life, and it was very desirable, that a correct edition, faithful to the text, should be printed. Another MS. was said, in the notes to the Spanish translation of Ticknor's "*History of Spanish Literature*," to exist in the Library of the British Museum. Upon examination, however, this was found to be a modern copy, most likely that which Mayáns had prepared. The ancient MS. in the Library at Madrid, was not in the handwriting of Valdés himself, but a copy. As no other could be discovered, it was necessary to rely upon this. A preface of fifty pages, and an appendix of seventy, were added by Luis. A new and very correct edition was printed in 1860. It was not incorporated in the series of "*Reformistas*," because it was a philological, not a religious work; yet being composed by Valdés, in speaking of the incidents of his life, it could scarcely be out of place amongst them. I furnished nothing but the substance of the appendix, and some slight notices in the preface.

The Hamburg MS. of the "CX. Considerations," had furnished fresh readings, and given a different turn to the sense of some sentences, by the different way in which the ancient author, understood some of the parenthetical clauses, of the Italian, of Valdés. Luis became dissatisfied with his translation, of 1855: he made an improved version, and determined to have it printed, in the italic letter, he so much admired. This could only be done in this country, and he wrote to me to take the superintendence of it. My years had advanced, to the going down of the dial. Not expecting that my sun, like Hezekiah's, could be retarded in its setting, I was very unwilling to accept the responsibility, apprehensive that life might fail me in the middle of it. Persuaded, however, to think more of the author, than of myself, I accepted the duty, in the winter of 1861-2. The corrected copy was sent to me, and was put into the hands of the printer, early in the summer of 1862. At this opportunity of producing a new edition, I earnestly desired that it should be accompanied by a life of Valdés, especially as seen from the Spanish side. I requested, I repeated the request, I urged my friend to prepare it. He knew all about Valdés, that I knew, for I had kept his information, from time, to time, up to my own, and he had a familiar knowledge, of whatever his countryman had written.

Practised in study, and in criticism, the habit of his mind was fixed, it could make selections, draw conclusions, and resolve points of critical accuracy, but

the mind, could not direct its thoughts, into a current of continuous narrative. I had found myself, in the notice to the "*Alfabeto Christiano*," how difficult this was to do, with regard to the interrupted incidents of a biography, of which so little could be known. I saw, that it was beside his way of thought, to do this. I requested him, however, to select all the correspondence of the Brothers Valdés with Erasmus, and to gather any other documents, which might serve for materials for the future use of any one, who might undertake to execute the main purpose I had in view. The volume was finished in the autumn of 1863. It was greatly admired by Luis : this vol. is No. 17 of the "*Reformistas*."

As early as the year 1842, Luis had procured at Lisbon, the "*Suma de Doctrina*," Sevilla, 1551, by Dr. Constantino. The book is not Protestant, in its sentiments, but it is Scriptural, and truthful, and endeavours to enforce the sincerity of piety. It was written in a simple form of the purest Spanish, by one of the best preachers of the age. Luis, desired greatly to reprint it. He found other works of Dr. Constantino mentioned by Nicolas Antonio, and the "*Confession of a Sinner*," in "*Gerdes' Miscellanea Groningana*," but in French. He requested me to seek for these books, and especially the "*Confession*," in Spanish. I found in the Bodleian Library, the "*Doctrina Cristiana, primera parte*, Anvers, 1554," and a copy of it had been sold by C. J. Stewart to Archdeacon Churton. This is not

the same as the "Suma de Doctrina." It was planned for a larger work, on Christian Doctrine, never completed, because the author, too sincerely virtuous for the period he lived in, became suspected by the Inquisition, and perished in its dungeons at Seville. I procured a copy of this "Doctrina Cristiana," Anvers, 1554, from Augsburg, and sent it to Luis. I now made inquiry amongst the foreign Libraries, and fortunately found preserved, in the Royal Library at Brussels, an earlier edition of the "Suma," namely, one printed in Seville, 1545; and what was more to the purpose, the "Catezismo Cristiano," with "Confesión de un Pecador," in one vol., 1556. A copy of these was procured and sent. Another mutilated edition, of the "Suma de Doctrina" was found in Trinity Library, Dublin, from which a copy of the Sermon on the Mount was made, in order to correct the readings of the other. The Suma, Sermon, Catezismo, and Confesión, were carefully edited with critical notes, and observations upon the author, as an appendix. I supplied fac-simile titles, and it was printed in 1863, forming No. 19 of the "Reformistas."

Pursuing my search, for books of this class, I introduced myself, as early as 1848, by correspondence, to a gentleman, who occupied an official appointment, in one of the Government departments in London. He had directed his attention to the literature of Elizabeth's reign, more especially to pamphlets. He had a wonderful collection of these, bundles, containing some thousands, yet had no know-

ledge of the class I sought for, though he had written many quires of titles, taken from Ames, and Dibdin, the British Museum, and Bodleian catalogues. However, in the year 1850, I think, he sent me down by the benevolent book post, a Latin book, without its covers; it was "*Historia Vera de Morte Sancti Viri Joannis Diazii Hispani*," 1546. I immediately sat down and copied it in my usual way, page for page, line for line. I had scarcely finished it, when I observed that I was writing, and had continued to do so, with the same pen that I had begun with. I then recollected a rhyme in Butler's exercises, that had struck my fancy when a schoolboy at Ackworth:—

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,  
Made of a grey goose quill;  
A pen it was when first I took,  
A pen I leave it still."

I had no expectation, that my correspondent would part with the book, but I had hoped that a more favourable opportunity, might find me another copy. I soon returned it to him. I had copied it, and expressed my wishes by this doggrel:—

"Go, little book, go, mournful book,  
The sigh thou leav'st behind thee  
Will make me look in every nook,  
And ask my friends, by hook, by crook,  
To seek again to find thee."

Startled, I think, by such unusual language, my friendly correspondent, immediately presented me with the same copy, accompanied by a kind and



graceful letter, saying that he was ashamed to have caused me the labour of transcribing it. I had the book choicely bound in green morocco. I sent it together with my transcript to Luis, inserting the following slipshod stanza :—

“ Go, little volume, on thy destined way  
To a far country, to a distant clime ;  
Learn thou to speak a foreign tongue, and say  
I send thee as a gift for future time,  
Its literature to grace, and to convey  
Knowledge of useful deeds, and thoughts sublime.  
Say this, and add, I was sent here to speak  
Hope to the fainting heart, and solace to the meek.”

I sent it by the hands of William Forster, a Quaker minister, who was going to Spain, in order to remonstrate with the authorities on their continuance of that abomination, the slave trade—the purpose that had led my friend G. W. Alexander and myself to that country. The messenger whom I used on this occasion afterwards laid down his life, as a martyr to his labours for the slave, in the State of Tennessee, America.

While searching for the letters of Francisco de Enzinas (Dryander), I found unpublished letters by Juan Diaz himself, addressed to Ochino, to Enzinas, and Calvin, with other letters making mention of him, and I procured an excellent portrait of him, engraved on wood, after the one in Beza's *Icones*, 1580. A later copy of the book, we found from Enzinas' letters, to have been edited, if not composed, by Enzinas ; Senarclæus (Claude Senarcle) might have

furnished him with the details of the tragedy, he having particulars about Diaz, with whom he was a personal friend, from other sources. Luis, translated the *Historia*, into Spanish, the letters, etc., he printed in Latin and Spanish; he wrote observations of about forty pages upon them, adding an index. He printed the volume handsomely in 1865, a few months before his death: it forms No. 20 of the "*Reformistas*." He died on the 17th August, in that year, and with this event terminated the course of our interesting labours, expressed by the mutual services of an endeared friendship. With the exception of one of them, the twenty volumes of the series were executed solely at his cost, but were prepared by our joint labours. His was the first conception of the project. It was carried out, not by any plan or scheme of arrangement, but simply as circumstances arose, to favour its development. The learning was his, the talent, the expense were his; mine, the advantages of liberty and free action, and residence in a country which furnished the readiest means for the acquisition of this kind of knowledge. We both were favoured with leisure, we both had the simple and independent means of livelihood; we wanted no more. We both repudiated the thought of accepting assistance from any society or association, for our views were not mercenary, neither were they directed to immediate, but future results, because we firmly believed that these results, would manifest themselves, long after we had ceased to live.

The reprint of the original Italian, of the "CX. Considerations," was executed at Halle, and did not itself form one of the series of the "Reformistas." The translation was the work of John T. Betts. Wiffen wrote the life of Valdés, prefixed to the translation, and added thirteen titles in *fac simile* of the "CX. Considerations," and an index, and had a portrait of Giulia Gonzaga, executed on wood, for private copies. Mr. Betts, took the responsibility of publishing the joint work. It was published at the close of the year 1865.

The second volume of the "Reformistas Antiguos Españoles" had appeared in 1848, privately printed by Wiffen. It also contains a list of the works of Spanish Reformers, then known to Wiffen, with indications of the places where they might be found. The Religious Tract Society of London printed in 1866, for circulation in Spain, from this second volume, the "Epistola Consolatoria," of Juan Perez.

## CHAPTER VI.

JUAN VALDÉS.

“ O fruitful past ! exhaustless treasure-house  
Of untold wealth ! prolific soil, in which  
The present sows itself, and out of which  
There comes not one brief harvest, but a long  
And blessed reaping for the sons of men ! ”

H. BONAR.

**B.** B. WIFFEN continued to occupy himself in seeking diligently, by correspondence with learned men and booksellers throughout Europe, to obtain any writings of Spanish Reformers, that might have escaped the flames of the Inquisition. The ruthless completeness of the persecution, by which they, and the cause, were destroyed in Spain, extended to their writings. The latter had to be re-discovered, to be ferreted out, from the forgotten corners of Libraries, in distant countries. It was this task, then still difficult, as well as dangerous, which was undertaken by Don Luis, and his English sympathiser, and correspondent, Wiffen. The ardour required for such a pursuit, was something far beyond the love of fame, or of contemporary applause. It was eminently a work of faith ; it had “ respect unto

the recompence of reward ;" its motives were altogether in the unseen world. In the year 1843, he again accompanied G. W. Alexander on a mission to Spain, on the errand of Slave Emancipation ; he pursued his Spanish studies, and sought everywhere for his hidden favourites.

These researches were not undertaken from antiquarian motives, nor from mere admiration of the great men, whose writings were thus brought to light, but from true sympathy with a cause, which, however subject to hindrances, and even apparent extinction, is immortal, and must be ultimately victorious over all opposition and evil. There lay the conviction, too, in the mind of Don Luis and Wiffen, that the present is irrevocably linked with the past, and that even the darkest days of modern Spain, were thus ministering to a glorious Future, by the bringing forward the transactions of the heroic, but well-nigh forgotten, men of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They toiled under pressure of the loftiest and most unselfish motives, and their good work will be held in higher esteem as time advances.

In the year 1851, Mr. Wiffen found, in the collection of a bookseller at Brighton, the "*Alfabeto Christiano*," a work of Juan Valdés, unknown to modern times. It details the subject of conversation between Valdes and Giulia Gonzaga. He made a translation of this interesting volume, and by the aid of a few friends, he published, in 1861, a hundred copies for private circulation. An extract from the

dedication, will serve to show the two men, whose friendship we now chronicle :—

“To whom, can I address the translation of this interesting dialogue, with greater propriety, than to him, who, by first directing my thoughts into this channel of literary research, may almost be considered to have been its discoverer? A friendship, whose sincerity, seeks no compliment, and whose freedom, asks no favours save those which advance the common object of our pursuit, might of itself, afford a sufficient motive. Yet to these considerations, may be added the fact, that his liberality has furnished the means also, to give the work to the press.”

In 1863, Wiffen, wrote to Dr. Boehmer, concerning the “CX. Considerations”: “I hope we are all animated with a portion of his own generous mind; I may acknowledge that I have yet found no book which so truly accords with my mind.”\* Juan Valdés was certainly the ideal of Mr. Wiffen’s mind, as Don Luis was of his heart. Mr. Wiffen was drawn to Valdés not only, or chiefly, by the consideration of the injustice done him by the oblivion of the literary world, but by a deep intellectual and moral sympathy. It may be observed, that in his preface to the English translation of the “CX. Considerations,” dated October, 1865, he claims for the Work, that the principles it teaches, are almost as much in advance of the present times, as they were, in the days of its first translation in 1638. Wiffen, in common with the majority of his

\* “Spanish Reformers,” vol. i., p. 61.

fellow-religionists, held to the doctrine of an inner light, leading to happiness and God, attainable by all, but only realized by a few. In his preface, to the "CX. Considerations," he says: "It has also been my wish, to represent the truth and depth of his Christian profession, exalted to the simplicity of the Gospels, grounded and settled in the *faith of the heart*, which Valdés endeavoured to practise himself, and to teach to others." Again he thus speaks of him: "With a masterly power over his whole nature, Valdés sought to apprehend Truth, through the just medium of feeling as well as reason. He brought an earnest affection for right Wisdom, to the bar of reason, and a well-regulated understanding, and tried it by the test of his own experience, and the declarations of the New Testament. When he found Scripture, experience, the heart, and the understanding, all concurring to elucidate the truth he sought to find, he delivered his mind to absolute trust in it, and at once gave it life by applying it to the conduct of life. This ought to remove the *objection* of Mysticism from his writings and character; and the same reason should remove it, as a charge, from a body of Christians in the present day who, in consequence of carrying out their reasonable religious convictions into daily practice, have not inaptly been styled the most *English* of the *English*, that is, the most practical in all their purposes. And after all, when more intimately considered, how can the religious relations, although clearly known to himself, between the spirit of a man

and the Divine Spirit, in which relations the essential quality of real religion consists, be otherwise than mystical to others, who yet wear their own mystery, if they also have any essential religious sentiments? To Valdés, the internal word of Inspiration was not mystical. He knew, that the Word of God, within, earnestly sought for, patiently believed in, and obediently complied with, was also the highest reason; and that its commands were practicable, just in proportion, to the degree of the reliance of faith, reposed in them.\*

Curione, his contemporary, has described Juan Valdés, as "a noble Knight, by the grace of Cæsar, but a more noble Knight, by the grace of Christ."

Karl Benrath, one of the most recent biographers of the men of that epoch, depicts him in language singularly appropriate to B. B. Wiffen, as well, when he says: "Everything united in him, to insure him an irresistible, personal influence; his pale, delicately cut countenance, in which was reflected the invisible world, in the contemplation of which he was immersed; his frail body, that seemed only to live at the behest of his potent spirit; his courtly bearing, the charm of his speech, and the spotless purity of his life in a dissolute age. Curione says he seemed appointed by God, as a teacher of noble and distinguished men, although he was so good, that he served even the humblest and least cultivated with his en-

\* "Life of Valdés," prefixed to 'CX. Considerations,' p. 174.



dowments, and was all things to all men, to gain all for Christ."\*

The writings of Juan Valdés, probably Nicholas Ferrar's translation of the "CX. Considerations," had influence in forming the character and guiding the actions of John Wesley at a critical point in the history of his inner life, determining him to a thorough pursuit of a holy life. In a remarkable letter to his father from Oxford, and dated December 10, 1734, written "when he was earnestly pressed" by his father "to accept a cure of souls," he explains why he preferred for so many years, a University life before any other. He says: "The far greatest part of the conversation I meet with abroad, even with the better sort of men, turns on points that are quite wide of *my* purpose, that no way forward the end of *my* life. Now, if they have time to spare, I have not. 'Tis absolutely needful for such an one, as I, to follow, with all possible care and vigilance, that wise advice of Mr. Herbert—

‘Still let thy mind be bent ; still plotting how  
And when and where thy business may be done.’

And this, I bless God, I can in some measure do, while I avoid that bane of all religion, the company of *good sort of men*, as they are called, persons who have a liking to, but no sense of, religion. But these insensibly undermine all my resolutions, and steal away what little zeal I have, so that I never come

\* "Bernardino Ochino of Siena." By Karl Benrath. Translated by Helen Timmem. Nisbet & Co., 1876.

from among these saints of the world (*as John Valdesso terms them*) faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength, but I say, 'God deliver me from a half-Christian.'" \*

Mr. Wiffen's friend and fellow-communionist, Mr. Frederic Seebohm, with other friends, had generously furnished the means of publishing at Halle, under the care of Dr. Boehmer, the "CX. Considerations" in the original Italian edition. In connection with this, there occurred the third great Friendship, in the life of our recluse. It happened on this wise. One of the persons whom Mr. Seebohm enlisted as a subscriber to the fund for the publication of the volume in question, was Mr. J. T. Betts, afterwards of Pembury, in Kent, but then living near Welwyn, in Herts. Mr. Betts, being skilled in Italian, and unaware of the origin of the work, began to translate it into English, and sought the acquaintance of Mr. Wiffen, to express his thanks, for the contribution he had made, to the literature of Christianity. Thus was originated a kind of prepared succession to Don Luis, whom he was so soon to lose. He thus writes: "When John Betts became acquainted with the *origin* of the Italian reprint, he sought my acquaintance. He had then done about a third of the work, and proceeded with alacrity with the remainder, assisted by his intelligent and skilful wife as amanuensis. I had striven to obtain an authentic account, of the two Brothers Valdés, from two or three more able writers than

\* John Wesley's Journal, 1739.

myself, and had been dissatisfied with the attempts. Another opportunity now presented itself. The translator, unfamiliar with the sources of information from which I drew my own knowledge, necessarily devolved the labour of this task upon me, which I saw could not be avoided if it were now to be done at all. Aided by the same excellent amanuensis, I sketched out the plan with her, nor had I occasion once to vary from it. I had but to fill it up, in order to complete it. Every day witnessed our pleasant progress. The hours of composition, of study, or of writing, were only interrupted by charming drives, in the romantic neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells; for we were settled for the summer months at a cottage in a primitive village, almost within sight of that fashionable town."

## CHAPTER VII.

## CORRESPONDENCE : DEATH OF DON LUIS.

“ But by friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love and the greatest usefulness, . . . and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you, that Christianity hath new christened it, and calls this Charity.”

JEREMY TAYLOR.

ABOUT the year 1854, Mr. Wiffen commenced a correspondence with Mr. John Macray, Librarian of the Taylor Institution, Oxford, and a literary friendship sprung up, which was fruitful in interchange of good offices, respecting early Reformation literature. Most of the letters, relate to the book-treasures of Oxford : we make a few extracts, where other matters are mixed up, with the details of book-hunting.

“ 2nd mo., 16, 1856.

“. . . Salig's (Christ.) is a work of such standard importance in Eccles. history in Germany, that it should (ought to be) be found in such Libraries of general use, as the Bodleian, and British Museum, but I think they are both deficient in the chief Lutheran Ecclesiastical Historians ; a stricter communication having been formed with the chiefs of the Swiss

Churches by our Reformers, than with the Germans, and the adoption of strong Calvinistic opinions by the second generation of our Reformers, tended to continue this exclusive connection. Hence, whilst the works of Calvinistic writers are common here, those of Lutherans are few. Will it be troublesome to turn to Galluzzi, and note what documents he gives, respecting the life, trial, and condemnation of Carnesecchi, 1550—1556, (a friend of Giulia Gonzaga's,) other than two letters of the Pope, to Duke Cosmo, which I have seen elsewhere, one requesting the surrender of Carnesecchi, and the other thanking him for the deed of unusual baseness, for he permitted his arrest, whilst sitting at dinner with himself. Carnesecchi was at Naples, in 1541, at or soon after the death of Valdés. He wrote letters to Giulia. This correspondence was discovered by his papers, and brought her twice under the notice of the Inquisition. Hence the great families and writers of Italy, down to nearly the present time, were interested in throwing a cloud over her intercourse with Valdés, and destroying his books, especially one which expressly treats of a conversation on religion which they had together. I think it is a flourish of French gallantry by Brantôme, that has invented the story that Barbarossa made the attack on Fondi, in order to capture Giulia for the Sultan's seraglio. I do not believe the motive to have been other than common brigandage; it is certain, however, that sailing by Naples in the twilight, he came before the town of Fondi, twenty miles north, at

midnight, landed suddenly, and gained possession of the town, before Giulia was alarmed from sleep at the castle. Awaked from the clamour of the town below, she hastily escaped by a bridge from the fortress, mounted in haste, and rode off into the country. The pirates re-embarked with their plunder, having missed the ransom of her person. The chief inn of the town attests to this day the fact of the inroad by the name of Fondi di Barbarossa. Ippolito di Medici, who had solicited her consent to (a second) marriage in vain, hearing the tidings of her danger at Rome, set off with a band of horsemen for her protection. On this occasion he obtained her consent to allow her portrait to be taken, and on his return he despatched Sebastian del Piombo from Rome, attended by a guard of four cavaliers, to Fondi. He employed himself there a month, and returned with the portrait, 'which was a divine picture.' (*Lanzi*) This picture is in the National Gallery, London; the artist has thrown a nimbus over her head, to make the picture appear as of a Saint, being placed in the gallery of a cardinal. There is another picture in the National Gallery, representing the cardinal paying the artist, probably for this picture. A few years afterwards he went again to Fondi, from Naples, to see Giulia; she was not there. He spent the day straying about the place, indulging 'thoughts of the past, when life itself was new, and the heart promised what the fancy drew.' Returning to Naples, he took fever, and died in two or three days, yet young. He

translated the second book of the Eneid, addressing it to Giulia Gonzaga, and had it printed. He and another gentleman each translated a book of the Eneid, addressing them each, to a lady of their choice; they were printed together. A pretty fancy of intellectual young men. I have had both these books. Giulia had no children, and the line of the Gonzagas of Sabbionetta became extinct about 1575. Isabella Gonzaga was Giulia's step-daughter, who caused her much trouble. . . . A German translation (by Tischendorf) has appeared of Paleario's 'Benefit of Christ's Death,' with the Italian annexed."

"NEAR WOBURN, BEDS,

"3rd mo., 13, 1857.

"Juan de Valdés, the earliest and best of nine authors, wrote a tract, '*In qual maniera se doverebbono instituire i figliuoli de Christiani nei principii della religione Christiana.*' P. P. Vergerio translated this into Latin, (as before mentioned,) under the title of '*Lac Spirituale,*' and addressed it as his own to the eldest son of the Duke of Wurtemberg. C. S. Curione, in his letters, accused Vergerio of plagiarism of this piece. Will thy son (at the Bodleian) have the kindness to look at 'Corte Opere,' vol. xv., at *Notizie intorno*, P. Paulo Vergerio, and see what is said about this affair, and whether it goes into the subject, or dismisses it in few words only, and what he says of Valdés, or Valdesio, as he is named. . . . The Spanish book I sent, '*Ziento i diez Consideraciones,*' contains

essential Quakerism, a hundred years before George Fox."

"9th mo., 26, 1860.

"I should be very ready to oblige thee with regard to the interesting subject of thy cousin's book, as far as the will goes, but I really have not the power, and at this time, it is much engaged in what I find a difficulty to accomplish. Besides, it is very difficult to show a negative, and to show clearly why things were *not*. From a few broad facts it is necessary to reason, deduce consequences, and to apply them in many points of view, and this requires a ready and varied exercise of the reasoning faculty, which I have little of, *upon paper*. One cause of the peculiar and national characteristic of the Spanish Inquisition, was *covetousness*. The rude Spanish chieftains envied the superior civilization, and richly cultivated possessions, of their Moorish conquerors, cupidity excited their chivalry and bigotry, until they obtained them for themselves, and then they readily concurred with the Inquisition, as a means of keeping the Moors subject. It thus grew up as a national and individual interest, until it obtained such universal sway, that its tyranny continued for centuries to oppress the springs of social life throughout, and has inflicted an *instinct* in the Spanish mind, which still exists, and will long continue to exist, though the institution itself has been suppressed since forty years. (See the conclusion of an article, in *Notes and Queries*, August 19th, 1854, p. 138.) Another cause is, that while the Gothic, or more pro-



perly the Celtic, (for the Northern Spaniards were Visi-Goths,) portion of the Spaniards, possessed themselves of the cities and lands of the more civilized Moors, the moral characteristics of the civilized *mind* transfused themselves into those of the conquerors, such has been the silent operation of superiority of mind. The Spanish people, are even at this day essentially Asiatic, (not to say Moorish,) and whoever does not look at them through their (I may say present) Orientalism, will not rightly understand Spain. The firmer Teutonic mind loves reality and truth; the Coptic, Celtic, and Asiatic loves show and artifice. The Reformation therefore made good its way in the northern nations of Europe, leavened partially those of a mingled population, but it lost itself among the genuine Celts. Hence, too, these prefer the stories of the Arabian Nights, Boccaccio, and Don Quixote, to the Scriptures of Truth.

“The early converts to the Reformation in Spain and Italy were chiefly the noble and educated persons. They had much to sacrifice, and to lose under persecution, many of them, more than simply to lose their lives—their fortune, name, and the degradation of their whole race, as though Moorish, or Jewish, and they preferred to hide their convictions, like Erasmus, under the shadow of the Church, than to protest, in the lion’s den, like Luther. They were not fortified in the Bible; they had softer minds, they were not of the people, nor backed by them. All these thoughts, and many more, will have occurred to thy cousin, who

has had the subject under consideration so long, and I have no doubt, he is familiar with works on the subject, M'Crie, De Castro's recent book, R. G. Montanus, Sandoval, etc., for the circumstances of the 'Suppression of the Reformation in Spain.' I should have said at the beginning of my letter that my attention has been more turned to the Works of the Reformers, than to the History of the Reformation, in Spain."

"NEAR WOBURN, 9 mo. 6, '61.

"I was rather turned away by the childish stories of Hugh Miller, but the manner in which he writes his episodical descriptions, his imaginative and wonderful clearness of memory and richness of illustration, are charming, as admirable specimens, of artistic writing. My early schoolfellow, Wm. Howitt, began this class of boy narratives; they are now refined and improved into a class, and what were designed by Howitt, for little more than boys or youths, are, with Hugh Miller and others, made to inform and instruct older and reflective men."

When Mr. and Mrs. Betts, went into Spain in 1864, they carried letters of introduction to Don Luis, and a precious book, which Mr. Wiffen, had entrusted to their charge. On calling, after first being duly reported by a servant, who in customary fashion received their cards, and letters, through a small grating, they were welcomed into a plain room with little furniture, and without either ornament, or book. Mrs. Betts, describes Don Luis, as having dark hair

closely cropped, a brilliant black eye, with most gentle manners. His dress, a blue coat, with velvet collar, and black satin tie, was somewhat old-fashioned, but plain and handsome. A hearty pressure of the hand, and tear in the eye, welcomed the friends of his best friend, of whose welfare he was so tender, he scarcely liked us to have left him alone. She says of a second visit, "He introduced us to his Library, and to his wife, Doña Maria Sandalia, a motherly, quaker-like-looking woman, older than Luis, tenderly attached to him, and sympathising with his work, so as to help with her fortune, to defray the immense expenses of printing, which he lived to incur. She read French evangelical books, though she had never made any outward profession of renouncing Romanism."

Mr. Betts, asked Don Luis what Spanish work he would advise him to translate, now that the "Considerations" were finished, and he immediately replied that he should like, Dr. Constantino's "Confession of a Sinner," put into English, which, if he would do, he would himself, pay the expenses of printing it. Mr. Betts began it at once, and finished it when they were at an hotel in the Alhambra. Mr. Wiffen afterwards dictated the charming little memoir of the author prefixed to the "Confession."

The printing of the "Reformistas Españoles," was done so judiciously, and secretly, at Madrid, that it was rumoured that Mr. Wiffen had a secret printing press, at Aspley Guise, where the work was done. Don Luis lived, too, so quietly and wisely, that perse-

cuting authority seemed not to know how to lay hands on him, even to exile him ; but we know he was a marked man for years, and Spanish spies visited B. B. Wiffen at Mount Pleasant, to learn what they could of the connection between Don Luis and his friend, in order, if possible, to incriminate the former.

A few extracts of letters written by Wiffen to the travellers will serve to show the character of his correspondence.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

*" November, 1864, Evening.*

" Though 'tis but weakness of one's self to speak,  
And the true Christian ought not to be weak,  
Should I not mourn a sister and a friend,  
Life's first companion, constant to the end ?  
Now left alone, my solitude I keep,  
While all things weep her loss, or seem to weep.

Without her pet plants in the garden blow,  
A languid, drooping, undelightful show ;  
My unskilled fingers train up every stem,  
They feel the duty is not given to them  
To nurse their weakness, all my skill is vain ;  
Affection chills them from a heart in pain.

Within my lamp, and book, and overwrought  
The fainting fancy's unproductive thought,  
These lines betray a sadly pensive gloom,  
From the mind's colour, shadows all the room.  
The table spread, untasted is the cheer ;  
My hearth is joyless, for she is not here."

*" November 23rd, 1864.*

" I wrote to Luis yesterday, so he has my latest thoughts. Although he had not told me, I thought

it well to express my thoughts about Dr. Capadosé's request to him, and to say I think he does well not to comply with it unless his own conscience should by its constant or continual requirement demand it of him (and I think it will not). Why should he, who is daily professing Christ, and continually seeking to attain to His image, make a confession of a sect of Christ, and adopt the smallness for the largeness? It may even be an advantage to growth in true grace, *not* to know Protestantism as we know it—fighting, oath-taking, priest-following, self-honouring.

“There is a failing I had remarked belonging to good and spiritual men, and chiefly, to the most good and spiritual; it is, that having been required by their consciences to take up the cross, in some particular mode, they think that other men's consciences ought to be bound to take it up in the *same mode*. Not believing (in reality) that what a tender conscience has most reluctance to yield up, is *that* on which the Searcher of hearts will lay the *cross*, and require Obedience and Patience in bearing it; and as men's hearts differ, so does *their mode* of bearing the cross, required of them by *Him*. He alone is the true *Cross Layer*, and the Giver of faith, to carry it. Now Dr. C. was a Jew, one of a sect denying the coming of Christ, not Christian, but anti-Christian; when he came to believe in Christianity, the cross, the greatest cross to a Jew, was laid upon him to make confession of it. This he did, in a land where he found plenty to welcome him, to countenance, and to comfort him.

He obeys his conscience, it was pacified, and this comforted him.

"That which in his repugnance was a *rod*, now became a *staff* to quicken his journey heavenward. Thus reading his own most sure experience, he applies it to another person, not taking into view the difference of the circumstances, and not knowing the mode of the cross which the true Cross Layer has already given that other person to bear. If I incite any person to take up a particular cross, can I also give him faith to bear it? Can I supply him with diverse comfort and consolation for his obedience? This laying the cross upon others comes from a kind of selfism inherent in our nature, and this *mode* of it is that which infests the very best men."

He now completed, and passed through the press, his most elaborate and continuous work, "The Life of Juan Valdés," prefixed to Mr. Betts's translation of the "CX. Considerations," published by Quaritch, of Piccadilly. This writing is a picture of contemporaneous history, in which all the figures, and events, are grouped around Valdés, who moves through his brief career as the solemn representative of unceasing evangelical truth. It opens to us a complete inventory of the religious thought of the period, and yields in interest to no representation of any time, in regard to spiritual lofty contemplation, mingled with application to the morals of actual life. Henceforward the constant kind offices of his friends at Pembury sustained him in his solitary labours in

completing the work which Don Luis had carried on. He had seized the standard, his friend had relinquished only at death; and in his cottage at Aspley Guise, or in his chosen resort at Pembury, he carried on the holy enterprise, in communion with God, and with the spirits of the just made perfect, whose names are written in heaven.

In 1866, he writes :—

“. . . I had an hour or two with F. Seebohm at night, and in the morning, he read to me the four chapters of his John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More.\* I heard it with delight, for being read in the best manner by the writer himself, the mind could receive it all in the easiest manner. I admire the plan of it greatly; the train of thought and the style are quite lifelike, not so much bringing the characters out to the reader, as setting the reader down with them, and making him a hearer in company with them. As Sever's edition of the *Fortnightly Magazine* said, 'It is as interesting as a novel;' but I say more so; the analyses of subjects introduced are capitally done, in rapid yet ample summary, full, but not tedious, that especially, of Erasmus' 'Praise of Folly,' dedicated to More. These four chapters form the half; the whole will consist of eight chapters. They will only be carried down in detail, to the death of Colet, and then by a summary to that of More. Colet's is shown to be the master mind; it is more

\* Seebohm's work is entitled "The Oxford Reformers, John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More."

physiological than the others, hence it influences their deeper feelings. It was known before that Colet, and of a purpose, determined Erasmus to the study of sacred letters. Colet saw the nature of his soul and of his intellectual talents, how prepared they were, only wanting direction from a mind who could attract them and point them, And we know, and yet feel, the result.

“ . . . Turning over some loose papers last evening, I fell upon a little piece that I copied some twenty years ago, when working at the British Museum. I now copy it, because it seems almost as if the writer had in *her* mind, at the time, the first stanzas of the Canzone, by the Duchess of Amalfi. It runs thus :—

“ From a manuscript of the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the British Museum :—

‘ Sweet Jhesu ! who shall lend me wings  
Of peace and perfect love,  
That I may rise from earthly things,  
To rest with Thee above ?

For sin and sorrow overflow  
All earthly things so high,  
That I can find no rest below,  
But unto Thee I fly.

For there the joys are firm and fast,  
Where no one can lament ;  
But here are toys from first to last  
All mortal men repent.

Wherefore my soul doth loathe the things  
Which gave it once delight,



And unto Thee, the King of kings,  
Would mount with all her might.

And yet the weight of flesh and blood  
Doth so my wings restrain,  
That oft I strive and gain no good,  
But rise to fall again.

Yet when this fleshly misery  
Is mastered by the mind,  
I cry, "Avaunt, all vanity !  
And, Satan, stand behind !"

So thus, sweet Lord ! I fly about,  
In weak and weary case,  
Like the lone Dove which Noah sent,  
And found no resting-place.

My weary wings, sweet Jhesu ! mark,  
And when Thou thinkest best,  
Stretch forth Thy Arm from out the Ark,  
And take me to Thy rest.'"

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO MRS. BETTS.

"My hyacinth is full of large white blossoms, and looks so happy, shining in the morning sun. Is it foolish to invest it with feeling? It has an organised life of its own, and having no other living nature with me, why may not my consciousness go forth to it? The beauty of its life reaches to mine. This is sentiment! And it is also metaphysics in psychology.

"*March, 1866.*"

"*3rd mo. 29, 1865.*

"DEAR FRIEND,—Thy letter of the 21st I received on the 28th March. This morning the whole land-

scape is covered with snow, like midwinter, with the wind south and south-west. What pleasanter occupation can I have, than to sit by the fire and answer thy letter? Indeed, I find it best and easiest to reply to letters immediately, while their contents are fresh on the mind, than to recall them while fading. This makes me get praise for what I don't deserve, and to be called a 'punctual correspondent;' and again, having no one to speak a word with, I seem at least to talk upon paper whilst I am writing, and I mentally say a great deal to my friends that the fingers are far too slow and formal to express to them. Thy mention of the Portrait induced me to write to the engraver to request him to 'do it justice,' and to encourage him I sent him one of Bernardo Tasso's sonnets, in order that he might not content himself merely with conveying the features, but that he should also transfer to the wood, 'the mind, the music breathing from the face.' That which Bernardo Tasso saw and acknowledged, that, too, which formed the essence of Plato's philosophy, namely, that expressed beauty is the effluence of the Divine intelligence, such to Petrarch was Laura, and it became his laurel, and such it is to many more. . . . S. Grellet\* reasoned with slave-owners of *wisdom, justice, and judgment to come*, forty years ago, at the very places now, 1865, beleaguered by American armies, and was heard patiently by them,

\* Stephen Grellet, born 1773, at Limoges, a French nobleman, became an eminent Christian Missionary, representative of the Society of Friends.

but not unto obedience, and now the judgment has come. Last First day, the 94th Psalm came in course of our breakfast reading, and it seemed to me particularly appropriate to this subject ; notice the concluding verses of it. At the same time, I had received a note for £10 from a Spaniard, (not Luis,) for the relief of the destitute, Free, American slaves. When I was at Barcelona, I saw a splendid pile of buildings, erected by a man who got his gains by Slavery in Cuba, and I saw a slaver building in the stocks, which I believe was afterwards captured in her cruises. I heard of Malaga, but did not go there. Dear friends, do not let the blandishments of society, of riches, nor even of the cultivated, beguile your imagination, if you know they have partaken of this worse than heathen abomination."

"4th mo. 18, 1865.

". . . I, too, have heard the nightingale ; we rarely say *a* nightingale. As Dryden after Chaucer says :

' So full, so clear, so various her note,  
It seemed the music melted in the throat.'

And have you heard the cuckoo in your strange land ?  
I fancy not, not there

' The schoolboy wandering through the wood,  
To pluck the primrose gay,  
Starts at thy well-known voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.'

This is too English !

"Hodgkins' indignation would rise at the iniquitous

war with Morocco by Spain, but England's opium war, with the Chinese, is worse. The weaker one was provoked to go to war, and then mulcted for the cost of it. Cobden testified against this, and threw out Lord Palmerston upon it, with the aid of the Tories.

"I have long been aware that the Boston Unitarians have a higher evangelical character than the English, and then they have not been persecuted (scandalized) by opinion as the English are, and the English seem the worse because they are amongst us.

"Granada must look very grand and strange, or rather 'wonderful,' by moonlight,—the Xenil, the Vega, and snow-covered mountains. I have only seen these from the other side, at a distance.

" . . . The Friends are very active now, collecting for the destitute Free people of colour in America. Yesterday we had here the confirmation of the taking of Petersburg and Richmond by the Federals. To me that war reads like a modern repetition of the judgments of the Bible, and *it is so*. The battle was like the battle of Armageddon. On the very spots where S. Grellet preached, and warned the slave-masters in 1824-5, about their crimes and the coming judgments, there the battles raged with greatest intensity. Where S. Grellet sat the Yearly Meeting at Gravelly Run, near Petersburg, Virginia, the dying were laid down at the door, where the pious friends mourned and suffered with part of the sufferings of Christ over Jerusalem, and, like Him, entreated His

long-suffering Father. He, I think, has mercy in store for the black race in America, for *He* restrained them from taking their cause into their own hands, as in the affair of the black, saying, 'Vengeance is *mine*! I will repay, ye shall not: ' and when iniquity was ripe, He made the slaveholders repay the vengeance upon themselves. And notice, every party in this country, as well as there, has been plagued with punishment, in proportion as it has partaken of the gains of slavery.

"To the Unitarians of Boston belongs the praise of having gone through the *martyr age of the United States*, in these early efforts for the abolition of slavery."

To his Sister-in-law :—" My mind has been almost continually with thee since I left thee, and my spirits low. They are more refreshed this morning, and I hope thine too partake of the same reviving influence. The past is gone beyond recall, and we as Christians ought not to wish it otherwise. It is our part to look upwards, and to look forward with hope, to number our remaining blessings, and to be very grateful to the great Giver of them all, for what He has hitherto lent, and for what He yet permits us to use. Let our thought be : Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not *all* His benefits."

" 5th mo. 2, 1865.

TO MRS. BETTS :—

"Thine of the 24th April, from Granada, I received on the 30th, and at the same time thy journal : they

are both pleasantly written ; they carry the mind with them, on the current of agreeable enjoyment, making for the time, distant things present, and the feelings of others your own. Thus the mind is taken possession of, and you yield it up for a time, to be led about at will by your correspondent. To hold the rein of one's self tightly always is at least tiring. I have five letters to write this morning ; to thee this is as nothing, but to me it is much.

"It is my duty to write to thee first of all. A sour word this duty, but only to the non-obedient ; to me it has become palatable, and, like some medicine, the appetite grows upon it, for its issues are pleasant, even 'rest, sweet unborn rest.'

"I regret to notice the failure, or weakness of thy sight ; I hope it is only from the effects of general relaxation, caused by the southern clime, which may be braced up by return northward, and that it is not a defect of the organ of vision itself. Does it come from a mind too intense, overstraining the sense by whatever it looks upon ? This can be by even the objects of nature herself. Mountains are very exciting to a lowlander, so are ruins, and their memories and associations. I remember what I suffered by my first view of the pictures of the Royal Academy, by their 'gay vermilions and their splendid blues.' Thou sayest 'life is a discipline ;' it is, indeed, if rightly conducted : to the too active, quietness *submitted* to, is discipline ; to the too passive, action is discipline ; the restraint of every extreme, of whatever kind, is

discipline, Heavenly discipline, and keeps us to the truth, a just measure of things, remembering Him who said, 'I am the truth,' not merely in doctrine, but also in everything else."

"5th mo. 29, 1865.

"Don Luis is disinclined to do anything to improve his health, but to rely wholly upon Providence. I can say that I think this is the *best* thing, but not the *only* thing; Providence gives us judgment and discretion, we should use them. Don Fernando de Brunet, another faithful Spanish friend and correspondent, who greatly assisted the two friends in their literary pursuits, characterizes him to me in these words: 'Although I am sorry that he is so *oldened*, stricken (as he says) with a mortal malady, and so, to all appearance, to remain but a short time in his body, I am awed with the sight, and touch, (intercourse?) of this singular man. And yet he is so modest, so simple, so tender, so ineffably excellent, that all his wealth and vast learning are as nothing to his holy life and Christian conversation. To have such a man in Spain is a great marvel. And to me to enjoy his kindness for these twenty-three years, I think an inestimable privilege, for which I must be ever thankful, and responsible to the end of my account.' I seem to read in these words the love that Valdés explains; that—beyond the affection of common brotherhood, which he compares to Twinship, the tenderest affection of a Twinship of Faith in Christ. How beautiful it is even now, and

in Spain, to see a living illustration of Valdés' sentiment! and to think that the sentiment of his works has had its influence in producing it."

The illness of Don Luis, and its probably fatal termination, now colours with sadness the correspondence.

". . . I told thee of the two serious hæmorrhages that Luis has had from the lungs. . . . Under these circumstances, and with the prospect of the approaching end of all things human, his heart is at rest, and his mind tranquil, and I have trust that the Prophet's words will be realized to him: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' In this, I have much hope for him; for myself, I am very, very sad and depressed with the thought of the end, and the things dependent on it; we know not, however, when, and it may possibly be some time yet. Indeed, some have lived for years after such symptoms. 'Hope springs immortal in the human breast,' and the actual future of life is hidden from us."

Don Luis died on the 17th August, 1865; he had worked in secret for the cause of Christ in his beloved country, and just as the Sun of Gospel Liberty was about to rise there, he departed for the Blessed Country, where there is "no night" at all. Mr. Wiffen writes: "My eyes fill with tears whilst I write, and my heart feels as though it has an arrow in it. My strength and my faith seem to melt in the heat—not indeed for him, but for myself. If I had better learned the lessons of his example, I should be less unmanned



than I feel I am. His pleasant and instructive Friendship for twenty-five years, has been the charm of my life. It softened, almost sweetened, my constitutional melancholy ; in all depressions of spirit, there were a pleasant friend and pleasant subjects to turn to that always answered with kind good will. He completed his Literary Works with his 'Isaiah,' and the twentieth volume of the 'Reformistas,' and with him all our work seems ended."

The character of Don Luis, is a refreshing instance of greatness and simplicity, associated together and maintained, rather than displayed, through a consistent life.

Mr. Wiffen again writes :—"A pious writer has said, 'The soul partakes of the constitutional nature of the body ; he who is languid in a state of nature is languid in a state of grace,' and I find it so : in vain we give the body food, unless it has the power of digesting and assimilating the nourishment ; so, too, unless the soul has its appetite and forces in a healthy state, it cannot take and apply its desired consolations. Age, which weakens the natural part, ought to ripen in proportion the inner life of the Christian, and it does ripen it. It makes it mellow, indeed, but does not toughen it, so to speak, against the shocks of this present life. A Christian may lawfully feel sorrow at his trouble, but he should not, as Valdés would say, resent it—*i.e.*, *continue* to feel sorrow—for that is to reject the dispensations of the Almighty, for they ought to be accepted with alacrity, of whatever kind

they be. I would wish to do so even in this trial, but the waters of the heart repeatedly rise up into the eyes.

"Fernando de Brunet, after his death, writes me this concerning him: 'He is gone, but his works remain; his mouth spoke as his pen wrote, for his speech was as fluent, sweet, and Christian as his writings: in fact, he was a living book. His mouth is silent, his works finished. Our loss is heavy; it is not our own only, it is an irreparable national loss.' Another correspondent describes him thus: 'During the long period of our acquaintance I had occasion to observe his diligence and solicitude to instruct himself, his singular mode of thought, and view of things, his passion for truthfulness and the extirpation of abuses, which he did not live to see corrected, his modest conduct in his elevated position in life, and his beautiful inclination to favour the necessitous. These marks of true Virtue ought to dwell in our grateful remembrance.'"

In the preface, to the English edition of the "CX. Considerations," Mr. W. says of Don "Luis, that he was by birth a gentleman, and a person of sound and exact learning, of great simplicity and modesty, of genuine truthfulness, both in his life and in his writings. He loved his country, lamented its historical decline, and disinterestedly sought its highest welfare. With the exception of two, the twenty Volumes of the 'Reformistas,' besides other writings not included in the series, were edited by his own

labour during twenty-five years, and with the exception of a single small volume, they were printed entirely at his sole cost and charge, without connection with any society or association, religious or literary; and one private friend alone aided him to procure the recondite materials." \*

"1st mo. 13, 1864.

"I am obliged by thy letter with the information about Gongora [Luis]. I wished to know, because I shall have occasion to write to Archdeacon Churton by-and-by. Gongora, has suffered the usual lot of lyrical poets, which are always too much imitated, and have those points that may be graceful and natural in themselves—*i.e.*, an artificial kind of nature, rendered by their admirers into views of style, because wholly artificial. There is much that is pleasing in Shenstone's Ballads, and the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' in themselves; but oh! the imitations of them. I suppose it has been so with Gongora. I think you have D. E. de Vedia's Translation of Gray's Elegy. I send the enclosed notice of his death, (De Vedia's,) to be inserted in it. I much respected him."

"5th mo. 5, 1866.

"I am obliged by thy letter. I had wished to know who my 'Saturday Reviewer,' was. The opinion of it expressed to thee, is quite correct; and it is not unsatisfactory to understand, that the Work deserves

\* Preface, ii.

more appreciation than it gets. The world will not find itself deceived by what is offered to it, as it often does. Besides, I think no truly good book, like no truly good man, finds its value in its own immediate age. Personally, my best hopes are set on the Future, and so they are for the book. I should like, if thou canst find time to read it leisurely, for thee to do so, and note down, and *tell* me, where there are any errors or want of clearness in the style, or want of *nice* connection in the paragraphs, etc. I know that a reviewer must read as he runs, and I wish to make the style clear even to him. I received a polite acknowledgment from Dr. Farrar, for the present of the volume. He knew by book something about the Huntingdonshire family, yet is not connected with it. I have the notices of Valdés in the *Baptist Magazine*, *Saturday Review*, *Evangelical Magazine*, *British Quarterly*, *Spurgeon's Magazine*, and briefly in the *Athenæum*, which I have not yet seen. The weather here, has had the breath of winter, with the face of summer, and wrings all our nerves, smiting and pinching. I have endured the changes as well or better than others.

“ I have been very much—I may say, day and night, occupied not only with the *common* ills of the body, but with an overwhelming sense of fear and responsibility ; without power to lift a hand to avert it, and without the Christian's reliance on God to carry me through it. How often have I sighed, in the sense, and sometimes in the words, of Job (ch. vi. ver. 8-13),

‘Oh that I might have my request, and that God might hasten my expected end!’

“ . . . . When the finger of the Almighty touches me, oh, how little faith I find I have! Hence I do right not to *talk much* about Christian or religious things to others, as though I had already attained something in them.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SUMMARY AND CLOSE OF LIFE.

"I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh."

H. K. WHITE.

**J**AMES HURNARD, a Colchester "Friend," who about this time paid a long visit to Mr. Wiffen, and kindly acted as his amanuensis, describes his host in lines which, though quaint, are not inapt to our present purpose :—

"I tried the ocean shore, I tried the city,  
And then I tried the charms of rural life,  
The guest of Wiffen, in his pleasant cottage  
O'erlooking Woburn's noble ducal park.  
The only man of letters in my lifetime  
Who deemed me worth his notice and regard,  
And sought me out in my obscurity ;  
A total stranger, patted me on the back,  
Cheered me with praise, and offered me his friendship ;  
A heart-warm kindness never to be forgotten.  
Profoundly learned in the history  
Of the great Protestant movement in old Spain,  
Three hundred years ago, which was stamped out  
By the dread office of the Inquisition.  
He brought to light their interdicted writers,  
Juan de Valdés and his followers.

Printing again their works for modern use—  
Not least the ALFABETO CRISTIANO—  
Which Valdés wrote for Giulia Gonzaga.  
With the old Poet and philosopher  
I held delightful converse day by day,  
Roaming with him thro' Aspley's classic woods,  
Listening unconsciously to dying words ;  
Or by his fireside, from his own dictation,  
Penning each day his learned narrative,  
Snatching it, as it were, from the grave's mouth,  
For so he yielded to my warm request." \*

During a visit which I made to him at Aspley, at this time, I urged him to publish the facts which he had already collected, concerning his Christian heroes, and not to wait for greater fulness of information concerning all their works. He replied, that owing to the destruction effected at the time, when all expressions of Evangelical Truth were proscribed throughout Spain, the particulars of the sayings and doings, of these worthies, could only be discovered by slow careful research. He showed me numerous compartments made in his kind of *escri-toir* in his book-room, on each of which, was placed an honoured name, from the illustrious roll; and everything that came to hand concerning each, was here duly deposited, to be brought forth as soon as the process could be deemed to be reasonably complete. I still remonstrated, and pleaded, but he dismissed my entreaties with the remark, that I was too much accustomed to the imperfections of current

"The Setting Sun." A Poem in seven books. By James Hurnard. 1870.

life, of which so much was properly perishable, to pronounce concerning work that was to be enduring. The pigeon-holes, with their contents, are the origin of the instructive notices, appended to the writings of each Author, in the "*Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*,"\* the outcome of the enthusiasm, and efforts, of the Hermit of Aspley, or, as Don Luis styled him, "*El Solitario de Monte-grato*."

This was a work of great labour, and prosecuted with scrupulous accuracy. The result, is a Gallery of Portraits, of which any Nation might well be proud, autographs of men truly noble, learned, and heroic.

He declined very gradually in strength, during the winter of 1866-7. Friends would willingly have gathered around him, but he preferred seclusion, and at the end of March, 1867, the end came without observation. The obituary notice in the "*Annual Monitor*" for 1868, thus relates the closing scene:—"It seems to have been his wish that he might 'slip away unobserved.' And this was the case. He was gone before most of his relatives and friends knew that he was ill. He does not appear to have spoken much during his last illness; but what little he said, implied his firm trust in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour; and we believe that he has entered upon an eternal rest in Jesus. He peacefully departed

\* "*Bibliotheca Wiffeniana*," Spanish Reformers of two centuries, from 1520, their Lives and Writings, according to the late Benjamin B. Wiffen's plan, and with the use of his materials. Described by Ed. Boehmer, D.D., Ph.D., Ordinary Professor of the Romance Languages to the University of Strasburg. Trübner, 1874.



about six oclock, on the evening of Second day, the 18th of 3rd month, 1867." The Funeral took place in the Friends' Burial Ground at Woburn Sands, on the 24th March, 1867; there was a large presence of Friends, and neighbours in the little enclosure. For an account of this, we may refer the reader to a letter written by Mr. Theodore Harris, to Santiago Usoz y Rio, brother of Don Luis, published in Miss Wiffen's life.\*

The Burial Ground, although of late years more surrounded by roads and dwellings, and hard by the busy railway, has not lost its original character of isolation, and seclusion. The garden of a rustic cottage, surrounded, and well nigh covered, with flowers, (one end of which is the "Friends'" ancient, homely Meeting-house,) conducts to a green plot, occupied by a few solemn Fir trees of remarkable age, and growth. Hillocks of uniform size, and in even rows, express the incognito desired by the bulk of the occupants; a row of gravestones, all of one pattern, memorialise the Families of How, and Wiffen, and a few others. The solemn, homely, spot, amidst deep woods, and yet so near to great highways, is most impressive.

In a review of his Life, it is very noticeable, how his successive Friendships were arranged, to minister to his comfort, and usefulness.

In early life, the example, and stimulus, of his Brother, were absolutely needful to him to satisfy the

\* "Spanish Reformers," vol. i., p. 21.

needs of his soul, and counterwork the toil of his daily life; in mature years, the noble qualities, and large scholarship, of Don Luis, rendered the second stage of his life, one of rare importance; and in his declining years, the fraternal care, and warm practical sympathy, of his two friends at Pembury, were admirably suited to his need. Each in turn, served to draw out his mind, direct his efforts, and console his heart. Mrs. Betts, writes, "I should like to describe the close friendship, and profitable intercourse, of the five years, during which I acted as Mr. Wiffen's amanuensis. Our friendship, beginning when on a visit to us at Hastings, in 1864, supplied me with quiet work, and a new impulse to live, at a time when deprived of the power for activity in other forms. His mind was so clear, we seemed never to have to alter a word; and the whole scheme of Juan de Valdés' life, was so vividly seen by him mentally, that its arrangement had simply to be carried out in writing. As he worked, my husband translated bits from Latin, Italian, or Spanish, especially from Don Luis' notes to Valdés' "CX. Considerations," which Mr. Wiffen, wished to introduce into the work. He was intensely industrious, and yet worked with a frame which always seemed worn, and weary. He would sometimes walk so fast, that we called aloud to him to know why he was thus rushing along. 'I suppose,' he would reply, 'because I wish it over, and to rest.' He used to say, he could not understand women leaving the 'Society of Friends,' for they were the

only people who assigned to her the highest position, as equal with man in ministry. He had a most exalted idea of the true female Christian character, hence his almost romantic worship of Giulia Gonzaga.

He was a lover of nature, but he rested not in observation; he allied all that he saw, with the Unseen, the end, and design, of human life, and of society; he dwelt on its poetical, and not scientific aspect; he connected landscape with the moral purpose and goodness of God, and the duty and happiness of man.

His constant advice was, "Cultivate quiet communion," "Make haste slowly." He had an acute discernment of character, knew so well what was mere physical defect, and what was moral or religious. Morbid states of the mind, he was especially alive to, and urged that bodily labour, and fresh air, would not fail to afford a panacea.

Mr. Wiffen concentrated all his efforts, on the one pursuit, to which he gave his affection, the result has helped to redeem our Age from the charge of superficiality in Literature, sometimes brought against it. In these hurrying days, it is indeed refreshing, to contemplate the example of one, who, by withdrawing from general society, and exploring his own chosen field, made permanent addition to the world's stock, of intellectual, and spiritual wealth.

One of his sisters, Priscilla, married the Poet, Alaric A. Watts, who won her heart whilst visiting her native town. Love prevailed, ending in a marriage,

against the views of her family, because opposed to the practice of the "Society of Friends."

Mrs. Watts, was herself a sweet Poetess, and worked with her husband, writing pieces which have survived the popularity of the "Annals," in which they appeared, and have become perennial. Her son Alfred, married Anna Mary Howitt, the gifted and charming Authoress of "Art Life in Munich," and the eldest daughter of William, and Mary Howitt.

Mr. Wiffen's unmarried sister, Sophia, lived with him until the year 1864; her death is alluded to by Ticknor, the celebrated American author, in one of his letters just published in "The Life and Correspondence."

Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, his Brother, left three daughters, the eldest of whom, Ida, who died young, was a very accomplished scholar. The Friends' "Annual Monitor," contains a short account of her. Isaline, the writer of the Memoir, in "Bibliotheca Wiffeniana," lives to care for the youngest and most delicate of the sisters.

The hope of the writer is, that through the exposition of a life here attempted, some of the gentle, truthful, thoughtful influences of the original, will enrich posterity. The effect of a good example works in the dark, but sooner or later develops itself in light, and benefits the coming age.

Since Mr. Wiffen's death, the only literary discoveries to be added to his own, are those reported by Dr. Boehmer, of a "Commentary on St. Matthew,"

and fragments of a "Commentary on the Psalms," by Juan Valdés. These have been sent to Madrid for publication.

A poem written for the recent Centennial Commemoration at Ackworth School, thus gracefully alludes to the Brothers:—

"Also by Him who felt the powerful spell  
Of the Italian Muse, and bade her sing  
In our more rugged English ; while the Muse  
Of Christian History claimed his Brother's pen,  
And fired his spirit to recount the deeds  
Of Spain's Reformers."

# POEMS

BY

J. H. WIFFEN.



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## ODE TO MEDITATION.

" Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis,  
 Quà nulla humano fit via trita pede.  
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ  
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis."      TIBULLUS.

COME, Meditation, Heaven-born Power !  
 Seek with me the shady bower,  
 Where classic Science spreads her eagle wing ;  
 Or at mellow Music's shrine,  
 Sweep with the tuneful Nine,  
 Upborne on Fancy's car, the warbling lyre ;  
 While the fair Dryads join the festive choir,  
 And on the light toe, form the sportive ring.  
 But where conceal'd art Thou ?  
 On Appenina's head of snow,  
 'Mid storms of elemental war,  
 The mountain-torrent murmuring from afar ?  
 Or in some sylvan glade,  
 Where the Genius of the shade,  
 Warbles deep the Doric reed,  
 By some mossy fountain's side,  
 As the lonely moorhen sits,  
 Screaming o'er the sedgy tide ;  
 Or rid'st on the still clouds of starless night,  
 That roll in sullen gloom, impervious to the sight ?  
 Methinks beneath yon pile I see Thee lie,  
 Yon Gothic Abbey woos Thy wandering feet ;  
 O'er whose torn height, the screech owl's ivied seat,  
 The moon resplendent rides athwart the sky.  
 The sheeted dead, in Fancy's eye,  
 Stalk along the gloomy aisle ;  
 And melancholy heaves the sigh,  
 Bending o'er the sainted pile.

Low at the rifted column's base,  
 Ravenous Ruin holds his place ;  
 And giant Desolation from his bower,  
 Shakes the dismantled wall, and storms the tottering tower.

But leave the dim, monastic cells,  
 Where baleful superstition dwells ;  
 And seek Thy dripping cave,  
 Beside the curling wave.

Here, undisturbed, but by the murmuring gale,  
 That slowly wafts along the evening tide,  
 Thou sittest, thoughtful Maid, and by thy side,  
 Virtue and Truth thy vesper sighs inhale.  
 Here too, sweet Poesy, her mild head rears,  
 And scatters from her brow Parnassian bays ;  
 Her upraised arm grasps the Eolian lyre,  
 While soft she breathes her tuneful lays

In Thy attentive ear,

O Thou, the Maid, whose Heav'n-directing Power,  
 With gifted Truth inspired the Athenian Sage ! \*  
 He, nursed by Thee in Virtue's sacred bower,  
 Illumed the darkness of an erring age,  
 And piercing doubt with eagle eye,  
 Revealed the visions of Futurity.

O Meditation ! let me dwell  
 For ever in Thy halcyon cell,  
 Where by Thy heavenly Spirit led,  
 To hold high converse with the dead,  
 The hallowed tracks I may explore,  
 Which he, Thy loved Athenian, trod before.

1807.

---

#### LINES WRITTEN IN EPPING FOREST.

"Man loves the forest."—GISBOURNE.

HAIL, awful thickets ! dark umbrageous bowers,  
 Spangled with morning mist ! ye waning woods !  
 Where Nature, ever gay, spontaneous reigns

\* Socrates.

In wild luxuriance, throwing from her lap  
Ambrosial fragrance in the humid air.  
To you I flee ; your deep embowering shades  
Invite my wandering steps. Each bushy glade  
Teems with new life, as the light sunbeams float  
Across the shade, rousing the timid deer,  
From their green bed ; while on the whispering breeze,  
The distant sheep-bell swells its warning sounds.  
Yon broom-clad vale spreads forth a waste of flowers,  
Sprinkling the mossy bank ; the primrose pale  
Expands its modest head, and violet tinged  
With deepest purple ; and concealed beneath  
The briery copse, the lily of the vale  
Its peerless head upraises ; cowslips fair  
Wave to the passing gale, and every bush  
Echoes with melody : thus balmy morn  
Quick passes, and the sun on high, serene,  
Darts with his rays, pierces the forest gloom,  
And beams a brighter lustre ; the gay fly  
In beauty's tints arrayed, sips every sweet,  
And in his smile rejoices ; till the hand  
Of some rude stripling robs it of its charms,  
And then to death consigns it. Now no sound  
Disturbs the peaceful quiet of the grove,  
Save the low murmurs of the shady trees  
That rustle o'er my head, as 'neath reclined,  
I view their mossy trunks, incrustated o'er  
By mouldering time ; where myriad insects lie  
Enwrap in embryo shade. The parting clouds  
Fly through the air, and show the orb of day  
Shrined in majestic splendour : how his rays  
Illume yon tower,\* dim-twinkling through the glade !  
There from its ivied bosom screams the stare,  
The wild bee murmurs, and the hooting owl  
Seeks a still deeper shade. What scenes appear  
Amid the landscape ! here dark woods ascend,  
Skirting the green hill's side, and half concealed

\* Epping Church.

By the grey mists that e'er amusive play  
 Around its tufted summit : there o'erhung  
 By arching shade, rich vales and meads extend,  
 Till in the sky the widespread prospect fades.

Still the sun rages ; still direct he shakes  
 Th' effulgent glory from his burnished throne.—  
 Now let me leave the forest's skirts, and plunge  
 Deep in sequestered gloom, where frowning oaks  
 Fling their black shade across the narrow vale.  
 Here let me wander, rapt in thought profound,  
 Till sober eve her dusky mantle spreads,  
 Dim o'er the fading landscape : till the moon  
 Ascends her silver car, and casts o'er all  
 A languid gleam. . . . .

1807.

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TO MISS M. RAFFLES.—ÆTAT. III.

## I.

MARY, the flow of youth is in thy veins,  
 The roses of thy infancy are bright  
 And beautiful as Spring's, when from the chains  
 Of winter bursting, she enthral's the sight.  
 Loveliness beams around thee,—a delight  
 Haunts thee as thine own essence—and a charm  
 Dwells in those eyes of circumfusing light,  
 Radiant as suns, when skies are blue and warm,  
 When vanished are the clouds, and far off rolls the storm.

## II.

Thy heart is as Heaven's temple, when of thoughts  
 That cast o'er life their image, there is none  
 But brings thee a new glory from the grots  
 Of Fancy, than the dreams of Helicon  
 More pure and more enchanting. Thou, like one

Of the Celestial Shapes who come and go  
 On angel messages, dost rest upon  
 Our love—with spirit spotless as the snow  
 Which swathes the' air-piercing Alps, too bright to dwell below.

## III.

And but to hear the music of thy lips  
 Framing to speech thy soul's imaginings,—  
 To see thy smile, like light o'er an eclipse,  
 Illumining thy face,—to touch the strings,  
 The pulse of thy delights, when on the wings  
 Of buoyant hope, though with diminutive feet,  
 Thy soul to meet my gratulation springs ;—  
 Oh, this were bliss to me, more bright and sweet  
 Than seems that glowing line where suns with oceans meet.

## IV.

But thou to me art but a heavenly Star,  
 Which yet the seaman views not o'er the main,  
 Shed its white lustre—lovely, but afar,  
 An unfelt joy in an expanse of pain,  
 Shrinéd in thine own solitude—my strain  
 Though absent, would speak to thee through the veil  
 Which separates loved existences. 'Tis vain :  
 The curtains of thy mind—they are not frail ;  
 I can but breathe a sigh, and bid thy spirit hail.

## V.

I can but bid thee hail to this our earth,  
 The blessed Saviour welcomed forms like thee ;  
 Thou art the shadow of a purer birth,  
 A type of the inborn Divinity,  
 Glassed in whose everlasting face, we see  
 Things as they are not unto others. Blest  
 In this thy pilgrim's sojourn mayest thou be,  
 And Heaven's all-tranquil haven be thy quest,  
 In Jesus to repose, and lie in Abraham's breast.  
*8th month, 1st, 1817.*

## TO A LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE.

## I.

WHEN first the changing moon begins,  
Nightly to tread her azure path,  
Through clouds her struggling way she wins,  
And tempests compass her in wrath ;  
But soon she casts the veil away,  
And shines with full, unclouded ray.

## II.

When first the summer rose prepares  
To burst her buds and charm the eye,  
A thousand tears of dew she wears,  
To glad or grieve the passer-by ;  
But soon she flings those tears aside,  
And spreads her fragrance far and wide.

## III.

When on her annual course, young Spring  
Flies like the Dove of Noah forth,  
The news of joy and peace to bring,  
Dark Winter wakes the slumbering north,  
To spoil her golden flowers, soon fled,—  
Suns shine, and zephyrs breathe instead.

## IV.

So if perchance, unheeded tears,  
As at the altar late you stood,  
Or tremulous sighs, and virgin fears,  
Disturbed your soul's beatitude,  
Like clouds before the orbéd moon,  
They melted into gladness soon.

## V.

And in your young rejoicing eyes,  
Delight's impassioned rainbow shone,  
Lovelier than e'er in summer's skies  
Was borrowed from her idol sun ;  
Since to your long, long wish was given  
The daystar of your future heaven.

VI.

Bright may that star of pleasure be  
 Before you ; in its daily rise  
 Awaking on life's shifting sea,  
 The long-lost light of Paradise ;  
 And blending every ray that binds  
 In harmony consenting minds.

VII.

Gliding with glassy foot, the surge  
 Shall waft you to your blissful rest ;  
 Your little vessel gently urge  
 To the calm islands of the blest,  
 Where dwell the Great, the Good, the Sage,  
 Of every clime, of every age.

VIII.

How will your heart exult to see  
 Each virtuous name of ancient story!  
 There myrtle-crowned Penelope  
 With loved Ulysses walks in glory,  
 Like the twin stars whose gladdening light  
 Spangles the embroidered veil of night.

IX.

There Portia, with her Roman lord,  
 Him who his country's chains would sever  
 All nobly with his potent sword,  
 Dwells charactered in light for ever,  
 Fearing, on that untroubled shore,  
 The tyrant and his chain no more.

X.

There Arria, who serenely stern,  
 Thy yielding heart, O Pætus, steeled,  
 When pride and valour ceased to burn,  
 Triumphant o'er th' Elysian field  
 Wanders, and with him shares the bliss  
 Of that pure world—denied in this.



## XI.

Then she who, on her icy shore,  
For years bewailed her Ajut, whom  
The swift and eddying river bore  
Away to meet his fatal doom ;  
Clasps him again to her fond heart,  
No more to weep, no more to part.

## XII.

There she, whom Milton's fancy wooed  
In slumber, whose angelic grace  
The enthusiast of the lyre pursued  
To her Italian dwelling-place,  
Mocks him no more, but to his strings  
A seraph in concordance sings.

## XIII.

And there, whilst angel hands aspire  
The amaranth round their brows to twine,  
Listening her Surrey's golden lyre,  
Entranced sits lovely Geraldine,  
Fair mute, unknowing to express  
Her sainted spirit's blessedness.

## XIV.

There, too, if e'er my driving sail  
Anchors those Eden isles among,  
You and your consort may I hail,  
For ever happy, ever young ;  
Compassed by bards who love to swell  
Your loved Montgomery's holy shell.

## XV.

But oh, what angel form, what fair,  
My wingéd hours shall stoop to bless ?  
Methinks; if unaccompanied there,  
Eden will be a wilderness;  
But if to me such love were given,  
Earth's very wilderness were Heaven !

TO A LADY, WITH A SPRIG OF CYPRESS.

I.

O LADY ! wear this Wreath for me,  
Though gathered from the Cypress-tree ;  
The Rose's bud would grace your bloom,  
More sweet the Lily shed perfume.  
The Myrtle on your breast or brow,  
Would lively hope and love avow ;  
The Heath-flower with its azure bell,  
Your modest worth and virtues tell ;  
But ill such emblems were designed,  
To mark devotedness of mind :  
Then, Lady, wear this Wreath for me,  
Though gathered from the Cypress-tree.

II.

The Roses, though in beauty born,  
Are circled by the searching thorn ;  
Their fragrant leaves, ere summer's done,  
On earth fall faded, one by one ;  
And suns and tempests may bereave  
The Lily of its sweets ere eve ;  
The Heathbell and the Myrtle flower  
Will wither in noon's sultry hour ;  
Alone in sunshine, storm, and snows,  
Unchangeably the Cypress grows ;  
Then, Lady, wear this Wreath for me,  
Fresh gathered from the Cypress-tree.

III.

O'er ruined shrines and silent tombs  
The weeping Cypress spreads its glooms,  
In immortality of woe,  
Whilst other shrubs in gladness blow,  
And fling upon the passing wind  
Their liberal treasures unconfined ;

And well its dark and drooping leaf  
 May image forth the gloom and grief,  
 Which, when we parted, gave reply  
 From heaving heart and dewy eye ;  
 Then, Lady, wear this Wreath for me,  
 Plucked from the faithful Cypress-tree.

## IV.

Unchallenged, let the Warrior wear  
 The Laurel in his gleaming hair,  
 Deceit the Monkshood : Pity, dear,  
 The Primrose, wet with morning's tear ;  
 On Pride's emblazoned forehead tower  
 The Tulip or the Poppy flower ;  
 Timidity, of all afraid,  
 Her wreath of the Mimosa braid ;  
 But ill their garlands would become  
 Fair Friendship in her martyrdom  
 Of joy : then, Lady, wear for me  
 The droopings of the Cypress-tree.

## V.

Time was that, in the mutual flow  
 Of joy, our spirits learned to glow ;  
 When all too soon the golden day  
 In eve's oblivion died away ;  
 When morning but more closely drew  
 Our ties of life and feeling too ;  
 And time perchance shall blend again  
 Our tide of pleasure, or of pain ;  
 Till then, for like the Cypress leaf,  
 In absence, peril, joy, and grief,  
 Affection blooms eternally,—  
 Wear, Lady ! wear this Wreath for me !

*February 18th, 1818.*

ON RECEIVING AN AUTOGRAPH POEM BY HENRY  
KIRKE WHITE, FROM HIS SISTER.

## I.

THE years which o'er the relics pass  
Of one for ever fled,  
But deepen in reflection's glass  
The expressive lights they shed ;  
Of dear departed days they tell,  
Still whisper they a fond farewell  
When all beside is dead ;  
Ev'n from the dead they rise, they speak,  
What to pourtray, all words are weak.

## II.

But fancy images the tale,  
And chronicles in light  
Those features, which destruction's veil  
Has long removed from sight ;  
And thus where Henry's hand has been,  
Some spirit tears away the screen,  
Which wraps thy form in night ;  
And thou, in thought, awak'st to gaze  
Upon the rites a stranger pays.

## III.

As once I bent above thy tomb,  
And thought upon the brow  
Which sickness wrapt in early gloom,  
So bend I to thee now :  
Beside the dim communion-rail  
I knelt amid the twilight pale,  
In secret to avow—  
By fond affection's silent tear,  
And sigh, that thou indeed wert dear.

## IV.

If then my footstep echoed not  
Upon the sullen ground,  
If then the arches of the spot  
Gave back no sorrowing sound,

It was not coldness—was not wrong—  
To jealous grief there does belong  
A stillness so profound,  
No uttered tones it will employ,  
They are too much allied to joy.

## V.

I could but with a holy awe  
Thy stone in sorrow steep,  
And view, without a wish to draw,  
The curtains of thy sleep ;  
I would not wish thee to return  
To new existence from thy urn,  
Though we should cease to weep :  
So gloriously thy being ran,  
The Angel triumphed o'er the man.

## VI.

It seemed whilst o'er thy life I bent,  
That then I knew thee well,  
And since so newly shrined a saint,  
For love I sought thy cell ;  
That whilst I saw thee rise to bliss,  
The mantle of thy pensiveness  
Upon my spirit fell ;—  
Oh then, young Lover of the Lyre !  
Oh for thy steeds and car of fire !

## VII.

But though far vanished into Heaven,  
Enough remains behind  
Of thy sweet influences to leaven  
Our gloominess of mind.  
The vigils which thy heart has kept,  
The holy harp which thou hast swept  
Till music filled the wind,  
And thousand happy souls adored  
The stir of each Elysian chord.

## VIII.

These to the many ; and to me  
One melancholy leaf,  
Traced by thy viewless hand, shall be  
My comforter in grief.  
If thou who mov'st in glory now,  
To Marah's bitter wave couldst bow,  
My woes may be as brief ;  
And boughs rent by thy sister's arm  
May turn the wormwood into balm !

1822.

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TO DR. JOSEPH THACKERAY.

THACKERAY ! whose heart and hand are evermore  
Engaged in offices of pure good-will  
To man, most blest when most like some sweet rill,  
Unseen, thy generous sympathies run o'er  
In undiscovered bounties, by thy store  
Of classical endowments ; by thy proud  
Supremacy in Science o'er the crowd  
That round her altars throng the hallowed floor,  
Believe me, with glad heart would I salute  
Thy thrice-beloved Penates, and the glass  
Of gaiety pass round with festal glee ;  
But that a tribe of duties here dispute  
My path to wished indulgence, and, alas !  
Their voice must be obeyed, in wrong to thee.

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ON PLANTING A SLIP FROM MILTON'S MULBERRY  
TREE IN THE GARDENS AT WOBURN ABBEY.

PRESENTED BY DR. THACKERAY, OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE Mulberry mourns in its changed hue the doom  
Of love-lamented Thisbe, and the fond  
Stripling she ruined ; but a charm beyond  
That elder story henceforth shall allume

The song which chaunts its praise—for in the bloom  
 Of life celestial, Milton from the throng  
 Of verdurous sylvans chose it to prolong  
 His memory here—he slumbers in the tomb,  
 But this is yet unfading. Chose he not  
 Thy frame, dark Tree, to shadow forth his woe  
 For those Diviner Lovers whom his verse  
 Wept for, cast forth from Eden—the dire blot  
 Makes us yet weep—but all sweet leaves below,  
 And holiest blossoms, sanctify his hearse.

1824.

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### TO MY FRIENDS.

“That joy was always dearest to my soul,  
 Which had a touch of grief.”

## I.

WE are met, and on my spirit press  
 Delights long lost, forgotten long,  
 The thrilling smile, the kind caress,  
 And lettered talk and social song.

## II.

Come ! send Wit's silver slipper round,  
 And give enjoyment chase ; tho' men  
 We'll deem ourselves on Childhood's ground,  
 And taste its fairy sports again.

## III.

But what, when all is done ? Time's waves  
 Will sweep me like the seaweed back  
 To drift again, in Memory's caves  
 O'er Sorrow's lone and blighted track.

## IV.

Then silent let us sit, and sigh  
 Like Mourners at a funeral feast ;  
 O, what has bliss to do but die,  
 When Hope, Love's sister, lies deceased !

10 mo. 10, 1824.

THE INQUISITION OF THE YEAR.\*

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."  
PSALM xix. 2.

I.

GONE is another year !  
And on the brow severe  
Of chill November the funereal yew,  
Holly and lauristine,  
And ivy, whose sad vine  
Loves the lorn ruin, wreathe a green adieu  
To the sweet hours of Autumn, and the play  
Of jocund feeling passed, like leaves, to swift decay.

II.

What makes me sad ? the swell  
Of that lone Curfew Bell  
Heard in the lapses of the moaning wind,  
Tolling with voice profound  
Of darkness gathering round,  
Or, it may be, of Death with woe combined ?  
No ! I have loved, long loved to hear its dirge  
Ring through these sable Pines, across the weltering surge.

III.

What makes me sad ? the rain  
Beating the wintry pane,  
Murmuring of peace, and flowers, and sunshine fled ?  
No ! for my lamp is lit,  
And the bright page of Wit,  
History, and Song before my mind is spread,  
And passing well its minute echoes chime  
With the light laugh of wit, the gay romance of rhyme.

IV.

No ! tis the serious Scroll,  
These speeding hours unroll  
To the clear view of busy Conscience prest

\*. An introductory Poem for the twelfth Volume of "Time's Telescope."



To look with glance austere  
 Through the departed Year,  
 On the past thoughts and passions of my breast !  
 What we have done, what toiled for, since the knoll  
 Of the last Christmas Bell sent sweetness to the soul.

## V.

What have we toiled for? Fame?  
 The echo of a name,  
 To be forgot with easy unconcern,  
 When the quick flame, whose ray  
 Illumes our thinking clay,  
 Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn,  
 No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh  
 At Woman's flattering voice, or Man's ascetic eye !

## VI.

Power ? Riches ? see we not  
 Rank's gilded sceptres rot,  
 Like the churl's staff, and the delusive gleam  
 Of gold melt off and leave  
 The soul it would deceive,  
 Dark and alarmed, as in a feverish dream,  
 We sometimes feel ourselves, till on her rack  
 Fancy can bear no more, but shrieks the vision back ?

## VII.

Or have we placed our pride  
 In a fair false outside,  
 Masking our better thoughts lest they should be  
 Obnoxious to the throng  
 With whom we sport along,  
 More like the simple fly than noble bee,  
 Whose golden toils endure? Why should we joy  
 In what the first rude breath of sickness will destroy ?

## VIII.

Mark but that fleeting thing,  
 The thistle's down, whose wing,  
 Whirled by the light breeze, fluctuates here and there ;

Now on the wave, the hill,  
The house-top—never still,  
But in each eddy of the vagrant air  
Circling abrupt ! Are we, who have our birth  
From heaven, for ever thus to make a toy of earth ?

## IX.

Alas ! if so we tread  
This dwelling of the dead !  
This globe, whose dust is peopled with the spoils  
Of twice two thousand years !  
Some serious thoughts and tears  
Rise at the image, and Reflection coils  
Into a little ring, to make what one  
More year may make of us, ere half its course be run.

## X.

Alas ! if so we waste  
The springs of Duty, graced  
As they have been, and are, with such a flow  
Of innocent delight.  
When wrong would yield to right,  
Should we then spurn the inward dictate ? No !  
Duties, like wayside flowers, but grow to do  
The freeborn gatherer good, and cure the ills we rue.

## XI.

Flow forth then—let me weep  
That I have lulled asleep  
So many glorious promptings, such desires  
After Immortal things.  
Some Seraph with spread wings,  
Fluttering from Eden, sure my soul inspires  
Henceforth to strike with zeal the tempter down.  
He best may brook the Cross, whose eye regards the  
Crown !

## XII.

What is the unceasing roll  
Of Years to him whose soul  
Looks back rejoicing on a life well spent,

And forward with the trust,  
 That when his mortal dust  
 Blends with the disregarded element  
 Of air or earth, itself shall reach a Clime  
 That mocks at once the scythe and Telescope of Time?

## XIII.

Haste, then, stern Charioteer  
 Of Earth ! though in thy rear  
 The wreck of human schemes and hopes lie strewn,  
 Temples, and towers, and thrones,  
 And melancholy bones  
 Of generations dead, and sceptres hewn  
 To odious dust,—before thee, Faith and Joy,  
 Wait, with uplifted arm, thy triumphs to destroy.

## XIV.

But Thou, at whose right hand  
 The hours obedient stand :  
 Ancient of Days ! to gentle mercy won,  
 Send down thy blameless Dove,  
 To fill us with Thy Love.  
 Breathe in our breasts the Spirit of Thy Son !  
 For without this, the Year will leave again  
 Relics alone of guilt, and mournfulness, and pain !  
*Woburn Abbey, 1824.*

TO MARY AND HANNAH, ON LEAVING THEIR  
 GARDEN.

## I.

LET us away ! the grot, the bower  
 Have lost their former power to please ;  
 A tear-drop hangs on every flower,  
 A gloom on all the fading trees.

## II.

It is not that decay alone  
 Is busy with the flower and leaf,  
 But moss invades the mouldering stone,  
 The breeze's sighs are those of grief,

## III.

And the sweet rose that pines to death  
Upon its lorn untended stalk,  
Spreads sadness in its very breath  
Of fragrance o'er the cold damp walk.

## IV.

It was not thus, belovéd Maids,  
When hither first I strayed with you ;  
Then beauty clad the greenwood shades,  
And heaven's calm vault was bright and blue.

## V.

Then every living thing was gay,  
Then music thrilled from brake and bough.  
Alas ! the Memory of that day  
Is like the lonely garden now !

## VI.

It comes back on my soul, to make  
The scene yet drearier than before,  
And calmness only for your sake  
Keeps feeling's springs from gushing o'er.

## VII.

But let them flow—what can I do ?  
Despair and I have long been brothers ;  
Rather, I'd rather weep with you—  
Yes, weep with you—than smile with others !

## VIII.

At such a time perchance as this,  
With tears of tenderness and truth,  
Did pensive Orpah stoop to kiss  
The sweet cheek of her sister Ruth,—

## IX.

Ere yet she left their father's land,  
Their happy and familiar home,  
At strong Devotion's mild command,  
In loveless solitudes to roam.

## X.

She went—was blessed! so may, so shall,  
It be with You, where'er you rove ;  
The spoiler has not rifled all  
Your garden, whilst it leaves you Love.

## XI.

Whilst heart to heart, whilst tear to tear,  
Whilst smile to radiant smile replies,  
Your home is in your own fond sphere  
Of loving looks and answering eyes.

## XII.

Then leave the weeds o'er bower and grot  
To darkly trail without control ;  
What care we, so they cumber not  
The lovelier blossoms of the soul

## XIII.

Like myrtles live, whose leaves replete  
With strength, when crushed more fragrant grow.  
No sacrifice to Heaven so sweet  
As that which Duty wrings from Woe!

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FAREWELL.

## I.

YES, we must go ; must leave behind each steep and greenwood  
shade,  
Where oft our youthful steps have roved, our infant feet have  
played ;  
The garden which we loved to tend, the flowers we loved to rear,  
And, more than all, the hearts and eyes that made our fireside  
dear.

## II.

'Tis grief in Childhood's joyous hours to leave the cherished  
scene,  
Where the sought primrose freshest blows, the rosebud grows  
most green ;

'Tis grief to leave the endearing smile on which we oft have hung,  
And change for others the sweet sounds of each familiar tongue.

## III.

But hours pass by, new springs come on, the primroses expand;  
We crop the rose, it smells as sweet as in that happier land;  
Each smile we see, each voice we hear, to us have all the truth,  
Erewhile of those we loved so much; it is not so with youth.

## IV.

It is not so, it ne'er can be, when what we leave behind  
Has with our whole existence long, long years been intertwined;  
Endeared by Joy, by Memory much, and much by Hope, but O!  
Far more than all by buried Love, and Love's twin-sister, Woe.

## V.

The sun can never rise so bright, the evening fall so still  
To us, as on the caverned brow of our grey Castle hill;  
Nor can the passing flower we cull, to us have half the scent  
Elsewhere, as in sweet Clifton Grove, beside the murmuring  
Trent.

## VI.

Smile on as heretofore, brave hill! glide on, romantic stream!  
To us you soon will be but as some wild bewildering dream;  
The thrush will still your precincts haunt, and still St. Mary's  
bell  
Ring round, but marked by other ears; to us farewell, farewell!

## VII.

We would not you should lose one note of joy, though we be fled,  
As pleasant be the bowers you pace, the paths we used to tread!  
We would not sadness should creep round, what used to charm  
us so,  
Save a few tears in some fond eyes, for whom our own will flow.

## VIII.

But sigh not so, dear, sigh not so, 'twill soon be past; the seal  
Of silent change is stamped on all, we witness, mourn, and feel;

So has it been since first the tear stained Eve's pale cheek ; so  
will  
It be, till every heart is hushed, and every voice is still.

## IX.

Life has some blessings still in reach, perchance some joys in  
store,  
But thinking on the past may well make grief's checked tide  
flow o'er.  
O Morn, for ever to be loved ! O Noon, to be deplored !  
The leaf that shaded us is sere, the worm is in our gourd !

## X.

Less bitter sure those waters were, which Israel bowed to taste  
At Marah, in the hideous depth of wild Arabia's waste,  
Than those which night and day we two, have drunk without the  
stem,  
The bough by Moses rent, which made the wormwood sweet for  
them.

## XI.

Before us wide the Desert spreads ; come, Dearest, hand in hand  
We'll journey on in Hope and Faith across its pathless sand,  
And when to some green spot we come, beside still fountains,  
there  
We'll kneel beneath the shadowy Palm, and 'say our evening  
Prayer.

## XII.

Come, ere the cloud collects and falls ; we soon perchance may  
find  
A refuge from the gathering rain, a shelter from the wind ;  
Some cleft within the steep rough rocks, where we may shun the  
blast,  
Till the dark Heaven again shines clear, the thunderstorm be  
past.

## XIII.

There at a distance from the strife of tongues we may respire,  
Chastise for Earth each sanguine hope, for Heaven sublime desire,  
And with the exercised Chaldee, learn gratefully to say,  
Blest be the Lord in what He gives, and what He takes away.

*Woburn Abbey, 11, 27, 1824.*

## TO A LADY IN AFFLICTION, WITH A ROSE.

## I.

THE sweetest flower that earth can nurse,  
 When it has bloomed a day,  
 Or flourished in some casual verse,  
 Like this must pass away.

## II.

But still the stem on which it grew  
 Survives through sun and shower,  
 To yield erewhile, when skies are blue,  
 As sweet and fresh a flower.

## III.

So is it with our joys below ;  
 Yet, fast though these depart,  
 The cup remains, ere long to show  
 Fresh flowers within its heart.

*Woburn, 9 mo. 17, 1825.*

## ODE.

ART Thou desponding? I will make a strain  
 Sprightly as Pan's, when with his reedy flute  
 He makes the mountain pines bow to the plain,  
 And charms the Oreads mute.

Art Thou delighted? I will take a tone  
 Of gentle woe, which makes delight more dear,  
 Like that which Philomel, when buds are blown,  
 Pours in Night's serious ear.

Art Thou solicitous? My song shall flow  
 Easy and voluble, as waves that wind  
 Down the green vale, and leave where'er they go  
 A track of light behind.



Whate'er thy mood, but speak ; Thou shalt be armed  
With airs to soothe, transport thee, or beguile,  
For both my heart and harp to thee are charmed  
By spell of thy sweet smile.

9 mo. 27, 1825.

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### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

#### I.

I WOULD my lyre was as it was  
In days of other years,  
Ere grief had dimmed the magic glass  
Of fancy with my tears.  
I would my passive soul had took  
No tint but of this virgin book,  
All white as it appears ;  
Then might I fitly hope to gain  
Forgiveness for the page I stain.

#### II.

But life's a strange bewildering stream,  
And 'tis not oft we find  
That following far our favourite dream  
Leaves no blank ebb behind.  
Renown or love, gold, titles, stars,  
Whate'er our chase, it deeply mars  
That music of the mind  
To which, when life was smiling yet,  
Its thousand stirring strings were set.

#### III.

But there the discord grows which turns  
Our gladness into gloom,  
And hearts, like rose-leaves cast in urns,  
Yield but a faint perfume.

I can restring the lyre no more,  
 I cannot to the flower restore  
     The beauty of its bloom.  
 My flower is gathered, and my Lyre  
 Is warm with no Celestial fire.

IV.

Yet when in twilight of the spring  
     The south wind freshly blows,  
 It sometimes wakes the tuneless strings,  
     And waves the withered rose,  
 Till both the flower and instrument  
 Give forth a music and a scent  
     Diviner from repose ;  
 Ev'n thus my spirit from its thrall  
 Awakes at thy love-chanting call.

V.

But, Mary, there's a sweeter voice,  
     A lovelier breeze abroad,  
 To bid the wilderness rejoice,  
     And tune the lifeless chord ;  
 It is the still small whisper heard  
 In the soul's solitude—the Word  
     And Spirit of the Lord,  
 Which as it vibrates round us brings  
 All Eden on its healing wings.

VI.

Come, Dove Divine, Immortal Breath  
     Of Mercy, make descent ;  
 Speak life to the dull earth in death,  
     And Peace to our lament.  
 Restring the broken cords ; chastise  
 To gladness the lost soul that lies  
     In misery unmeant ;  
 And for the blest Redeemer's sake,  
 Our living hearts Thy album make.

## THE ECHO OF ANTIQUITY.

## LINES WRITTEN IN YORK MINSTER.

"And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."—ISA. xxix. 4.

## I.

THE Sabbath of the year once more  
Is come : Toil sleeps on Plenty's breast ;  
His shout among the sheaves is o'er,  
And all on earth is joy and rest ;  
A golden light from east to west  
Reigns o'er the noontide world ; perfume  
Yet haunts the lingering rose, though weak,  
And yellow leaves all round me speak  
Of Winter's hasting gloom.

## II.

The Minster's melancholy bells  
Chime sweet—we'll pace the solemn pile ;  
Hark to the organ's glorious swells  
Through sweeping arch and columned aisle !  
Illumined Angels round me smile,  
And rich from tintured windows swim  
Hues such as those enchantment lends,  
Whilst loud from many a voice ascends  
The Hallelujah hymn.

## III.

PRAISE TO OUR GOD ! since Time had birth,  
Since Euphrates through Eden ran,  
Still has His bounty compassed earth,  
His pitying smile spoke peace to man ;  
Still, as of old, His rainbows span  
The storm—Truth quickens, guilt decays :  
Not always shall the curse of sin  
Cling to us—happier times begin :  
Praise to our God, sing praise !

## IV.

But not the organ's tuneful surge,  
Nor chanted hymn, though sweet they be,  
So melt my spirit as the dirge,  
Dear, pious Bird ! that flows from thee ;  
Who, in a sacred rivalry  
Of choir and instrument, dost make  
Thy mellow warblings heard above  
Their loudest peals, as though with love  
Thy little heart would break.\*

## V.

At thy blest call, remembrance starts  
From death, and, in bewildering train,  
The earliest joys that thrilled our hearts  
In Childhood's morn come round again ;  
When by the brook that through the glen  
Ran wild, we paced in happy quest  
Of Spring's first Primrose, and, beguiled  
By hallowed superstitions, smiled  
To view Thy crimson breast.

## VI.

Since then, what have not all sustained ?  
What guilt or toil, what loss or woe !  
Hopes wrecked, vows laughed at, feelings chained  
To ice, when tenderest in their flow,—  
Love, injury, hatred, scorn ! and O  
That flattery of the heart, when bloom  
Tints some beloved companion's cheek,  
With hues, which, whilst they charm, bespeak  
Sure union with the tomb.

## VII.

They're past, the hours when Pleasure threw  
Her nameless spell o'er slightest things ;

\* A Robin Redbreast that had found its way into the Minster, and sang during the Anthem.

The Primrose blows as then it blew,  
But where's the charm that made us kings  
When all was won ? O Time, thy stings  
Are like the serpent's ! whilst we tread  
Thy steps, and taste the fruit that woos,  
Grief's fatal sentence quick pursues,  
And strikes Illusion dead.

## VIII.

Our ancient Fathers, where are they ?  
And the blest Prophets, do they live  
For ever ? Pomp ! give ear, and say  
What answer the carved marbles give.  
The slumbering statues seem to heave  
With utterance—on the spacious walls  
The scutcheon shakes—responsive tones  
Rise from St. Wilfrid's hallowed bones,  
And Elfric waves his palls.

## IX.

Shriek not, but hearken ! " We have reigned  
On Earth, and are not ! " it is well ;  
Rest, hoary Elder, unprofaned,  
Within thy dark and narrow cell !  
What voice, grim Warrior to the spell  
Yield'st thou ; who once, in Palestine  
With Cœur-de-lion, or with Clare,  
Unfurled thy banners in the air,  
And kissed the Sacred Shrine ?

## X.

Speak, for thou hear'st ! " I lived, I loved,  
I fought, and am not ! " Sheathe thy sword,  
It is enough ; the Cross, that moved  
Thy fire and Luther's stands restored !  
What speech is thine, O Thou, the Adored  
Of all ! thy poets, did not they  
Vaunt thee immortal, and bribe Fame  
With thousand songs to keep thy name  
Triumphant o'er decay ?

## XI.

Speak, then, thy history ; unclose  
Once more thy ruby lips. I bend  
Above, and round thee strew the rose,  
Expectant, till thy voice ascend :  
"I charmed, and am not !" Heaven befriend  
Thy gentle shade ! 'tis sooth ! ev'n so,  
We for whose pleasure Nature showers  
Her autumn fruits and summer flowers,  
Like you, but come to go.

## XII.

On the same antique throne forlorn  
I sit, where British kings were crowned,  
And blow the huge old Saxon horn,  
Which Ulph himself in battle wound,—  
With which, his grey dogs barking round,  
He raised the wild wolf from his scour,  
And with his blue-eyed heroes quaffed  
In yellow mead a wassail-draught  
To Woden and to Thor.

## XIII.

Ages on ages have not marred  
The ivory tusk, the regal chair,  
But all is passed beside—the bard,  
Chief, maiden, king, where are they, where ?  
I weep not for them ; earth and air  
Will do for us what they have done  
With them. Sing on, thou lonely bird ;  
Our grateful songs shall yet be heard  
Above the shining sun !

## XIV.

Earth's aged aspects all may change,  
Shrines be destroyed, fanes weed-o'ergrown ;  
Customs and rites wax quaint and strange,  
And e'en our names no more be known ;  
What then ? the Sacrifice, foreshown

By thousand prophecies, has given  
 Just spirits access to the Light,  
 And, in the Book where Angels write  
 Just names, renown in Heaven !

## XV.

Then, though this earthly form decay  
 Like the sere leaf, as soon it must,  
 Not all that wits or sceptics say  
 Shall rob me of my brightest trust !  
 Time ! raise no marble o'er my dust,  
 To boast of virtues ne'er possessed ;  
 Enough for me, if I but so  
 Live now, as ages hence, to know  
 I Wept, Believed, and Rest !

*Woburn Abbey, 11, 12 mo., 1825.*

## “ I NEED NO MORE.”

## I.

MY soul is calm, my bosom bright  
 With sunshine such as ne'er till now  
 Rose to chase off the dreary night  
 That gathered round my moody brow,  
 Oh, long-loved tears ! oh, cheerful grief !  
 Oh, dear frequented glooms that wore  
 So sweet a guise ! your wild relief

I need no more.

## II.

No tuneful fiction of the brain  
 Wert thou to me, pale-eyed despair ;  
 So long I bent beneath thy chain,  
 Its weight and length seemed light to bear.  
 But now thine adamantine brace  
 Is broke, thy drear dominion's o'er,—  
 Farewell ! thy scorn of female grace

I need no more.

## III.

Oft, very oft, when Memory stung  
My heart to agony, I flew  
To fiction's tales, and o'er them hung  
Till fancy half believed them true ;  
But love now lends me sweeter themes  
And thoughts by far, whereon to pore :  
Good-bye, Romance, thy charmed dreams  
I need no more.

## IV.

Sweet summer flowers ! your cultured blooms  
Have many an hour my cares beguiled,  
Till soothed by your divine perfumes  
I've kissed your rosy cheeks and smiled.  
But now with hope my bosom beats  
To win a flower, all flowers before ;  
Good-bye, your tributary sweets  
I need no more.

## V.

And thou, my friend, from first to last,  
Through good and ill, in weal and woe,  
Brightener and soother of the past,  
With all thy laurels round thee, go !  
I've loved thee much ; but now, my lyre,  
What if thy fascination's o'er ?  
And what if late eclipsed, thy fire  
I need no more ?

## VI.

Canst thou repine, if dust devour  
Thy strings left motionless and mute,  
When touched by hands of dearer power,  
My heart is grown the sweeter lute ?  
Thou'st won me fame, thou'st won me praise,  
Take them ; my aspirations soar  
Loftier than this—thy tuneful lay  
I need no more.



## VII.

Did e'er thy voice, when most it tried,  
 Win me one sigh, I say not tear,  
 From her I loved? go to! the pride  
 Of song has cost thy master dear.  
 If praise, if fame's the only meed  
 Of all my love, of all thy lore,  
 Farewell! thy blandishments I need,  
 No more, no more.

## VIII.

No! still, if still kind Ida's glance  
 Chide not the vision I pursue  
 With such perversity,—romance,  
 Flowers, lute, and music, all adieu!  
 But come, young Joy, lead on the hour  
 When Love shall say, "Thy reign is o'er,  
 Good-bye, dear Hope! thy soothing power  
 I need no more."

12 mo., 1825.

## SONNET TO M. D. D'ISIGNY.

GRIEF hath dealt roughly with us both, perchance  
 In bygone years, D'Isigny; but 'tis bliss  
 Unmixed, to row on such an eve as this,  
 And see the million waves of ocean dance  
 With glorious music round us; mark the expanse,  
 How full of life and beauty! the blue seas  
 Heave like the dolphin, and before the breeze,  
 Red on the sunset, on the horizon dance  
 The fisher's home-returning sails. I, too,  
 Must steal the sea mew's wings, and o'er the brine  
 Pass to my kindred—take my sad adieu;  
 Yet when a dearer, fairer friend is thine,  
 Whisper sometimes to her of him who prays  
 For cloudless joys on all your future days.

1826.

## TO THE ROSE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

WARM rival of the flame that dyes  
 The heavens where morning takes its birth,  
 Pure, glowing Rose, how canst thou rise,  
 So fresh with joy, so full of mirth,  
 Whilst conscious that thy gifted charms  
 Pass swift as summer's transient gale,  
 That neither can thy prickly arms  
 Nor purple beauty aught avail,  
 An hour, an instant, to delay  
 The killing stroke of quick decay?

\* \* \* \* \*

Fast pale thy burning wings, fast curl  
 Thy leaves—the blithe bee murmuring round,  
 Strikes them, and, one by one, they whirl  
 Decayed and scentless to the ground.  
 So closely joined thy life appears  
 With thy decay, that scarce I know  
 If sad Aurora, in the tears  
 She weeps for thee, would wish to show  
 Grief for thy birth or for thy death,  
 Sweet creature of celestial breath.

## TO THE JESSAMINE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

FROM my summer alcove, which the stars this morn  
 With lucid pearls o'erspread,  
 I have gathered these jessamines, thus to adorn  
 With a wreath thy graceful head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their blossoms a host of bees, alarmed,  
 Watched over on jealous wing ;  
 Hoarse trumpeters seemed they all, and armed  
 Each bee with a diamond sting :  
 I tore them away, but each flower I tore  
 Has cost me a wound which smarteth sore.

Now as I these jessamine flowers entwine  
 A gift for thy vagrant hair,  
 I must have from those honey-sweet lips of thine  
 A kiss for each sting I bear :  
 It is just that the blooms I bring thee home  
 Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.

### ON A RING.

(Two hands clasped) sent to J. H. WIFFEN as a memento of his friend  
 I. D. STRUTT, who died abroad.

#### I.

AND this, dear I., is all of thee,  
 That to my sight shall e'er again  
 Return in fond fidelity,  
 From sultry clime and heaving main.  
 Oh ! much I feared your ardent soul,  
 Adventurous hopes, or scorn of wrong,  
 Too far, too far, towards danger's goal,  
 Would lead your pilgrim steps along.

#### II.

When your clasped hand I late resigned,  
 You strove to smile away my fear,  
 Yet something sad and undefined,  
 Of future gloom, would whisper near.  
 For one of those sweet songs I prayed,  
 With which you used to cheer so much ;  
 For long will be the time, I said,  
 Ere I again shall hear of such.

## III.

And still at each pathetic fall,  
One melancholy note repined,  
Like that which chords Eolian call,  
From Autumn's wild and wailing wind.  
Why would you choose so sad a rhyme?  
Still, still, the sound to grief compels:  
I hear your voice in every chime,  
That murmurs from those evening bells.

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SENSATIONS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF  
NITROUS OXIDE DESCRIBED.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER INHALING IT.

## I.

WHERE the sparkling Planets lie,  
In the lofty chambers of the sky,  
Away—away—to tear from them  
Flower, and star, and the diamond gem;  
For I grasp the golden talisman strong  
Of immortal Science, and Heavenly Song;  
And when I am there, I will fling you down,  
The Northern Bear and the glittering Crown;  
Then upward, upward, and upward bear  
Through the Violet vallies of the air.

## II.

Onward and on, whilst yet we may,  
And the Heavenly Spirits my wand obey;  
To the awful Sun and the glowing Moon;  
On the wings of the wind we shall reach them soon.  
And I will charm them from their sphere,  
And send them down to please you here,  
But higher and higher we yet will soar,  
To a region never beheld before;  
And the dancing hours shall crown me strait,  
With the blossoms that burst within Eden-gate.

## III.

Call to the winds to waft us far,  
Already in sight is the Morning Star ;  
The purple Pleiads are now in view,  
And on me falls their Elysian dew ;  
And within me breathes a spirit sweet,  
And in dance and in music my pulses beat.  
The mist is below, and the rosy cloud,  
And Ariel's hymn is harping loud,  
Where beyond the change of time and tide,  
Celestial Psyche shall be my bride.

---

## TO IDA.

## I.

ENOUGH of History and Romance,  
Of kingly power and knightly lore,  
On which my weary eyes just glance,  
Then give the idle notice o'er.  
The storied page, the lovely lay,  
Have little in them left to cheer ;  
They cannot drive the thought away,  
That thou, dear Ida, art not near.

## II.

Enough of painted portraiture,  
Of jewelled Peeresses and Peers,  
Whose name could once perchance allure,  
To tread their course through vanished years.  
I con them o'er, or pass them by,  
Without a smile, without a tear,  
They only wake the fruitless sigh,  
That thou, dear Ida, art not near.

## III.

Farewell the garden's cultured bounds,  
The trellised bower, the green arcade,  
They charm me not—those ceaseless rounds,  
Of song and sunshine, flowers and shade.

Why should I longer seek in them,  
The spirit of the breathing year?  
Why pluck the rosebud from its stem,  
When thou, dear Ida, art not near?

## IV.

No more of walk in croft and grove,  
The ivied bath, the rustic grange,  
Time was, I loved thereby to rove,  
But then each thing seemed sweet and strange.  
I'm weary of the same dull stroll,  
The pulseless lake, the unstirring deer;  
A Desert more would soothe my soul,  
If thou, dear Ida, wert but near!

## V.

This silent wandering to and fro,  
This trifling on from day to day,  
Till all the freshness, and the glow,  
Of early life are whiled away!  
The rust on Action's shining springs,  
The pause in Honour's high career,  
Would pass away on willing wings,  
If thou, dear Ida, wert but near.

## VI.

One smile from lips so loved as thine,  
One ray from thy so gentle eyes,  
Would light up instantly the Shrine,  
Whence Feeling's holiest pulses rise.  
No need of picture, flower, or song,  
To charm the heart when thou art near;  
To Thee all influences belong,  
Of kind and lovely, sweet and dear!

---

EVENING REVERIE.

DEAR absent Maid! on whom sad fancies press  
Past scenes of grief, and feelings of distress:

To whom the world, with all its pleasures, seems  
One idle round of unsubstantial dreams ;  
With whom the year has lost its pleasant spring,  
Life its warm zest, and hope her charming wing ;  
If nature now has given, to soothe thy woes,  
One little moment of serene repose,  
If no kind forms thy evening steps attend,  
The courteous aunt, mild guest, or soothing friend,  
Take to thy vacant breast the lines that part,  
Free from my tongue, and lively from my heart ;  
Give them a friend's fond privilege, to bound  
Thy thoughts, escaping o'er deserted ground,  
And let them prove the Desert still may own  
Some bowers unblighted and some blooms unblown.

Alas ! the scenes through which on earth we stray  
Are but the semblance of an April day ;  
Tempest to calms, to sunshine showers succeed,  
Point the strong thorn and nurse the noxious weed.  
Fast as in thought we reach some happy glade,  
A cloud comes by, and chills us with its shade ;  
We rear the Rose, and as it bursts to bloom,  
The canker kills it, or the frosts consume :  
On pleasure, pain ; on mirth, dejection treads ;  
Here Hope allures, and there her nets she spreads ;  
Charm follows charm, but still, where'er we go,  
The promised rapture takes the tint of woe.  
We look behind us, and a mist appears,  
Veils our gay steps, and fills our path with tears ;  
We sport, we sigh, smile, weep, and evermore  
The bliss grows shorter, and the smart more sore,  
Till Night sets in, and, as her shadows creep,  
Like wearied babes we moan ourselves to sleep.

Still there are intervals for all to know  
A rest from care, a breathing-time from woe ;  
Not always Sorrow haunts the pilgrim's view,  
Not always Duty wears its harshest hue ;  
The storm whirls seldom all our wealth away,

Some hopes, some joys, still keep the assaulted spray,  
Like a few grapes in vintage time—like one  
Ungathered olive in the autumnal sun,  
Left on its topmost bough, erewhile to shoot  
In earth, the germ of more luxurious fruit.

Look round, and number less what Heaven has reft  
Of thy fair fruits, than what its Love has left :  
Friends, that like scions multiplied, will form  
Thy pride in sunshine, shelter in the storm,  
Some fervid, faithful all, and one beyond  
Misfortune's spite, unutterably fond ;  
Maturing health, tastes cultured and refined,  
Books—guides at once and playmates of the mind ;  
Love—virtuous thoughts, benevolent desires,  
Hope's kindling pictures, Faith's diviner fires ;  
And Duty's pathway, that but followed, leads  
To quiet pastures, to Elysian meads,  
Where, by fresh streams, the Heavenly Shepherd guides  
His noontide flock until the heat subsides,  
And as Night stretches o'er the darkening wold,  
Takes them to rest in His Eternal Fold ;  
Safe from the prowling wolf, the whirlwind's roar,  
To faint, to stray, to hunger Nevermore.

And oh, my Dearest ! think'st thou there is not  
Some hidden transport, some congenial lot  
Reserved for us who now asunder roam,  
Conjoined and kindred to the sound of Home ?  
Some little seat where, as the Winter blaze  
Flings round the Earth its sphere of living rays,  
We, side by side, in sweet familiar style,  
With many a dulcet word, reflected smile,  
With hearts, tastes, pulses blended, may engage,  
Day after day, some philosophic page,  
To wing the peaceful eve, unmarked, away,  
And make To-morrow wiser than To-day ;  
That when the floral Spring peeps forth, no vail  
Shall lure us, arm in arm, to hear the tale



Told by the turtle as alone she broods  
O'er her dear young amidst the leafy woods ?  
Oh, yes ! and haply in the Summer sun,  
Words shall be lisped and little footsteps run  
Round us, collecting flowers less sweet and bright  
Than they, the thoughtless pupils of delight.

Come, smile ; and if anxiety steal on  
Thy darling bosom, bid the witch begone :  
Life is too short to spend, in sighs and tears,  
Unchecked, the passing noontide of our years.  
O when I come, if but a shade's descried  
On thy fair forehead, how my lips shall chide !  
Look to it, Love, and never more offend  
Thy—less than Husband, but thy more than Friend.  
Farewell : my Soul embraces thy benign  
And lovely Spirit—when will it be mine ?  
Not yet, not yet ! the powers that so deceive  
My ardent hopes, have given thee a reprieve.

---

### TO IDA.

#### I.

OH ! what were all this weary World, its trials and its tears,  
The falsehood of its flattering shows, the quickening of our  
fears,  
Its dull delights that swiftly pall, its oft succeeding gloom,  
And the blighting of our youthful hopes just bursting into bloom,  
Without the smile of those we love to cheer us on our way  
To the Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
resists decay ?

#### II.

Thou'rt dear to me, my sweet one, for that when stay was none,  
And the pleasant pictures of my youth were fading one by one,  
Thou saw'st my silent sorrow, the darkening of my brow,  
And thy gentle nature turned not from listening to my vow,

But gracefully resigned itself to be my guiding ray  
To the Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
resists decay.

## III.

The path to that so Glorious Land, though thorny oft it be,  
Will surely teem with pleasant flowers, thus trod, dear Love, with  
thee ;  
And if e'er our feet be wounded, Love, we need not dread the  
pain,  
There's a balm for the weary pilgrim yet, to staunch the bleeding  
vein ;  
And if here the Night of grief be dark, more brightly breaks the  
Day  
In that Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
resists decay.

## IV.

Then droop not, dear, then sigh not ; the clouds that dimmed  
our sky  
Are clearing off in sunshine, as a softer breeze blows by ;  
For all the storms we've weathered, for the calm we soon may  
share,  
We will bow our heads in Reverence meet, we will clasp our  
hands in Prayer,  
That He in whom we fix our trust may still become our stay  
To the Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
resists decay.

## V

The Friends whom we have lost on earth, they are but gone  
before ;  
By a shorter path, or a swifter tide, they pace that Radiant Shore ;  
And when we have smiled our latest smile, and dropt our final  
tear,  
And sickness snaps the silver cord that has bound us sweetly  
here,  
They may be the first to hail us, freed from our phantom shapes  
of clay,  
To that Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
resists decay.

## VI.

For all the Blessings we enjoy, for all we have enjoyed,  
 For ev'n our fabrics of delight which His Wisdom has destroyed,  
 All Glory to the Father be ! all Glory to the Son !  
 And to the Holy Spirit Praise, whose gracious will be done ;  
 That all the Ransomed of the earth may live beneath His sway,  
 In that Clime where the Serpent stings no more, and the Rose  
 resists decay.

*Woburn Abbey, 2 mo., 3, 1828.*

## THE OAKEN BOUGH.

## PART I.

[In a contested election for the county of Bedford (1826), a sprig of Oak was worn as an Emblem by the party of the Marquis of Tavistock. This piece was written by J. H. Wiffen, and circulated on that occasion.]

— Veluti annoso validam cum robore *Quercum*

Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc

Eruec, inter se certant ; it stridor ; et alte

Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes ;

*Ipsa hæret scopulis.*

*Virg. Æn. IV. 441.*

## I.

'TIS sweet, whene'er in dim July  
 The gathered storm comes sweeping by,  
 Or passing hot the hours of Noon  
 Wax from the cloudless skies of June,  
 To mock the shower and sunbeam, laid  
 At ease within some sylvan shade,  
 Where hazel, beech, and pine o'erhead  
 Their sheltering roof of leaves outspread ;  
 But O, at times like these, be mine  
 Nor spreading beech nor frowning pine,—  
 These have had devotees enow ;  
 Give me the shade of the Oaken Bough !

## II.

'Tis said the Spanish maid most loves  
The gentle gloom of Chestnut groves,  
That most beneath his purple Vines  
The soft Italian sips his wines,  
That still in Greece the Myrtle's shade  
Inspires the sweetest serenade,  
And that the peasant girls of France  
Lead down 'midst Limes the lightest dance ;  
But, trust me, lute, nor dance, nor glass,  
So softly sound, or gaily pass,  
Though winged with love's most melting vow,  
As beneath the leaves of the Oaken Bough !

## III.

The towering Poplar well may braid  
Wreaths for the ambitious statesman's head ;  
Laurels be plucked, at custom's claim,  
To shrine the warrior in his fame ;  
Bays crown the poet's sacred sleep ;  
O'er love's lorn hope gray Willows weep ;  
Roses the trifler's soul enthrall ;  
Ivies head Folly's bacchic brawl ;  
But let the Patriot evermore  
Pass all such symbols heedless o'er,  
And twine, like Tavistock, his brow,  
With the glorious leaves of the Oaken Bough !

## IV.

Long years, unchecked, Corruption's hand  
Has sent her war-dogs through the land,  
Whene'er the voice of "right divine"  
Has given the Saturnalian sign,  
To bark down Virtue, and assail  
Fair Freedom armed with inward mail ;  
Now let them come : our gallant stag  
Shall make the hardest hunter flag,

And hold the yelling hounds at bay  
That harass his triumphal way;  
Nor lash, nor truncheon need we now,—  
We'll beat them back with the Oaken Bough

## V.

Brave Cœur-de-Lion for his plume  
Erst wore the waving branch of broom ;  
On Syria's plains and Acre's towers  
Was homage paid to its yellow flowers,  
And song and story echo yet  
The praises of Plantagenet ;  
Blood stained those blossoms ; but *our* fight  
For Civil and Religious Right  
Alone is waged ; a Holier flame  
Shall hence light up our Russell's name,  
And the royal broom its head stoop low  
To the stainless pride of the Oaken Bough !

## VI.

When from Granada's marble halls,  
Mosaic courts, and fountain-falls  
The Spaniard drove the Moor, again  
To measure back the Midland Main,  
In memory of the severed yoke  
Navarre her "Order of the Oak"  
Raised for her knightly sons ; but far  
As English ground excels Navarre,  
Shall Fame, when our good knights have sealed  
Their worth on Truth and Freedom's field  
A nobler wreath to them allow,  
And crown them kings with the Oaken Bough

## VII.

And ev'n if other hope be none  
Than cheered Mancah's mighty son  
When, lulled to slumber, on the morn  
He found his locks and vigour shorn ;

We yet, like him, will turn to woe  
 The mirth and mockery of the foe,  
 And, glorious in our fall, distress  
 With ruin his scarce-earned success ;  
 Yes ! ev'n in death we'll raise the hymn  
 Of love to Tavistock and Pym,  
 And leave ev'n Hatred's self to woe  
 There's nought like the staunch old Oaken Bough

## VIII.

The Oaken Bough, the Oaken Bough,  
 How many a year it has flourished now  
 The knights of the Gennet, once so gay,  
 The knights of the Thistle, where are they  
 The Roses White and the Roses Red  
 With all their chivalry are dead ;  
 But long as Honesty and Truth  
 Inform our yeomen, fire our youth,  
 Or Beauty's lip be curled in scorn  
 At bigots snared and churls forsworn,  
 So long shall Time with life endow  
 The Unconquered, Brave old Oaken Bough !

## THE OAKEN BOUGH.

## PART II.

*Read at the Election Dinner at Beafora, May 9, 1831*

" Ac velut annoso validam quum robore *Quercum*  
 Alpina Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc  
 Erruere, inte se certant : it stridor ; et alte  
 Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes ;  
*Ipsa hæret scopulis.*" *Virg. Æn. IV. 441.*

## I.

FIVE years, nor void, nor unrenowned  
 With English hearts, on English ground,  
 Have risen and passed, and on the State  
 Left trace of high and stern debate,

Of triumphs won and victories lost,  
To Freedom's grief, or Faction's cost,  
Since last I sang, in idle song,  
Your deathless war 'twixt Right and Wrong ;  
But steadfast still, 'midst every stroke,  
Has stood the invulnerable Oak ;  
All hail to Tavistock and Payne !  
The Oaken Bough's in leaf again !

## II.

'Twas then, brave Champions ! that ye taught  
Your sons the worth of hearts unbought ;  
Taught them, it needs no aid of gold  
To storm Corruption's dragon hold ;  
But hands unsoiled, and souls erect,  
And calm, considerate self-respect.  
Lo, now, the Good, the Wise, the True,  
Ten thousand thousands war with you !  
From all her forts is Faction driven,  
Where'er she strives, where'er you've striven ;  
Your ancient glories ye regain,—  
All hail to Tavistock and Payne !

## III.

If, as from some bold mountain's brow,  
Ye cast one patriot glance below,  
What see ye there ? on every hand  
Reform or Ruin shakes the land :  
Before frowns Malice ; but behind  
Come cheering voices on the wind,  
Of rights achieved—the abolished Test—  
Erin, our sister, half redressed ;  
These urge you on to consummate  
The vast, bright victory of the State ;  
Speed, speed it, Tavistock and Payne,—  
Britain's chafed Lion rears his mane !

## IV.

Of old, when Charles from Worcester fled,  
 With shivered sword and helmless head,  
 The storied Oak of Boscobel  
 Guarded the hapless wanderer well :  
 But nobler aid your Oaken Bough  
 Yields to a British Sovereign now :  
 His generous people burgh-enslaved,  
 His councils spurned, his purpose braved,  
 Rebellion's watch-fires half revealed,  
 To you the undaunted King appealed ;  
 Ye answer—"Tavistock and Payne  
 Shall guard, brave King, thy crown from stain !"

## V.

All else shall do as ye have done,  
 Till Freedom's field be fought and won ;  
 And as a Russell's name prolongs  
 The memory of your fathers' *wrongs*,  
 So with your children's *rights* bequeathed,  
 The name of Russell shall be wreathed.  
 Poor to the Oak Bough of to-day,  
 Show Cressy's palm and Poitiers' bay ;  
 The star of Azincour grows dim,  
 Whilst Fame repeats your conquering hymn,—  
 "Io triumphe ! bribes are vain ;  
 Attest it, Tavistock and Payne !"

## VI.

In their resolves to sow the seeds  
 Of highborn aims and generous deeds,  
 I ask, When, like the rod whose wire  
 Guides safe from man the electric fire,  
 Our Sovereign's fiat of Reform  
 Shall from the menace of this storm  
 Have saved the endangered Isles—how long  
 Shall the slave feel the oppressor's thong ?



If still the Law's relentless ban  
Shall claim so oft the blood of man,  
And heaven-born Mercy plead in vain ;  
Forbid it, Tavistock and Payne !

## VII.

Yes ! whilst the indignant Pole afar  
Snaps the forged fetters of the Czar,  
And home to its accustomed lair  
Drives with free spear each Arctic bear ;  
Whilst France still triumphs in the blow  
That laid her tyrant Lilies low,  
And the wronged Roman champs in froth  
The snaffle of the modern Goth ;  
Will ye not seek, with equal rage,  
Each blot to clear from England's page ?  
Ye will ! Indifference ne'er shall stain  
Our choice of Tavistock and Payne !

## VIII.

Ye will ! for though the Warrior's spoils  
Be deemed the fruit of glorious toils ;  
Though bright the wreath that freemen twine  
For Patriots' brows round Freedom's shrine  
The still small voice that Conscience yields  
From amaranths plucked in Virtue's fields,  
Speaks, as to Heaven the incense flies,  
Diviner music to the wise.  
But here's to those who triumph now  
Beneath the charm of the Oaken Bough ;  
And when Freedom's fight is fought again,  
All hail to Tavistock and Payne !

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ON A LEAF FROM MILTON'S MULBERRY TREE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

THE elements are gracious ; sun and shower  
 Have nursed with all kind influences, the spray  
 Whence this young leaf was culled—it seems that they  
 Were fraught with love instinctive ; for that power  
 Which speaks by the dear lute, not the famed bower  
 Of the thrice charmed Hesperides could bear,  
 Or fruit more precious, or a leaf more rare  
 Than those I gathered in the noontide hour  
 From Milton's cherished sylvan. Are the dreams  
 Of Faith quite extinct ? is not yet its trunk  
 The haunt of that chaste Virgin whom his lyre  
 Sings of in Comus ? There are wilder themes  
 Yet voiced in page of anchorite and of monk.  
 Guard well the gift, 'tis fraught with kindred fire.

1826.

TO THE CUCKOO IN THE VALE OF CUAWG.  
FROM THE WELSH OF LLYWARCH HËN.

"Goreiste Ar Vryn, Aerwyn Vy Mryd."

Llywarch Hên was a British Bard and warrior, who flourished in the sixth century, being contemporary with Aneurin. He lived to a great age. He was distinguished by his prowess against the Saxons, and had four and twenty sons, all of whom perished in battle against the hated invaders of their country, and all of whom he had the misfortune to outlive. His poems are extant, and have been edited by Dr. Owen Pughe.

SITTING on this green hill to rest, my soul is sharply stirred,  
 And yet it does not drive me on, like thee, thou wandering Bird ;  
 My home is sad, my journey short, and life is mere distress  
 To me, when thus the vernal trees put on their pleasant dress.

I wind no horn, I keep no hound, I move with pain along ;  
 Yet still, whilst it seems good, mild Bird, pursue thy simple song ;  
 Thy loud melodious voice the vales shout duly with the day,  
 "Better the spendthrift than the churl," it says, or seems to say.\*

\* The adage which the Bard here introduces bears no resemblance in the original language to the Cuckoo's note. But the Welsh Bards are fond of inculcating moral truth, even where it may, at first sight, appear incongruous.

Hid in the green vale's blossomed trees, yet, yet thou strain'st  
thy throat ;  
Now Heaven console the sick and sad, who hear thy happy note.  
The woods and waters shout thy name—there's discord in their  
strain ;  
Oh, may none sicken at the sound, none mourn like Llywarch  
Hên !

Have I not listened, by the tree with ivy-wreaths entwined,  
To the fond Cuckoo, as her note came wafted on the wind ?  
Has it not caused me before now, a warrior though I be,  
To hang my broad shield down, entranced in many a reverie ?

Yes ! every lover thinks of her ; and oft on the lone hill  
That overlooks the merry oak, till fancy had her fill,  
For hours I've listened to the tale, but now her charmed cry  
I shun : much as I loved it once, the passion shall go by.

Sweet Bird ! her voice creates desire, do what—but she is gone :  
It is her fate for evermore, thus, thus to wander on ;  
All swift and eager as the hawk, o'er castle, lake, and crag,  
Scuds the lone Cuckoo by the woods and waves of Glen-cu-ag !  
1826.

## TO MAENWYN.

FROM THE WELSH OF LLYWARCH HÊN.

“ Maenwyn Tra vum I'th oed.

Maenwyn was a young warrior, to whom Prince Maelgwn had entrusted the defence of one of his fortresses against the Saxons. The Bard addresses these pleasant verses to him to confirm him in his allegiance, as he had been commanded to capitulate and deliver up his arms.

WHEN I was a youth of thy stature, Maenwyn  
My kibes none should have trod on, of foeman or kin ;  
No base Saxon churl should have broken my bounds,  
Or have ploughed, without blood, on my forefathers' grounds.

When I was a youth of thy vigour, Maenwyn,  
 With the rose on my cheek, and the down on my chin,  
 Little loved the proud stranger, the edge of my blade,  
 Which, though borne by a boy, by a hero was swayed.

Look well to thy target, my bonny Maenwyn,  
 For thy shaft's of the slenderest, thy bowstring's owre thin :  
 Shoot but false—and an archer more trusty, full soon,  
 Shall keep watch and ward here for the princely Maelgwn.

A gift was once mine, in its scabbard concealed,  
 As a thorn it was sharp—in the fire 'twas annealed ;  
 That's the warder for me—the world has not its twin,  
 (Thou must still be my whetstone, my pretty Maenwyn.)\*

It was long, it was sharp : make its temper thine own,  
 And my blessing shall rest on the lonely old crone  
 Who said from the door of her hut by the lynn,  
 " Give not up thy good whittle, my bonny Maenwyn ! "

1826.

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"I CROSSED IN ITS BEAUTY THY DEE'S DRUID  
 WATER."

SET TO MUSIC BY JOHN PARRY.

*Air*—"Cader Idris." †

I.

I CROSSED in its beauty thy Dee's Druid Water,  
 The waves as I passed rippled lowly and lone ;  
 For the brave on their borders had perished in slaughter,  
 The noble were vanished, the gifted were gone !

\* The Poet here plays on the name of the youth; Maenwyn signifying, "having the hardness of a stone."

† *Cader Idris*, or the seat of *Idris*, is a high mountain near the town of Dolgellau, in Merionethshire. Tradition reports, that *Idris* was a giant and a sublime astronomer, and that he used to contemplate the heavenly bodies from this mountain.

I passed by thy Pillar,\* firm rooted to waken  
 Long memory of chiefs that in battle had sunk ;  
 But the earthquake of ruin, its basis had shaken,  
 The voice of the thunder had shattered its trunk

## II.

I passed by thy Castle,† once mirthful and splendid,  
 Its court was too truly the emblem of thine ;  
 I passed by thy Abbey ‡—its worship was ended,  
 The ivy hung dark over portal and shrine.  
 Yet weep not, fair Cambria, though shorn of thy glory,  
 Thy Star shall yet rise in ascendance again ;  
 Song and science are treasuring the leaves of thy story,  
 Not a page shall appeal to our bosoms in vain !

## SONNET TO GEORGE HAYTER, ESQ., M.A., S.L., &amp;c.

HAYTER ! whose heart and hand alike are swayed  
 By Feeling's noblest impulses, from whom  
 The hollow world hath not yet stolen the bloom  
 Of boyish frankness, if I have delayed  
 Too long a garland for thy brows to braid,  
 Pardon the omission ! I, though mute, have been  
 No blind attendant on thy steps, but seen  
 The Future brighten with the light that streams  
 From thy rich canvas : O thou happy heir  
 Of Immortality ! thy painter's dreams  
 Are sweetly drawn from that Elysium, where  
 Titian with Raphael walks, and joys to see  
 Their genius worshipped and sustained by thee.

*Woburn Abbey, January 30th, 1826.*

\* *Elise's Pillar*, a British column, considered one of the most ancient existing ; erected by Connerm, to the memory of his grandfather, *Elise's*, who was killed in a battle fought with the Saxons near Chester, in 607. The pillar stands in the vale of Crucis, near Llangollen.

† Chirk Castle.

‡ The beautiful abbey of Valle Crucis, founded about 1200, by *Madog ab Gryffydd Maelor*.

## THE ABBOT'S OAK.

[These lines are affixed to a tablet upon the Oak in Woburn Park, whereon the last Abbot was hung in 1537, for refusing allegiance to King Henry VIII.]

O ! 'TWAS a ruthless deed, enough to pale  
 Freedom's bright fires, that doomed to shameful death,  
 Those that maintained their Faith with latest breath,  
 And scorned before the despot's frown to quail !  
 Yet 'twas a glorious hour when from the goal  
 Of papal tyranny the mind of man  
 Dared to break loose, and triumph in the ban  
 Of thunders roaring in the distant gale !  
 Yes, old Memorial of the mitred Monk,  
 Thou livest to flourish in a brighter day,  
 With seeming joy that pure and patriot vows  
 Are breathed where superstition reigned. Thy trunk  
 Its glad green garments wears, though in decay,  
 And pious redbreasts warble from thy boughs.

## TO SAMUEL FOX.

WITH A COPY OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## I.

To thee, dear Friend, whose generous care,  
 So oft benevolent and mild,  
 When doomed its heaviest chain to wear,  
 Disease of half its weight beguiled,

## II.

These tomes of my most studious hours  
 The pleasant fruitage I consign ;  
 Happy if e'er, when sadness lowers,  
 They throw the slightest charm o'er thine.

## III.

But thou need'st not the tuneful dreams,  
 Which Fiction yields, or Song commands ;  
 Thy thoughts are of Diviner themes,  
 Thy walks in more Celestial lands.

## IV.

Where sorrow pines, or anguish bleeds,  
 Thy steps are traced, thy virtues found ;  
 Alert with Pity's sweetest deeds  
 To soothe the grief, to stanch the wound.

## V.

Long to that noble sphere of thought  
 Be thy devoted hours assigned,  
 Where Faith's most glorious fight is fought,  
 And Peace stands near, thy brows to bind.

## VI.

Engaged in this more blest Crusade,  
 Be thine that Vision from the sky,  
 And the sealed bliss to John displayed,  
 The *New Jerusalem* on high !

*Froxfield, 6th mo. 25th, 1829.*

## TO MY WIFE.

"Thou ask'st me for a strain,  
 Would it were worthier !"

## I.

To thee, dear Love, who by thy recent vow,  
 Hast turned to ceaseless smiles my long, long sighs,  
 One fond and simple melody ev'n now  
 To Thy dear name shall rise.

## II.

Sickness has bound me in her wearying chains,  
 My spirits flag, my mirth is at an end ;  
 But O, how sweetly hast thou soothed my pains,  
 Mine own familiar friend !

## III.

Dearer by far than when thy bridal hand  
Trembled in mine, thou art and yet shalt be;  
As by my side thou tak'st thy constant stand  
In loveliest ministry,

## IV.

My hand is faint and weak, it cannot do  
The spirit's bidding on a lyre unstrung,  
It calls on thee the Echo to pursue,  
And give her sounds a tongue.

## V.

They whisper of untired, untiring love,  
Nor sickness can disturb, nor pain destroy.  
Peace be upon thee from thy God above,  
And joy, Celestial joy !

*Nottingham, 12th month, 26th, 1828.*

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## VERSES ON THE ALAMEDA AT AMPHILL PARK.

## I.

UNQUESTIONED let the column soar,  
The vaulted temple rise to tell  
Of deeds which after-times adore—  
Where patriots lived, or freemen fell ;  
To meditative minds a spell  
Is in the slightest record placed  
To honour loved or laurelled names,  
In duty to the generous aims  
Of genius and of taste.



## II.

The piles by our first Edward reared,  
 In grief for his connubial loss ;  
 The urn to Shenstone's heart endeared,  
 And brave Philippa's trophied cross ;  
 Sweet Pembroke's pillar, gray with moss,  
 In sound of Eamont's murmuring fall ;  
 And Clifford's fountain, are to me  
 Like haunted shrines—there's poesy  
 And pathos in them all !

## III.

But towers, but temples have their own  
 Mute griefs, besieged by lorn decay ;  
 And if Heaven's thunder spares the stone,  
 'Tis mined by envious Eld away.  
 Nature alone subdues to play  
 The warring churl,—her forests fade,  
 But to renew for him who loves  
 The influence of the breathing groves,  
 Life, music, flowers, and shade.

## IV.

Thus, Holland, shall thy verdant limes,  
 Though oft seared rudely, flourish still,  
 And, raised, transmit to distant times  
 The image of thy frank good-will !  
 There, let but Fancy have her fill  
 Of thought, and thou shalt hear the talk  
 Of groups blithe-hearted as the best  
 That charm, when Vesper tints the west,  
 Seville's own elmin-walk.

## V.

There Mirth, there Wit shall lance his shaft,  
 And when their wilder voice is mute,  
 Mild echo to thy halls shall waft  
 The warblings of some Doric flute.  
 No warm debate, no harsh dispute,

Shall vex the Dryads' ears, beyond  
Ingenuous Beauty's tones, that chide  
The kiss half granted, half denied,  
To lips as pure as fond.

## VI.

There Youth shall urge his vacant sport,  
There Age relax his thoughtful brow,  
And harassed Toil indulgence court,  
And Care grow glad, unconscious how ;  
And if, as elder bards avow,  
Scenes where the vanished Great have strayed,  
Still claim their gentle spirits, there,  
In the still twilight, shall repair  
Full many a storied shade.

## VII.

Forms that in olden time adorned  
The jewelled court, the tented camp,  
That life for nobler virtue scorned,  
Or watched by Fancy's charmed lamp ;—  
De Mowbray, with his Red-cross stamp,  
Who won, by Pity's generous lure,  
The lion to his leash in fight ;  
And, with his princely bride, the Knight  
That fought at Azincour.

## VIII.

Beauchamp and amorous Seynt-Amand,  
Whose knightly scutcheon none could blot,  
Borne pure in many a dauntless stand  
'Gainst Gascon Earl and stalwart Scot:  
Well knew the archer as he shot,  
From far Sir Almaric's gifted glove,  
And taxed the bezants on his shield,  
To prove how well the shafts could yield  
Praise to his ladye-love.

## IX.

Nor last, that wondrous Youth, to whom  
 The lute was lovely as the sword,  
 Who found on Zutphen's plains his doom,  
 By an admiring world deplored ;  
 And at his side, the Friend that scored  
 Such numbers with his curtelax grim,  
 That the foe shunned it as the mace  
 Of that Unearthly One, whose face  
 Heaven's bolts have rendered dim.

## X.

Yes, they shall come, and with them glide  
 The sweet and sad of other days ;  
 Sidney's dear Sister, the fond pride  
 Of Spenser's strains, and Jonson's praise ;  
 And, soothed perchance by Walpole's lays,  
 And Ossory's pillar that prolongs  
 Her fame, there Katharine too shall rove,  
 And lose, in thine Elysian Grove,  
 All memory of her wrongs.

## XI.

What though for her there pass not by  
 The proud and portly alguazil,  
 The water-carrier's languid cry,  
 Or mantled Matador's appeal,  
 Nor touched guitar nor seguidille  
 Danced to the clinking castanet,—  
 No veiled Señora's flirting fan,  
 Nor sun-kissed fruit-girl's darted scan  
 From eyes of sparkling jet ;—

## XII.

Yet groups and customs shall ye trace  
 Of happier arts and brighter times,  
 And courtesies that give not place  
 To the forced growth of warmer climes ;  
 For ne'er beneath thy shading limes

Shall the hired Bravo stand, to aim  
At patriot worth, nor Monk command  
Deeds such as now make Spanish land  
A synonym for Shame.

## XIII.

No, ne'er ! but in their stead the wise  
And dauntless lineage of the free,—  
Some Foscolo, whose lettered sighs  
Are all for bleeding liberty ;  
Or olive-crowned Arguelles,—he  
Whose image like a key unlocks  
The portal of proud thoughts and aims,  
Glorious as to our theme the names  
Of Mackintosh and Fox.

## XIV.

Some mild Licentiate, whom thine arm  
Has saved perchance from bigots' cells ;  
Some Bard, in whose pure breast the charm  
Of memory's evening sunshine dwells ;  
Whilst, listening to the distant bells  
That sound from Milbrook's rural tower,  
By Wit, by Song, by Loveliness  
Made blithe, thou too oft-times shalt bless  
The beauty of the bower !

## XV.

For fresh with ripening years, and green  
The boughs shall spread, the umbrage fall,  
As in poetic page is seen,\*  
Within the alluring castle-wall,  
Where lavish Idlesse deals to all  
Delicious ease, divine repose,  
And rosy dreams that none may tell,  
But they that walk thy woods, or dwell  
In happy Vallombrese.

Vide Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

## XVI.

No fairer Grove shall have o'erspread  
The crowd that to the *Laughing Sage*  
Gave ear, or bowed the approving head  
O'er Theophrast's didactic page ;  
Not that, where Plato would engage  
His guests on themes, pure, grave, and high ;  
Nor where sweet Clio, with her style  
Prompted Thucydides to smile  
On deeds that ne'er can die.

## XVII.

No lovelier Grove, if Poet's vow  
Still float to deep Dodona's shrine,  
Shall song to earth call down than now  
My tuneful prayers create of thine ;  
Its guardians be the sacred Nine !  
Its voice by night, its guest by day,  
The warbling nightingale and dove ;  
Its spirit peace, its look be love,  
Its breath perpetual May !

## XVIII.

Farewell ! in childhood's careless prime  
It soothed to list the hum of bees,  
To pluck wild flowers, and lisp wild rhyme  
Beneath thine immemorial trees,  
Sweet Ampthill ! and for joys like these  
'Tis fit I strike an idle chord,  
To sing these rising Groves of thine,  
And in thy grateful service twine  
One laurel for thy Lord !

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## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

## A FAIRY LEGEND.

It is currently believed in Scotland, and on the Border, that he who has courage to rush upon a Fairy festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A Goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden Hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud,—

“If that glass either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall.”

From this Prophecy the Goblet took the name it bears, “The Luck of Edenhall.” ..  
*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

ON Eden's wild romantic bowers  
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,  
And tint with yellow light the towers,  
The stately towers of Eden Hall.

There, lonely, in the deepening night,  
A Lady at her lattice sits,  
And trims her taper's wavering light,  
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute  
Beguile the weary moments now,  
And little seems the lay to suit  
Her wistful eye and anxious brow :

For as the chord her finger sweeps,  
Ofttimes she checks her simple song,  
To chide the froward chance that keeps  
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long ;

And listens as the wind sweeps by,  
His steed's familiar steps to hear.  
Peace, beating heart ! 'twas but the cry  
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, Lady, to thy bower ! fast weep  
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale ;  
Thy cherished hero lies asleep,  
Asleep in distant Russendale !

The noon was sultry, long the chase,  
And when the wild stag stood at bay,  
Burbek reflected from its face  
The purple light of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie,  
Up many a hill his courser strain,  
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,  
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens,—o'er the wolds  
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,  
And now the haunted forest holds  
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight ;  
He blows his bugle, but the call  
Roused Echo mocks : farewell, to-night,  
The home-felt joys of Eden Hall !

His steed he to an alder ties,  
His limbs he on the greensward flings,  
And, tired and languid, to his eyes  
Woos sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer, a sigh, in murmurs faint,  
He whispers to the passing air ;  
The Ave to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that Elfin wood  
He breathed the supplicating charm,  
Which binds the Guardians of the good  
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale lady stayed  
Her chariot o'er th' accustomed oak,  
Than murmurs in the mystic shade,  
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread,  
His crouching greyhound whined with fear,  
And quaked the wild fern round his head,  
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale,  
On glade and hillock, flower and tree,  
And sweet the gurgling nightingale  
Poured forth her music wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed ; and near  
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring,  
And, in gay cavalcade, appear  
The Fairies round their Fairy King.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more  
Were there in silk and steel arrayed ;  
And each a ruby helmet wore,  
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,  
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,  
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,  
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,  
On milk-white steeds, brought up their Queen  
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,  
Their kirtles all of Lincoln green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,  
A sapphire or a topaz crown ;  
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,  
Which their own tercel-gents struck down.



And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,  
Some turbans rich, some onches rare ;  
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,  
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade  
Grew florid as they passed along,  
And not a sound their bridles made,  
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit,—the knights advance,  
And in quaint order, one by one,  
Each leads his lady forth to dance,—  
The timbrels sound—the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,  
A daisy or a bluebell springs,  
And not a dewdrop shines o'erhead,  
But falls within their charmed rings.

“The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
If now one lady wears a frown,  
A false and froward shrew is she !

“There's not a smile we Fays let fall,  
But swells the tide of human bliss ;  
And if good luck attends our call,  
'Tis due on such sweet night as this.

“The dance lead up, the dance lead down,  
The dance lead round our favourite tree ;  
If now ev'n Oberon wears a frown,  
A false and froward churl is he !”

Thus sing the Fays. Lord Musgrave hears  
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes  
The radiant show, despite the fears  
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft ! the minstrelsy declines ;  
The morrice ceases, sound the shawms ;  
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,  
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand,—  
And underneath the greenwood bower,  
Tables and urns and goblets stand,  
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

“ To banquet, ho ! ” the seneschals  
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees  
At sound of cymbals, to their calls  
Consort beneath the leafy trees ;

Titania by her King, each knight  
Beside his ladye love ; the page  
Behind his scutcheoned lord,—a bright  
Equipment on a brilliant stage.

The monarch sits ; all helms are doffed,  
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,  
And, to the sound of music soft,  
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,  
Or livelier hippocras they sip ;  
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,  
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With “ nod, and beck, and wreathéd smile,”  
They heap their jewelled patines high ;  
Nor want their mirthful airs the while  
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,  
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which  
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,  
The violet spread its perfume rich ;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee  
Presented high the wassail cup,  
This lay the little bard with glee  
From harp of ivory offered up :

"Health to our Sovereign ! fill, brave boy,  
Yon glorious goblet to the brim !  
There's joy—in every drop there's joy,  
That laughs within its charmed rim !

"'Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,  
When signs and spells had happiest power.  
Health to our King by wood and wold !  
Health to our Queen in hall and bower !"

They rise, the myriads rise, and shrill  
The wild wood echoes to their brawl,—  
"Health to our King by wold and rill !  
Health to our Queen in bower and hall !"

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—  
So help him all ye Powers of Light,—  
He rushes to the festal train,  
And snatches up that goblet bright !

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,  
The fourth it seats him on his steed ;  
"Now, Luath ! or thy lord is lost—  
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed !"

'Tis uproar all around, behind,—  
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay ;  
"The charmed cup is fairly tined,  
Stretch to the strife, away ! away !"

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,  
The green turf trembling as they passed ;  
But, forward still good Musgrave kept,  
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained  
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore ;  
But when the farther bank was gained,  
This song the passing whirlwind bore :

“ Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight ;  
But if yon goblet break or fall,  
Farewell thy vantage in the fight,  
Farewell the Luck of Edenhall !”

The forest cleared, he winds his horn—  
Rock, wood, and wave return the din ;  
And soon, as though by echo borne,  
His gallant squires come pricking in.

’Tis dusk of day. In Eden towers  
A mother o’er her infant bends,  
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,  
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,  
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,  
And charms away the Lady’s cares,  
And bids the Mother’s heart rejoice.

“ Sleep sweetly, Babe,” ’twas heard to say ;  
“ But if the goblet break or fall,  
Farewell thy vantage in the fray,  
Farewell the Luck of Edenhall !”

Though years on years have taken flight,  
Good fortune’s still the Musgrave’s thrall :  
Hail to his vantage in the fight !  
All hail the Luck of Edenhall !”

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## THE PROPHECY OF BARDEN TOWER.

Barden Tower is situated on the Wharfe, not far from Bolton Abbey, amidst fells, cascades, and woods.

"Now the Countess of Cumberland was truly religious, devout, and conscientious, even from her very childhood; and did spend much time in reading the Scriptures, in Heavenly meditations, and in prayers, fastings, and deeds of charity, especially for some fourteen or fifteen years before her death; and of such an elevated mind was she to all goodness, as any may truly say she had in many things a kind of a prophetic spirit in her: in particular, she would often tell her only daughter, the Lady Anne Clifford, that the ancient lands of her father's inheritance would at last come to be hers, what opposition soever was made to hinder it, although it would be very long first; which many years after came to pass. And she was the rather induced to believe it by reason of a strange kind of divining dream or Vision that appeared to her in a fearful manner in Barden Tower, in Craven, when she was great with child, with her third child, which told her she should be delivered a little while after of a daughter, who should be the only child to her parents, and live to inherit the lands of her ancestors; which after proved to be true, though at that time both the countess's sons were living; but the elder of them died a month after the Vision, and the younger of them when her daughter was a year and four months old. Which strange Vision we are the rather induced to set down, because undoubtedly, whilst she lived here in the world, her spirit had more converse with Heaven and Heavenly contemplations than with earthly matters."—*Memorials of the Cliffords. Harl. MSS.*

The Lady Anne Clifford became afterwards Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery.

O, HAVE ye e'er the noon beguiled  
 On lonely Wharfe's romantic border?  
 Where ivied cliffs on cliffs are piled,  
 By woods o'erwaved in rich disorder;  
 The vale, with many a solemn sigh,  
 Responding as the waters rolled,  
 Half drowned the cushat's plaintive cry,  
 Half heard the sheep-bell from the fold,  
 Nor owned that there the chastening hours  
 Might glide most gently with the Good;  
 And oft from worlds more blest than ours  
 Bring Faith's prophetic mood.

As fair a form, as chaste a mind,  
 Hath sought its sacred calm to borrow,  
 As e'er to Duty bowed resigned,  
 Or drooped beneath the touch of Sorrow;

Who, doomed to see her house despoiled,  
To swell a kinsman's haughty state,  
By Power opposed, yet onward toiled,  
With hope untired, and heart elate.  
Yes ! kings may frown, they cannot bend  
The inborn strength that stands erect,  
Girt for the watch, till Heaven shall end  
Th' ungenerous world's neglect.

From Barden Tower the Lady gazed—  
Earl Bedford's own high-minded daughter—  
O'er all that wild enchanted waste,  
The umbered wood, the tinted water.  
Her heart was thronged with doubts and fears,  
Whilst brooding on the babe she bore ;  
And he who should have soothed her tears  
Was dallying round each bright Azore.  
The cheek he praised, so fresh of old,  
Wore grief's white roses, sad to see ;  
The Book of Grace, unclasped in gold,  
Lay resting on her knee.

She mused on deeds of distant days,  
The Patriarch's rest, the Bond-slave's story,  
When hopeless tears proved springs of praise,  
The gloomy wild a gate of glory.  
Its peace the living text inbreathed,  
A hallowed feeling, pure and calm,  
And Eve her influences bequeathed,  
Low, dying tones, and breath of balm.  
There came a murmur from the fell,  
From bowery Wharfe a whisper rose,  
And sealed her spirit with the spell  
Of undisturbed repose.

She saw in sleep a banquet spread,  
Rich wine in many a golden flagon :  
The feast was o'er her warrior dead,  
The hall his hall of proud Pendragon.

Twice twenty knights of high degree,  
All mail-clad chieftains, there had place ;  
And, by his shield's emblazonry  
Well known, a Clifford on the dais.  
The tapers, as the hall she paced,  
Cheered by her presence, blazed more bright ;  
A Harper hoar her left hand graced,  
A Seneschal her right.

She took, to greet them, from the board,  
A cup, and pledged them ere she parted ;  
When lo ! at Clifford's nod each sword  
In anger from its scabbard started.  
But wondrous succour was at hand—  
Her Guardian herald forward prest,  
And shivered with his ruby wand  
The weapons brandished at her breast ;  
And as before his eye of fire  
Unsinewed stood the daunted throng,  
Mysterious from the Minstrel's wire  
Broke forth the unstudied song :

“ Rest, Vipont, rest ! peace, Vescy, peace !  
Nor idly beard the Russell lion,  
Blest by the gracious Pleiades,  
And banded with the bright Orion !  
Round Salem's towers ye've seen him prey,  
O'er Ulster's heathy mountains bound,  
And sternly, grimly, hold at bay  
The Gallic hunter's eager hound.  
Him Love—the child—with ease may guide ;  
But let Power touch his bristling mane,  
Ye've seen him dash his darts aside,  
And snap his spears in twain.

“ Drink, Lady, drink ! the cup's thine own,  
Nor sorrow for thine infant burden ;  
For though thy seed in tears be sown,  
Yet rich shall be thy final guerdon.

The babe that in thy lap erewhile  
Shall sleep to many a murmured song,  
A girl—shall bear a kinsman's guile,  
A woman—brave a warrior's wrong.  
Yet hers shall still be flood and fell,  
And hers shall yet be tower and town,  
How long soe'er the Armed repel,  
Howe'er the Sceptred frown.

“To all the honours of her race  
Restored beyond the reach of malice,  
What beal-fires on the hills shall blaze,  
What flutes resound in pastoral valleys !  
Their state in Her ancestral towers  
The household Virtues shall resume,  
And Hospitality the hours  
With many a festal light relume.  
Her memory shall the wise and good  
Embalm in some perennial verse,  
And thousand tears and flowers be strewed  
Late on Her holy hearse.”

He ceased—She started, for the Two  
Shone like transfigured Saints before her .  
Wondering She rose ; fast fell the dew,  
The stars of heaven were gathered o'er her.  
But Wharfe, when many a year had rolled,  
And proud Pendragon witness bore,  
That all the Vision had foretold,  
Was strangely sooth as Gospel lore.  
Nor marvel, thou who hear'st the strain,  
That such Prophetic sense were given,  
For spirits purged by fire from stain,  
Walk less in Earth than Heaven.

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## THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

## A LAY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

On the last day of June, 1575, Sir John Forster and Sir John Carmichael, deputy-warden or keeper of Liddesdale, met at Hexpath gatehead, and agreed to hold a day of truce at Remelpeth on the 7th July. The incidents here narrated are drawn from the Earl of Huntingdon's original despatches to the English court, which are to be seen among the Cottonian MSS.

O SWEET on Alnwick's towers at morn  
 The woodbine shakes its scented bells ;  
 And stately stands at gaze the fawn  
 That haunts their cloistered holts and dells.  
 But sweeter than the scented flower,  
 And statelier than the woodland hind,  
 Who yet in th' Abbey's oriel tower  
 Stands wooed by morn's mellifluous wind ?

O, 'tis not that the wind blows free,  
 That there the Lady Julian stands ;  
 It is 'twixt sigh and smile to see  
 Her gallant sire's departing bands.  
 For Scotland holds a truce to-day,  
 And though the Tynedale ranks are good,  
 Yet Liddesdale lads may drive a prey,  
 And Howes or Fenwicks fall to feud.

From Solway Moss to Berwick Law  
 No nobler marchmen e'er were seen,  
 Of all that traverse moor or shaw,  
 Or drive the deer in forest green.  
 There wind they through the braes and brooms,  
 And by the light that sunrise flings,  
 To her,—'midst mantles, scarfs, and plumes,—  
 They seem a clan of star-crowned kings.

Of all their chieftains marked she One,  
 Who following with reverted eye,  
 Unfurled his pennon to the sun,  
 And tossed his gentle goshawk by.

His base and surcoat grained with gold,  
Of lofty lineage spoke the youth ;  
But more the bearing, frank and bold,  
And dauntless brow of manly truth.

Her heart went with him, for she knew  
That dark-eyed bird with golden bells,  
And lion *gules* that ramped to view,  
Beneath his stainless scallop-shells.  
She watched him o'er the braes with woe—  
She watched him through the brooms with pride—  
Then sudden closed her bower windòw,  
And kissed her slumbering child and sighed.

Already bound for Carter Fell,  
Carmichael's Scottish clans convene,  
With jack, with spear, with pennoncelle,  
And Jeddart-axe borne far between.  
From swire and haugh, from cairn and cross,  
From Allan water bright and blue,  
Young Walter Scott o'er moor and moss,  
Brought up the spears of brave Buccleuch.

The Armstrongs bold from Blackburnside,  
In moonlight raid ne'er known to fail,  
And Elliot, with his sons of pride,  
Brought down the rest of Liddesdale.  
Then Teviotdale sent to her powers  
Boonjeddart with his tough black bills,  
Cranstone and Gladstone from their bowers,  
The Douglas from his heathy hills.

O'er Hawick and Rule-water, loud  
The Trumbulls raise their gathering cry,  
And, led by Rutherford the proud,  
Old Jedburgh's brawny sons reply ;  
And thither came the Laird of Mow,  
Huntley and earnest Ederstain,  
Hunthill considerate of his vow,  
And Bethrule in his wintry wane.

But whoso gazed o'er Coquet head,  
Saw sooth to say a braver sight—  
The princely clans by Forster led,  
So mild in peace, so fierce in fight.  
There mustered Glendale's hardy sons,  
From Cheviot to far Etal bower ;  
From Rosedean Edge the Ildertons,  
And Claverings from Callaly tower.

And Eslington obeyed the call,  
And Edlingham his bugle blew ;  
The Rodhams came scarce armed with all,  
Round whom the Russell lion flew.  
Nor guile nor war the Shaftons feared,  
Of those whom pastoral Redesdale sent,  
But lingered as the prey appeared,  
And flew their falcons as they went.

'Twas different with the Fenwick clan,  
They had their honour to maintain,  
If e'er the Crayser's feud began,  
Or flouted Aynsley and Lorraine.  
And many a bow and many a blade,  
Old Tynedale's merry marchmen bare,  
Albeit no pennons were displayed,  
Nor shout nor clangour rent the air.

With all their chivalry in selle,  
The crested chiefs come cheerly in,  
Whence frowns the fir o'er Halton dell,  
Whence foams the wave o'er Hareshaw Linn,—  
Thirlwall, and Fetherstone, and Carr,  
The Nevilles high, the Charltons hot,  
And Heron, seamed with many a scar,  
In battle with the border Scot.

Yet met they as in bower or hall,  
For plumes were veiled, and greetings paid ;  
The merchant spread their packs, and all  
Went merry as a masquerade.

And still thronged in from down and dale,  
The Kirkstones there, the Selbies here,  
Like flocks of muir-fowl on the gale,  
Or herds of Albyn's dark-brown deer.

The wardens sat,—the bills were tried,—  
And some were *speered*, and some were *sped*,  
Till Robson, on the English side,  
Was called, and entered "*sair bested*."  
"Ye swear him sick !" exclaimed the Scot,  
"Then yield the forfeit writings here."  
"Now, nay," said Forster ; "spare the blot ;  
Next tryst-day shall the knave appear."

"Ye play me false," Carmichael cried,  
And sternly touched his sworded hilt.  
"Let kerns," the Forester replied,  
"Tax fair with foul, and truth with guilt.  
Know justice fares in Tynedale chase,  
As amply as on Liddesdale lea,  
And sorely might he rue the case,  
Dare cast a stain on mine or me."

"Albeit his bride *were* an Earl's sister,  
And mine but the slip of a belted knight,  
Beshrew me, but my sword, fair sir,  
Should set the challenged reckoning right !"  
O, wrathful waxed the Keeper then ;  
His eye flashed fire, he fumed, he frowned.  
"What ! makes he menace ?" cried his men,  
And seized their bills and gathered round.

Their slogan shout was "Jedworth ho !"  
The Græmes and Craysers raised the yell ;  
First Martin strung his tough yew bow,  
And sternly smiled as Fenwick fell.  
His stepson next the shaft essays,  
Hoarse twangs the string, the feather flies,  
And all is uproar and amaze,  
Where Russell bleeds and Shafton dies.

“ Off ! off ! ” our warden cried amain ;  
Strike down yon banner, still your brawls !  
“ ’Tis vain,” the Russell sighed, “ ’tis vain ;  
See Chipchase widowed—Heron falls ! ”  
The knight his weapon grasped a space,—  
Just chid his murderer with a sigh,—  
Then ashy grew his manly face,  
And dark his late illumined eye.

He took Sir John Forster by the hand,  
And laid his head upon Russell’s knee ;  
“ Farewell,” said he, “ Northumberland !  
I have lived, and loved, and bled for thee !  
His lady looks out at her high hall door,  
His children sport in the birken field ;  
But Sir George Heron is now no more,  
He sleeps afar on his stainless shield !

A mingled shout of rage and woe  
Broke forth from all that mustered band.  
“ Now, Tynedale, bid thy bugles blow,  
And up for high Northumberland ! ”  
With bill, with spear, with bended bow,  
They ply the terrible attack,  
Strike many a haughty marchman low,  
And beat the Liddesdale archers back.

Athwart the swire they turn, they flee,  
And climb the heathery brae pell-mell ;  
Five hundred footmen there they see  
Come pacing down the ash-tree dell.  
“ Now toss your bonnets to the skies,  
Our Jedworth blades shall turn the scales ;  
And of a truth, yon knaves are wise,  
They stoop to truss the pedlar’s bales ! ”

No rest ; no ruth ; they raise the shout ;  
“ Fye, Tynedale, to it ! Jedburgh’s here !  
And bows are bent, and bills are out,  
And booming bullets stun the ear.

Who stands must strive, who strives must fall ;  
The plunderer leaves his rifled hoard,  
For round him is the marksman's ball,  
Behind the red revenging sword.

A false game then Carmichael played,  
As captive on the moor he stood ;  
He heard the slogan cry, and prayed  
To still the tumult, quell the feud.  
" But let me with Boonjeddart hie,  
And if I have my own good will,  
I'll shortly stint their savage cry,  
And hang a hundred on the hill."

\* \* \* \* \*

" But out on him for a traitor vilde !  
Woe worth the hour, woe worth the day !  
He has driven our merry men over the wild,  
And carried our bravest knights away.  
And though unscathed they do not ride,  
Since Mow is lamed and Symstone slain,  
Yet ne'er shall gallant Heron guide  
His border clans to the tryst again !"

Thus spake the page with a face of woe,  
In the archéd oriel as he stood,  
And drew the bonnet o'er his brow,  
To wipe away the stain of blood.  
The Ladye heaved nor sigh nor groan,  
But bowed until the pang was fled,  
Then paced apart her lone hearthstone,  
And sadly shook her thoughtful head.

" My husband and sire in the Scot's countrie,  
These shall the Morton soon restore ;  
But O, my kinsman kind, for thee  
My bosom bleeds, my tears run o'er !

Now moan, now moan, thou good greyhound,  
And tear thy locks, thou winsome maid ;  
For the noblest knight upon English ground,  
Is perished in the Reidswire Raid ! ”

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# POEMS

BY

BENJAMIN BARRON WIFFEN.





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## POEMS.

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### THE QUAKER SQUIRE.

" Happy, oh happy, he who not affecting  
The endless toils attending worldly cares,  
With mind composed, all discontent rejecting,  
With silent pace his way to heaven prepares."

*Anonymous, 1609.*

#### CANTO FIRST.—HIS PERSON.

WHEN Buonarroti laid his colours down,\*  
And turned from sainted Graces to his own,  
For Her his sense and juster taste refuse  
Their gay vermilions and their splendid blues.  
For Her the colours on his canvas spread  
Are Nature's hues, that wake to life the dead ;  
To form a whole creation these conspire,  
That gives the flesh, and this th' immortal fire.  
In chaster tints a livelier grace we see,  
His hand more willing, hence its strokes more free ;  
Just to his art, its truthful art is such,  
He paints a feeling where he lays a touch ;  
Round the loved form, in pleasing labour wrought,  
He turns the lines, and every line a thought.  
For memory breathed the freshness of his youth ;  
He called not Beauty for his muse, but Truth.

\* The original one (a drawing said to be by Buonarroti of the portrait of Vittoria Colonna) is now (1858) in the possession of Mr. Wellesley, Master of New Inn Hall, Oxford.

She led his heart, the heart the hand improved,  
The work complexioned to the thoughts he loved ;  
Truth gave it voice—to hers the notes are strung,  
A lovely *poem*, speaking every tongue—  
For not a land is foreign to the reach  
Of graceful Painting's universal speech.

O might my hand a like expression lend  
To the loved form of one departed Friend !  
The same its purpose, if my work succeed,  
To warm the bosom or the mind to feed ;  
For these my touches in each speaking line  
Are Truth's and Nature's, and not merely mine.  
The same sweet Muse fills all my breath, but then  
Mine is a picture painted by the pen.  
And pardon, though upon my task I stay  
To mark each feature with a fond delay,  
'Tis line on line that paints the truthlike cheek,  
Touch upon touch that makes the marble speak.  
So may the Poet make the lettered word  
Live as a Spirit, through another's heard.  
The pen, interpreting the Mind that steers  
The circling globe and swift revolving spheres,  
Transmits the message down from age to age,  
A speaking voice upon a silent page.

An ancient Village 'midst converging hills,  
Shut from the world, a sylvan hollow fills  
Unfading pines the higher summits crown,  
Rich orchards hang the verdant slopes adown,  
While gardens, grassy crofts, and groves fill up  
The waving circles of this shady cup.  
Eastward a hamlet's modern growth looks down  
From the hill's ridge upon a distant town,  
O'er a sweet vale that fields and flocks adorn,  
That bends its breast to greet the glorious morn ;  
And other villages and woods descries,—  
A wider world where broader spread the skies.

The sky upon the basin's western bound  
Expanding, spreads with large horizon round,  
O'er corn and pasture, till the boundless view  
On distant counties melts in shadowy blue.

Screened in deep groves from the regard of men,  
In shadiest nook of all this shady glen,  
Where smaller slopes an inner depth enclose,  
And where the valley's waters find repose ;  
Where spread the trees so leafy, green the bowers,  
The sun can scarcely tinge the grain of flowers,  
There dwelt a man, content to be unnamed,  
Who walked with nature, and was not ashamed,  
Who lived a life retired, and from the crowd  
Kept far aloof, nor to their idols bowed,  
Held to the manners of his father's age,  
Revered the precepts of the Scripture page,  
Engraved upon his heart the love it taught,  
And made his life a sermon on his thought.  
A village Squire, he lived with quiet aim  
And simple life, and Richard was his name ;  
His sect of those who forms and styles deny,  
And rule their course with Barclay, Penn, and Fry.

Let me pourtray his person ; let me tell  
What some who read may yet remember well.  
Methinks I see him on the earth again,  
And thou shalt see him, or I write in vain,  
Not like the dreamy vision of a night,  
But as a presence beaming on the sight.  
O ever near ! for but in death I see  
The veil that falls between thy face and me.

I was as yet in childhood's early age,  
As he to manhood ripened grave and sage.  
I was a youth, his years advancing grew  
To life's meridian when my friend I knew ;  
I was a man in some experience proved,  
Ere I had tried his worth, and felt and loved ;

Before my later mind could apprehend  
His worth, the noon of life had passed my friend,  
And set him forward on his calm career  
So far, that Heaven, his evening home, seemed near.

As Adam full formed from his Maker came,  
A child in nature, though a man in frame,  
So that mysterious sense which youth endears,  
Grew liveliest in my friend's declining years,—  
So like a child in heart, though common clay  
Would call him Man, and sprinkle him with grey.  
The lines of thought, ere thought avowed its birth,  
Were slightly ploughed in mild and pregnant earth,  
Around the mouth ; the lips, themselves compressed,  
Were warders to the motions of the breast,  
Yet round them ever glowed the welcome smile,  
Ready and prompt to greet a friend the while ;  
But when in fixed repose, his air was such,  
Reflection cast, and yet not over-much ;  
And if sometime remained a longer shade  
Than childhood loved, or thoughtfulness had made,  
'Twas like a cloud that, rising from the west,  
Melts into moisture, and the flowers are blest.  
There's nothing great or good, sublime or holy,  
Without a tinge of heaven-born melancholy.  
So hoar by time, some tower upon the steep,  
Cut off and wave-lashed by the stormy deep,  
Marks where the land to seaward stretched before,  
And what the main has swallowed of the shore ;  
Looks up on high as if the skies to greet,  
And treads the moon-swayed waters at its feet.

Jocose was he, and innocently gay,  
He loved on words and turns of speech to play ;  
Though grave, yet cheerful,—complaisant, though shy,  
Wit smiling waited in his glistening eye ;  
Yet by the town's society controlled,  
His manners distant seemed, and dry and cold,

And unrefined to those who could not *feel*  
The just degrees of *gentle* and genteel,  
Although none have so little claim to rate  
The little vulgar as the vulgar great.

Well could he deal his points as others dealt,  
Yet, kind of purpose, seldom made them felt ;  
And quick of sense and keen of thought to know,  
When solid worth was sacrificed to show,  
Would thus to his remarks expression lend,  
Dropped in the ear of some confiding friend.  
“ O what a toil is pleasure in its birth !  
How much false feeling takes the place of worth !  
How large the efforts for an aim so small !  
The head grows giddy just before a fall ;  
Ah, then how bitter are the tears to shed,  
For lips, though rosy, will demand their bread.”  
To his young friends and simpler, he would play  
In softer speech and in more sportive way ;  
He used it, youthful fancy to beguile,  
And lead to settle in a graver style.  
So the vine-dresser trains the running shoot,  
To give the growing grape a nobler fruit ;  
The grapes, complexioned by a touch divine,  
Blush purple, and burst forth in virgin wine ;  
The swelling vintage crowns his wise employ,  
And heaps the abundance of his bosom's joy.

Such were his outward modes of thought ; his best  
Lay deep, and anchored in his breast had rest,  
And who would know the treasures of his mind  
Must seek indeed, but they were sure to find.  
So on the surface of the waves the light  
Sparkles and flashes on each orb of sight,  
But all the priceless gems of pearly seas  
Are formed in deeps unbroken by a breeze.

To conquer in the Spirit's warfare trained,  
His balanced mind its harmony retained,



He hushed each rising passion of the breast,  
And the face witnessed to the bosom's rest.  
Few are at all times clear, and some are seen  
With Michael and the' apostates—strife within ;  
For might we see to apprehend the whole,  
There's "war in Heaven" with man's devoted soul ;  
Expelled of yore from the Celestial plain,  
The strife in other fields they yet maintain,  
On lower spheres are their dread flags unfurled,  
For every soul is to itself a world.  
But not a friend's familiar eye could trace  
The shock of Spirits imaged on his face ;  
Thought sat retired, collected, yet unbent,  
Like Abram watching Angels from his tent,  
When over Syrian sands the dusky night  
Brooding, from mansions of essential Light,  
They brought the messages of Love and Power  
To Faith and Conscience in the twilight hour.

Full of his parts in business and in books,  
The virtues hardened in his Father's looks ;  
Where Judgment only held the scales and swayed,  
The cherub Mercy trembled and obeyed.  
But Richard to the Mother's weakness clung,  
Approved when old what he had felt when young.  
Few were her years with him, and yet the tone  
Of her so gentle nature grew his own.  
As river-feeders different courses run,  
And form the stream when mingled into one,  
They who observed him in his course could trace  
Which was the mother's, which the father's grace ;  
The mingled currents in his bosom beat  
With even pulse, but with unequal heat ;  
The Father's warmed the intellectual part,  
While all the Mother's glowed around the heart.

How early Time's cold touches freeze the flow  
In human minds of what they merely *know* !

How late it is ere Time's oblivious seal  
Is set on that which youthful bosoms *feel*!

Richard was one of those whose single lot  
The wedded pity as a thing forgot ;  
They little thought how oft his wit denied  
To probe the troubles that they fain would hide.  
Thus would he speak when these he saw, the while  
Played round his lips a half-misgiving smile,  
A flash so faint as doubtful left the sight,  
The shadow of a red rose on a white.  
" Good is our lot, my friend, for truly we,  
What other griefs we have, at least are free,—  
Free from the cares of multiplying shoots,  
Who canker life by life's degenerate fruits,—  
Free from divided wishes, toils, and pains,  
'Tis theirs to envy what *our* choice maintains."  
Half sadly smiling as he spoke, my view  
In silence questioned which of these were true,  
His words or smile, and now it were no less  
As vain to question as 'tis vain to guess.  
On what was then uncertain light and shade,  
Death has but now another shadow laid.  
And yet from out the dimness of the past,  
One lively figure is before me cast.  
Tall is her form, and with enquiring tread,  
She seems to seek the presence of the dead,  
Not in the place of graves ; he is not there,  
But at the rustic bower—the garden chair,  
Amidst his home-loved flowers and sweet familiar air.  
Now by green alleys, where retreating light  
Down long-drawn vistas imitates the night ;  
Now on the slope, where to each bloom is given  
To drink the sun, and bathe in dews of heaven ;  
Now by the lake, where thickest shades abound,  
She pauses to the wind's and water's sound,  
Stops at each well-known trunk the grove contains,  
The lofty limes, the oriental planes,

The beech tree, Nature's column, sculptured o'er  
With names of generations now no more ;  
Winding the Mount, her gliding footstep tends  
The rising path, and o'er an urn she bends :  
Oh, is he there ? for now emotion more  
Glow on that face than thought had stirred before,  
For on the changing cheek the alternate rose,  
All lily white and crimson, comes and goes,  
And goes and comes,—repeating like my tale,  
The fainter red to settle in the pale.  
And yet a glow across her features flies,  
Yet not of this world's brightness, and the eyes  
Show entrance to that Kingdom where the soul,  
Freed from the body, lives a perfect whole.  
They look as though the vision they confest  
Of him the sainted in his Heaven-felt rest.  
Death re-awakened, life anew recast,  
More dear, more pure, more tender than the past.

But, no ! I will not lift the veil to trace  
What I have read in *one* yet living face.  
Ah, no ! I will not make those echoes start  
Which have a voice in *one* yet beating heart.  
Ah, no ! I will not search the sacred spheres  
For what had birth, yet lay concealed in fears,  
But for his own my gentle sorrows shed,  
And hallowed keep the silence of the dead.  
Forget ye not what promises of truth  
Swayed your young bosoms in believing youth !  
Earth-formed yet born of heaven, as like with like  
In kindred natures kindred virtues strike ;  
Thoughts unconfessed, held ever in control,  
They form no less a portion of the soul,  
They nurse the faculties while they expand  
And draw to Heaven, although not hand in hand.  
Man is not all of earth it seems to say,  
Nor woman fashioned but of finer clay ;  
Unbreathed on earth, on high its name shall shine,  
And that be Love—all holy—all divine ;

Light of that flame which shall not cease to burn,  
 Though flesh depart and clay to clay return,  
 A tenant of the temple of the skies,  
 Till the graves crumble and the dust arise ;  
 When reunited, holier than before,  
 No sigh shall pain, and death divide no more.

## CANTO SECOND.—HIS WALKS.

“ More sweet than odours caught by him who sails  
 Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
 A thousand times more exquisitely sweet  
 The freight of holy feeling which we meet  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
 From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.”  
 WORDSWORTH'S *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, xxxii.

HAIL, Poesy ! thou daughter of the morn,  
 And darling music, man's coeval born,  
 Thou earliest handmaid of the human mind,  
 The fair as light, the free as mountain wind,  
 The buoyant as the bounding fountain's play,  
 The beautiful—as flowers in dewy May !  
 The musical—as when with warbling flute  
 Winds, waters, birds, and bending branches, suit  
 Their tones to chide the lips for being mute.  
 I ask not of thy place, to all belong  
 Some flutterings of the harmonies of song.  
 Wide as the scope of universal mind,  
 To no fair scene is Poesy confined,—  
 No fount of Castaly, no one choice spot  
 Where some may drink at, and the rest may not,  
 No golden cloud round one loved mountain curled,  
 But a broad glory compassing the world.  
 Who gives the sense will not to place refuse  
 The inspiration of the Holy Muse,  
 And nature's works and ways are all as plain  
 On Lomond's ridge as by the banks of Seine.

Hast thou e'er sailed on the unstable sea,  
 Nor made the land thy whole geography ;

Ready to rest and yet content to roam,  
And take the wide world circle for a home?  
Or hast thou paused to watch at close of day  
From cloud to cloud the summer lightnings play,  
And when their flashing fires upon the plain  
Lanced from on high in "beautiful disdain,"  
Long lingering stood to danger all awake,  
Yet loved the danger for the beauty's sake?  
Hast thou e'er gazed upon the mountain snows,  
And watched them catch the colour of the rose,  
Or marked the light's first tints their tops adorn,  
Intensely purple by the rising morn,  
Or down their clefts its mid-day glories rolled  
A kindling flood of azure, green and gold,  
And turned and turned again upon the spot  
To fix their features, ne'er to be forgot?  
Thine is the Poet's feeling—though his power  
May not be thine, nor thine the auspicious hour,  
To use at will his instrument of thought  
To paint to others what thy mind has wrought.

Eternal Nature thus affects our minds,  
And strikes their chords, and so an echo finds;  
Varied her touches are as varied each;  
And this is poetry, though wanting speech.  
Nor less the pulse of Poesy is warm  
To Nature's feelings than to Nature's form.  
How have I heard near old Saguntum's towers  
Valencian maidens animate their hours,  
Whose jet-black eyes would scarce permit to trace  
The sunbrown beauties of each pensive face.  
There have I heard to Moorish music wild  
The Spanish mother lull her infant child,  
I watched its eye sink into soft eclipse  
As the slow tones were warbled from the lips;  
From Nature's lips the breathing accents part,  
And strike their way to infant Nature's heart;  
For ere the Cantarcillo had a close,  
Its heaving bosom breathed serene repose.

So poet's thought in sweetest language drest,  
Is Nature's voice that thrills through Nature's breast.

The world too breathless on its course to stay,  
Too deaf to listen on its noisy way,  
Knows not how many a heart that ne'er appears,  
Thrills to this sweetest music of the spheres,  
Where Poesy, "like Una's heavenly face,  
Makes the true sunshine in the shady place."  
Such was my friend's ; from wood and valley lone  
He heard her language in her sweetest tone ;  
Such was my friend's, to human feelings true,  
The charm to others from himself he drew :  
To no false power were his fond vows addressed ;  
That was his muse—"the man within the breast."  
And if to some he seemed to do a wrong  
To them the prompters of the lettered song,  
Nor gave just honour to their rightful claim  
By praise profuse, or dwelt upon a name ;  
Yet oft at breezy morn and twilight dim  
Flowed from his lips sweet verse or serious hymn ;  
Untrimm'd the language, so the thoughts might please,  
In simple form and in such strains as these :—

*The Christian's Rest.*

Whilst beneath his lower dome  
Can the Christian feel at home ?  
Formed of atoms, every one  
From the world he treads upon—  
With the atmospheres of earth  
Fed to an immortal birth,  
By the breaths of every day  
Loosed, to be dissolved away,  
Hourly something from him stealing,  
Changing, body, mind, and feeling  
Lapsing to all life's relations  
Constant but to variations,  
Whilst below the heavenly dome  
Can the Christian find his home ?

But upon the' Eternal Shore  
 Rest *is* rest, and not before.  
 Does the Spirit shun the view  
 Of a state he never knew?  
 Shrinks he from Celestial scenes,  
 At the gulf that intervenes?  
 Every wasting grain of flesh,  
 Every pulse that pains afresh,  
 Every agony of Faith,  
 Every conflict, every breath  
 Of the least confiding prayer  
 Plumes the wing to waft him there;  
 Once on the Celestial Shore,  
 Rest *is* rest for Evermore.

Richard had early learned that Order laid  
 A rule on all things, and its law obeyed;  
 He had his stated seasons for his talk  
 With his poor neighbours, and his country walk.  
 At briefest noon to yon warm slope he goes,  
 When on the pine branch sway the winter snows;  
 The oak wood sees him in its mossy dells,  
 When the first lily shakes its dewy bells,  
 Ere yet its scent is breathed upon the morn,  
 To tell the woodlands that a bud is born.  
 Again when summer's sun is hasting fast  
 To fade the flower, he seeks and finds the last.  
 When morning waking late doth cast its eye  
 On windy clouds that glare and hurry by,  
 He turns his steps while yet the gales arise  
 To where the lake 'midst thickest pine wood lies.  
 The lights, the melancholy winds, the roar  
 Of the sad waters on the pebbly shore,  
 Fill all his mind, and his reflections raise  
 To grand religious thoughts, sweet awe, and solemn  
 praise,  
 Till peace grows deeper from the rage of storms,  
 And worship draws from stern material forms.

There too, again when summer daylight fades  
O'er the calm lake, adown the cedar glades,  
He seeks, at dewfall of the eve, to trace  
The lovelier charms of Nature's smiling face,  
With her conversing as she leads along—  
Remembered forms, the absent and the young.

Ye groves whose sweep my unveiled windows view,  
Not e'en Frascati bears the palm from you ;  
If there, Italian skies in radiance glow,  
Here, deeper verdure lights the turf below.  
Dear classic glades where He who late took down  
Tasso's sweet Lyre, and made its echoes known,  
Formed his pure taste, and made with graceful ease,  
Italian sense in Saxon music please ;  
That Lyre, alas ! with all its chords unstrung,  
Is on the cypress bough *again* uphung.\*  
How oft at dewfall, when the setting sun  
Told that the labours of the day were done,  
In that sweet sense accomplished duty brings,  
When Time himself takes rest upon his wings,  
Here have we met and walked uncounted hours,  
While Verse, sweet Verse ! strewed all the way with flowers.  
The twilight lake, the woods, the drowsy birds,  
E'en solemn midnight, witnessed of our words :  
There on our own how oft the starry eyes  
Of the bright Pleiads glistened from the skies.  
I will not question of the spheres to tell  
What Memory chants in her eternal cell ;  
To her, while wet with ink this paper lies,  
A Brother's hand inscribes a Brother's sighs—

\* Not in dim dungeons, to the clank of chains,  
Like sad Tarquato's, have my hours been spent,  
Given to the song ; but in bright halls, where reigns  
Uncumbered freedom with a mind unbent,  
By walks in woods, green dells, and pastoral plains,  
To sound far off of village merriment.  
Albeit perchance some springs whence Tasso drew  
His sweetest tones have touched my spirit too.

J. H. WIFFEN, *Tasso Dedication.*



His after-scholar in the art divine,  
How late to learn, how rough in every line.  
Not touched to music by his graceful hand,  
How rude as written must these verses stand.

When frosty nights first check the summer buds,  
And tinge the leafy honours of the woods,  
Deep green to amber turning, and the blaze  
Of the hot sun yields to the shortening days,  
Ere gelid Autumn's tinting fingers reach  
The yellow maple and the blood-red beech,—  
Ere she their now embrowning mast began  
To peel and scatter with her windy fan,—  
While yet the oak the advancing season mocks,  
And swells his fruits, and shakes his verdant locks ;  
Then, when some sunny afternoon imbues  
The mind with memory's contemplative views,  
In annual visit Richard turns his way  
To where the Roman urn was brought to-day,  
To trace in contrast that lone pastoral spot,  
The heath's wild borders, and the woodman's cot,  
To mark the little paddock, sheltered round  
By loneliest woods, where first the urn was found,  
And ask, too, how the peasant sire obtained  
The prize from earth, and what the jar contained ;  
Some coal-black dust, the small remains of whom ?  
Some friend of Cæsar's—some great son of Rome ?  
Some Chief, perhaps, with wreath of laurel crowned,  
Whose martial honour passed familiar round.  
Was there no finger to write "memory" on,  
One brazen medal, or one sculptured stone ?  
Thus Richard asked and paused, and thoughtful then  
Mused upon fame, and sighed o'er martial men.

Ah, sure, where mind has been may mind return,  
To sway our spirits from the mouldering urn,  
To wave a sceptre by a shadowy hand  
That points and beckons to the mystic Land,

To speak that language none but spirits know,  
And heard the loudest when the pulse beats low,  
When full, not frequent ; where its currents meet,  
The heart makes time to pause at every beat,  
And every beat re-echoes turn by turn  
Its one bound nearer to the silent urn.

He knew in lonely heath-glens where to find  
Birds wild of wing, and forms of curious kind ;  
The secret spots where native medicines grew,  
And much-sought plants in shy recesses ; knew  
Their forms, their names, and where the sun and shower  
Best fed their growth and earliest forced the flower ;  
And ever 'twixt his fingers might you see  
The season's blooms, all simple though they be,  
Earliest and latest,—month by month they showed  
How the sun travelled on his heavenly road,  
A lively emblem of his thoughts and hours,  
A sweet perpetual almanac of flowers.

Oft would he walk when the sun's sinking ray  
Gave glorious signs of the departing day,  
To where a grassy terrace, on the brow  
Of a steep hill, o'erlooked the plain below ;  
A grove of pines screened off the frigid east,  
A valley opened all the north and west,  
Boundless the scene, or only bounded by  
The power of vision in the enchanted eye.  
There would he watch across the vast expanse  
The sun roll downward and the mists advance,  
First lightly shaded, so as to assume  
The hue and softness of a downy bloom,  
Next whitening into fleeces where the dews  
Grew dense along the curves of Cowper's Ouse,  
Last surging upward the whole column spreads  
The hills' tall shoulders, and invades their heads,  
And all the vision melts before the sight,  
As snow in water ceases to seem white.

These are Thy works, Eternal and Adored !  
 Great Source of being ! man and nature's Lord !  
 From Thee the talent is derived to turn  
 Earth to man's food, and it should upward burn :  
 From Thee the Earth her fruitfulness receives,  
 And strength to generate the good she gives.  
 Each blade of her green mantle points the source  
 Of mind on high, whence she derives her force.  
 Thus human thoughts should ever, ever tend  
 To its first Cause, true Centre, and best End ;  
 Show from the life, when in the body here,  
 Our source ancestral from a nobler sphere,  
 Taste sweet communion to pure Spirits given,  
 Eat Angels' food, the antepast of Heaven,  
 And plume our eager wing, and upward soar  
 To Life Eternal, boundless, evermore.  
 Such noble thoughts in loneliest walks supplied  
 The converse solitude had else denied.  
 Then home returning, seated by his fire,  
 Shut in—tea, books, and all he could desire,  
 The pleasant sense of close retirement wrought  
 The feeling fancy forms into the thought,—  
 “ Though the wide plains abounding beauty fills,  
 Mine be a home—a home amongst the hills,  
 And honoured be the Providence that laid  
 My happy seat within this secret shade ;  
 Slow wears my pulse, yet never let me be  
 Divorced, sweet Nature ! from my books and thee.”

Oft in his walks would he acquaintance make  
 With his poor neighbours, and their cares partake ;  
 Sometimes, as chance directed, would he call,  
 Set up his stick against the white-washed wall,  
 Accept a seat, and taking off his hat,  
 Spend hour by hour in kind familiar chat.  
 At times more studied, he would send and say,  
 I come at such an hour on such a day,  
 And “ William, William ! simply to the Dame  
 Convey the message and as kindly frame,

And call it not a visit, lest I lose  
The heart's true welcome which the lowly use.  
Formality would turn the grace aside,  
And close the heart, and spread the board for pride."

At times select for good when Richard strays,  
The old to cherish and the abject raise,  
E'en so his serious vision stoops to share  
Their earth-turned feelings, wishes, wants, and care,—  
Stoops to the line where lower nature gives  
The food of life, and the meek spirit lives ;  
Then soars above this world of hopes and fears,  
Its darkness, doubtings, struggles, sighs, and tears,  
Ascends the Sphere—where Light its home has made,  
And the soul's motions never cast a shade,  
Reflecting grace—so gracious Heaven allowed,  
He leaves a sunshine where he found a cloud.  
Thus by his hands his Heavenly Master sends  
To the poor neighbours whom he calls "his friends."  
Lo, there he goes ! not by the public way,  
He seeks the field-path, where his steps may stray,  
The shrubbery gate, for private exit made,—  
For Charity, like Sorrow, loves the shade,—  
A cottage hearth receives him for a guest,  
To cheer its tenant and to take his rest.  
The aged widow's tremulous fingers haste  
To spread her lowly cates with cleanly taste :  
The armchair set, her labours put aside,  
The bobbins that from morn to eve she plied,  
Carefully covered,—what the fancy earned  
Or friendship gave,—the vacant hourglass turned,  
Fresh fuel on the sinking embers cast,  
The stand let down, its little catch made fast,  
The tea-board, like a looking-glass before,  
Its face so bright, receiving one rub more,  
Her mother's fractured china—useful still,  
Drilled and brass-tied by gipsy artist's skill,  
The spoons—of marriage gifts the last and best,  
Some snow-white sugar, kept for such a guest,

The little loaf, by wayside baker made,  
And richly sweet, by her last sixpence paid,  
Ranged in due course, and some few minutes given  
To heartfelt silence, breathing up to Heaven,  
Heard *without* speech, conversing Angels say,  
It *is* accepted, for in *truth* they pray.  
So Abram prayed at dying daylight's close,  
And heard responses ere the Temple rose ;  
So pilgrims pray, on voiceless deserts thrown,  
And they who journey o'er blue ocean blown ;  
Two are a church, when He the third is there,  
Whose gracious office is to answer prayer ;  
Say, is it heard for being breathed aloud ?  
Is incense sweeter offered in a crowd ?  
The happy dame, now talkatively free,  
Forgets her lot in virtue's dignity.  
Cup after cup unconsciously he sips,  
And drops sweet counsel from his gentle lips,  
Talks of the days when life was trust and truth,  
And sheds o'er twilight age the glow of youth ;  
Assures her fears, reanimates her hope,  
Expands her lowly mind with larger scope ;  
Exalts her thoughts from daily cares to rise,  
And plumes her pinions to ascend the skies ;  
Tells how their Lord, when on the earth He walked,  
Was poor Himself, and with poor people talked ;  
Left for a time His throne and diadem,  
To feel their natures and to visit them ;  
Worked, hungered, wept, and bled, not to prefer  
The wise and rich,—He did all this for *her*.  
His pleasant words much more than money charm,  
Though the white silver warms her frosty palm.  
Tongue-tied with gratitude, a rising store  
Of blessings bigger than the heart run o'er,  
Her pale grey eyes a dewlike moisture cheers,  
Age and approaching Heaven deny them tears.

Emerging thence, behold his sober face  
Glows with the light of Eden's early grace :

As the rich bow at summer's evening hours  
Hides in its glory the receding showers,  
Heaven's beaming sign upon his brow appears,  
Whose radiant lustre has dispersed the tears.

If small the gift, the kindliness was such,  
The poor in spirit ever thought it much.  
Theirs was his smile when dark affliction tried,  
And none but God and he were on their side;  
Friendless and spiritless he saw them stand,  
And, like Lot's Angels, drew them by the hand.

## CANTO THIRD.—HIS GARDEN.

"A garden was the scene of man's fall ;  
A garden was the scene of Christ's passion ;  
A garden was the place of Christ's burial,  
And it was in a garden where Christ rose ;  
No wonder that I have such a love for a garden."

*Life of Mrs. Cameron, p. 459.*

Who love to live in Gardens? is it they  
That seek the business of the world's highway?  
Where mind to mind dexterity imparts  
In commerce, curiosity, and arts.  
Who read our life as written by the pen  
Of their ill genius on the hearts of men—  
A book of smiles, of sorrows, and of spots,  
If fair unfrequent, frequent but in blots,  
Who learn mankind by their malignant star,  
Less as they "ought to be than as they are,"  
Who sharper grow by years, as wines at length  
Rise into tartness as they sink in strength.  
Such loathe to live in gardens, for the strife  
And grind of cities is their joy and life.  
Who love to live in Gardens? is it they  
Who learn of Heaven, and listen, and obey,  
Who track with trustful hope and eye elate  
The peaceful glories of man's first estate?  
Glad to unlearn the agitating things  
That evil knowledge to acquaintance brings;

Thoughtful of Peace, who seek the cherub guest,  
And find the Paradise *within* the breast;  
Who viewing Man, his thoughts and manners, see  
Less what he "is than what he ought to be."  
These love to live in gardens—still retreats,  
Far from the City's throng, embowered in Nature's sweets,

Flowers are our links to Eden ! they in sooth  
Were old when Babylon was in its youth ;  
Yet are they young, though scarcely fame recalls  
The hanging gardens on her mighty walls.<sup>1</sup>  
Formed for *his* Median queen, who stormed the towers  
Of Zion, mindful of her infant bowers;  
For mountain-nursed in Nature's sylvan reign,  
Her spirit languished on the mountain plain.  
The Tamarisk, scion of the one she set,  
Links her fond thoughts to human feelings yet,  
And bears ours backward to behold unfurled  
The rosy daybreak of an infant world.  
To her green monument remembrance clings,  
While towers and temples are forgotten things.  
Such I believe was the first rose's hue,  
Which at God's word in beauteous Eden grew;  
That Heaven's own light had pencilled and engrained,  
Ere sinful fingers touched them, and profaned;  
Which Adam saw with worship and surprise,  
And Eve beheld, but with her *virtuous* eyes.  
Fresh from His courts ethereal odours melt,  
And all their Maker's was the bliss they felt.

Flowers were the grace of Eden ; they impart  
The loveliest lessons to the mind of art.  
The broken Lily, with its marble bells,<sup>2</sup>  
Faints on the tomb, and of its tenant tells.  
When gorgeous Solomon his Temple graced,  
Inspired from Paradise he formed his taste,  
Cherubs and palms and open flowers all o'er  
Panelled each sacred ceiling, wall, and door.  
The gourds and opening flowers the beams unrolled,  
Smelt sweet in cedar, and grew ripe in gold:

Yet was the work as nothing to Thy hand,  
O heavenly Artist, who the patterns planned.

Flowers were the joy of Eden, and of all  
Least show the marks of sorrow and the fall—  
Nay, nought of Sorrow ; as their race began,  
It lives, and Sorrow is reserved for man.

Flowers were the pomp of Eden; O what dyes  
Awoke to rapture Eve's delighted eyes !  
Blooms heavenly hues had pencilled and engrained  
Ere sinful fingers touched them and profaned  
Resplendent lustres from His radiant sight,  
From whom all Spirits drink their primal light.  
As youthful Adam in his garden strayed,  
And the first friendships in Creation made,  
While all companionless he walked, nor he  
Had thought to touch the interdicted tree ;  
When Eve was not, and he to Nature's breast  
The o'erflowing fulness of his own expressed,  
And day by day in that sweet garden wrought  
To fill the heaven-born mind with what it taught;  
To hold such converse with the sense of man,  
In Nature's speech, ere languages began.  
Such converse Richard held, and hence he drew  
A wisdom simple, infantile, and new;  
For by the light of her intelligence  
He read the spirit of her inner sense ;  
He made a true acquaintance with his plants,  
To learn their structure, properties, and wants,  
To feed upon their beauty with an eye  
Large, yet unsated by their vast supply.

" How sweet it was at summer's eve to walk  
In his small garden and to hear him talk ; " \*  
To hearken to his poetry of prose,  
Till Hesper glistened, and the moon arose,  
And earth, in the dim magic of the night,  
Seemed sown with stars, the skies with flowers of light.

\* Crabbe.



Glancing as Venus at those shadowy hours,  
 Clear as the moon, and varied as the flowers.  
 A lively wit he mingled with his speech,  
 With sacred wisdom the young mind to reach.  
 There is a music in the lips of truth,  
 There are *such* motions in the breasts of youth,  
 Felt, though untold, that walk their silent way  
 Throughout life's journey, and its progress sway.  
 'Tis *but* a word perchance that strikes the key,  
 And yet it echoes through Eternity.  
 Yes, then his voice seemed mellowed to a sound  
 More sweet than Virgil's on Italian ground,  
 And every lesson, every turn he drew,  
 Fell *on* the heart, and melted in like dew.  
 "So sweet was it at summer's eve to walk  
 In his small garden, and to hear him talk." \*

There, in true emblem of his life and him,  
 The garniture was quaint, antique, and trim ;  
 The Virtues and the Vices were descried,  
 How true in morals, growing side by side.  
 Heartsease, and London Pride, and Mignonette,  
 And Honesty, with sullen Monkshood set ;  
 Proud of her spire of bells, the Foxglove tall,  
 The golden Stonecrop on the crumbling wall,  
 Along whose ridge the live Nasturtiums chase,  
 Moist Ferns and Mosses creep along its base.  
 The Houseleek and pale Wallflower grow between,  
 And love the ruins that they bloom to screen.  
 Seeking support, the Honeysuckles clasp  
 The mossy rosebuds in their wiry grasp ;  
 Th' impatient bud seeks liberty to spread,  
 Breaks forth and blushes a diviner red.  
 Blush and fear not ; 'mongst modern beauties seen,  
 The Rose, the Rose is still the garden's Queen.  
 There Love-lies-bleeding mourns unmarried state ;  
 The Crown Imperial by the garden gate,

\* Crabbe.

The Fuchsia gay, the Fraxinella fair,  
Bow their slight stalks to every breath of air.  
The golden Moneywort, and at its side  
The Snakeroot Lily, called the mourning bride,  
Tears in her cup ; the bee from year to year  
To sweetest honey crystallized the tear,  
Whose finer essences, like sorrow's sighs,  
On earth unknown, are gathered in the skies.  
There the Lobelia, with the scarlet hues,  
And Gentianella, deepest of the blues,  
And snow-white Harebells, and of uncouth sound  
Stark-naked Robin in the spot abound,<sup>3</sup>  
Whose name has meaning, for its mother earth,  
From her bare bosom to its bloom gives birth,  
And naked of one verdant leaf displays  
When first the robins trill their autumn lays.<sup>4</sup>  
But time would fail to tell, and short the hour,  
Of every wildling slip, sweet Pink and Gillyflower.

Shy mosses shunning sunshine fringed the walks,  
Moist walls, and garden seats, and shrubby stalks ;  
Tall trees the alleys hide, each branching spray  
O'erhung the walks, to intercept the day.  
They had been young with him, and he was loath  
To use the hatchet to repress their growth ;  
They were his father's friends, nor could he spare  
A single object of his father's care.

Close to the house upon the dexter hand  
A grassy slope banked up the higher land ;  
A grateful relic of the antique taste,  
It formed a terrace, whence the eye embraced  
A narrow range of mansions, fields, and trees,  
In varied sweeps and colours and degrees.  
A trim alcove upon a gentle mound  
Above the terrace overlooked the ground ;  
On either side, a pace or two before,  
A spiry box tree ushered to the door ;  
A solid wall of close-clipped yew behind,  
Fenced out intrusion and the northern wind.

In front, the rising sun, though faintly, still  
 Struggled through woods that waved upon the hill ;  
 Through old ancestral Pines the sunbeams played,  
 Around their boles fantastic figures made,  
 Till rising o'er their tops the midday blaze  
 Shot down its full divinity of rays,  
 As riding onward to his radiant place,  
 " He clustered light to fill his glorious face."\*

Within the' alcove a legend met the sight,  
 In letters black upon a ground of white,  
 And this the burden the inscription bore,  
 The same that Cowper's " Mosshouse " had before :  
     " Here, far from riot's hated noise,  
     Be mine the calmer, purer joys  
     A book or friend bestows.  
     Far from the storms that vex the great,  
     Contentment's gale shall fan my seat,  
     And sweeten my repose."

Small was the plot ; his garden's narrow bounds  
 On one side joined the village Rector's grounds,  
 And near the belfry poured its deafening sounds ;  
 But on the other side a border made,  
 Rows of tall Pines in cloistered colonnade,  
 Ancestral and columnar trunks, whose high  
 And fretted tops roofed out the azure sky.  
 When twilight hovered over wood and dell,  
 There its first tint and deepest umber fell,  
 A solemn temple to the ear and sight  
 In the wind's sobbings and the dusk moonlight,  
 Nature's cathedral, pillared and increast  
 By shadowy styles, and wanting not the priest  
 When autumn winds along the ceiling go  
 Like funeral music mixed with gusts of woe,  
 When the black arches on the earthy floor  
 Mark out strange tablets to the " Gone before ;"  
 Around their shafts the moonbeams flit and flee,  
 And show like Beings we must shortly see,

\* Jeremy Taylor.

And every footfall that we take invades  
Like foreign travel their strange world of shades.<sup>5</sup>  
We who have shared the converse of the Dead ;  
Their heart's best feelings and the books they read,  
Thought wrought in thought with them, their mind  
yet wears

A part of ours, as ours a part of theirs.  
We know those voices on the winds,—the glooms  
Show life's loved features rising from the tombs.  
To earth return in life's familiar spot,  
Are they not near us when we heed them not ?

But other forms the avenue receives,  
And other sounds at spring's delicious eves,  
When gentle airs breathe over fields and woods,  
Scents from the bitters of the new-born buds,  
And on the winds the Nightingale's clear note,  
A liquid tear-drop gurgling in her throat,  
Swells, O how sadly sweet ! and tones the part  
Of Nature's music in the spring-like heart.  
In pensive talk the village maidens strayed,  
Here arm-in-arm their youthful friendships made ;  
Blind to the world, in all the trust of youth,  
They vowed to constancy perpetual truth,  
To seek the glories of the Heavenly state,  
And walk through life right up to Eden's gate.  
How often Richard in his thoughtful mind  
From his near garden half their thoughts divined !  
Alas, how later, in the world's wide way  
He watched them walk divided and astray !  
Grieved by the daily cares that want attend,  
Without a guide or comforter or friend.  
Oft have I heard his gentle tongue prepare  
Hope's sweet preludings to thine heart, Despair !  
Oft have I seen his ready hand bestow  
The gift that seemed to lighten half their woe ;  
No chiding boon to bleeding misery thrown,  
Pity's proved grace, as to the hound the bone,

But such as strengthens self-respect to stand,  
Gives feet to Virtue and uplifts the hand,  
That if they doubted Providence before,  
So like His message, they can doubt no more.

He was a kind excuser of the faults  
That weakness yields when fainting nature halts,  
He loved to think that Mercy might avail  
The sliding heart, for that his own was frail.  
And if sometimes he chose a wise delay,  
'Twas but to mark the point, and cross their wandering way.  
He hailed them by a message soon or late,  
And turned them back to knock at Eden's gate.

Near was a school, whence many a frolic boy  
With truant mischief wrought him much annoy;  
They knew his nature kind, and at their wish  
They rob his orchard or they snare his fish.  
The seeds of future ill he clearly saw,  
He chid their deeds, yet frustrated the law.  
Caught in the fact, he for their sorrows grieved;  
He heard their promise, though he disbelieved;  
His gentle bosom pitied all their pain,  
Though early birch had made them honest men.  
Yet manhood may recall the words he spoke,  
For oil can soften what resists the stroke,  
And kindness used for its proper end,  
Melt down the stony heart that would not bend,  
And true forgiveness penitence inspire,  
And love—well sprinkled—become drops of fire.  
He felt for all that felt, and owned as good  
Great Nature's universal brotherhood,  
For they are fed and fashioned by the same  
Almighty Hand from whence his being came;  
To whom is nothing great or small, whose state,  
Alike how awful in the small as great!  
He saw creative skill no less design  
Life in the atom than the' extended line;  
He knew who moves the molecule's living point,  
Who frames the wing, who fashioneth the joint,

Who warms with subtlest blood the lively heart  
With separate functions serves each separate part,  
Gives it a mind proportioned to its span,  
And willed it happy, if 'twere not for man ;  
A miracle for every insect's sake,  
Each worth a world—it cost as much to make.\*

Perhaps a feeling touched his breast, that all  
Which shared not Adam's sin, yet shared his fall.  
Kind was his breast to all that waved the wing,  
Brute beast, blind worm, and every insect thing.  
As conscious of its safety as his guest,  
In the box bush the Whitethroat built its nest ;  
In the young pine its home the Blackbird knew,  
The annual Chaffinch in the archway yew.  
In cypress screened, the Golden-crested Wren  
Warbled each spring beside the nursing hen ;  
From the near pine the Missel's music rang,  
Within the' alcove the Goldfinch sat and sang ;  
And not unmindful of its wintry pelf,  
The Robin brooded on the corner shelf.  
He watched their habits, while he left unstirred,  
Though eye met eye with his, the sitting bird.  
The birds held converse by familiar song,  
And taught his friendship to their tender young ;  
The young, not wanting in an equal mind,  
The sense expanded to their fellow-kind.  
The good man's eye all smilingly surveyed  
How vast a sum of happiness he made.  
Thus he who sows one seed of real good  
In self-devotion or in brotherhood,  
The fruitful virtue doubling as it runs,  
From man to man descending through his sons,  
Who calculates the total yet to come  
May multiply by *millions* for the sum.

Above, around, the woods and paths dispose  
A calm enchantment, a divine repose ;

\* " L'insecte vaut un monde—il ont autant coute. "—*Lamartine*.

It seemed as though a presence whispered near,  
 "All strife abandon, ye who enter here."  
 The master spread o'er all the pleasant ground  
 The peaceful charm that in his breast he found.  
 There, with his books, how might he love to dwell,  
 Those fir-crowned heights, that sweet embosomed dell.  
 O that my verse could make my readers share  
 In all my thoughts while I behold him there !

*Note 1, page 290.* Sir John Hobhouse discovered an Englishman's residence on the shores of the Hellespont by the kind of his shrubs and flowers.

Napoleon used to say he should know his father's garden in Corsica, blindfold, by the smell of the earth.

When Omai, Cowper's "gentle savage," brought from Tahiti by Captain Cook, saw the banana growing in the Jardins des Plantes at Paris, he sprang forward, and clasping his arms round it, cried, "O my country, my dear country !"

Why should we not speak of the Plane trees of Plato, Young's Elm-walk at Welwin, Shakspeare's and Milton's Mulberry, Pope's Willow, Byron's Elm, Howard's Pine trees at Cardington? Why not imagine Cicero in his Tusculum, Pitt at Ham Common, Evelyn at Wotton, Walpole at Houghton, Grenville amongst his Pine trees at Dropmore? Should we not dwell on Bacon's little tufts of Thyme, Fox's Geraniums? "Talk of perfect happiness or pleasure," says old Gerard, "and what place is so fit as the garden place, wherein Adam was set to be the herbalist?" —*Quarterly Review, etc.*

*Note 2, page 290.* *The broken Lily.* A broken Lily, on a white marble tablet fixed on the wall, is seen in Chenies church. It was placed there by Lord John Russell, in memory of his first wife, interred in the vault of the Bedford family. In Catholic countries, the white Lily is considered an emblem of the Virgin. It is frequently represented in Her hand by Italian painters. It is a religious symbol at Seville.

"Of all the sweets that groves and gardens yield,  
 Christ marked the Lily, and to that appealed."

On its celebrated Cathedral is one made of metal, of immense size, yet of beautiful proportions. The Order of the Blessed Lily was instituted by Garcias IV., King of Navarre, August 1558 : he died on the 25th of September. Legend says that a Lily sprang from his grave, and that it was gathered and placed in the Church of St. Just, on the borders of Navarre and Castille. The Greeks had a legend that the Lily sprang from Juno's milk, dropped from the mouth of the infant Hercules. In relation to this story, the Lily is used in the wedding ceremonies of the modern Greeks. The priest is furnished with two chaplets of lilies, and of ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom.

The Romans regarded the Lily with equal admiration with the Greeks. It was preserved and placed in baskets. They steeped the roots in wine, to produce purple flowers. Pliny speaks of the Lily as second only to the Rose in beauty.

*Flowers.* He heard Charlemagne, writes a French author, a legislator, and a philosopher, from the summit of his western throne, recommend the holy cultivation of flowers to his people. We may even enter into the lively tenderness that Xerxes, according to Elian and Herodotus, felt for a plane tree ; pressing it in his arms, sleeping with delight under its shade, decorating it with bracelets and necklaces of

gold, and overwhelmed with grief when obliged to quit it. Of Wilberforce, it is said, "he loved flowers with all the simple delights of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favourites; and when he came in, even from his shortest walks, he deposited the few that he had gathered safely in his room before he had joined the breakfast-table. Often would he say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, 'How good is God to us! Lovely flowers are the smiles of His goodness.'"—*Life, by his sons.*

*Note 3, page 293. Stark-naked Robin*, is the autumn crocus, whose natural economy is curious; the flowers opening so late in the year, when seeds could not be ripened by exposure to the sun and air, the fructification takes place under ground. In the following spring the seed vessels rise to the surface, accompanied by leaves, which do not appear with the flower which blooms in the autumn.

*Note 4, page 293.* "When first the robins trill their autumn lays." These are the young male robins, hatched in the preceding spring. Their clear, sharp, vigorous notes, short but loud, cheer us as the days shorten and the early frosts despoil our gardens of flowers. These are their earliest efforts at melody.

*Note 5, page 295.* "And every footfall." This description will not appear exaggerated to any one who has walked in autumn along a pathway shadowed by aged pine trees, before the earliest daybreak, under a morning moon. Owing to the longer departure of the evening twilight, the shades are blacker, the lights by contrast brighter than at evening or during the earlier hours of the night. The reflection of the lingering rays of twilight has then completely passed away, and it becomes darkest immediately before the earliest dawn. If the moon be bright and at the full, the ground is then mapped out in the strangest geography of light and shade. When sorrow of heart drives thee from man to seek the medicine of Nature, her consolations are never more effectual than when they are administered from scenes the most quiet, and from the most uncommon to our every-day pursuits.

#### CANTO FOURTH.—HIS HOME AND DEATH.

"The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand—it merits a Divine;  
Angels should paint it,—angels ever there,—  
There on a post of honour and of joy!"

YOUNG.

ERE that dread moment when the mandate flies,  
Seal up the book and bear it to the skies,  
Ere the Recording Angel, o'er the bed,  
Closes the finished register in red,  
Unseen of others, while the closing sight,  
Half purged to spirit, waits to see him write  
While human still, the mind in dread sublime,  
Poises upon the precipice of Time,  
"Looking before and after," as it lies  
Swayed on the point of two eternities.  
Wouldst thou desire to learn thy natural end?  
Mark well the course down which thy feelings tend.



As thy disease, so is it rough or calm,  
Sickness is nature's poison, dew, or balm ;  
The flowers of Heavenly Hope beneath her shade,  
Or brighter blossom, or more darkly fade ;  
Calm smiles consumption on the placid cheek,  
While the red fever leaves the faith more weak.  
The Christian has not a peculiar cure  
For nature's laws, yet his reward is sure.  
Our varied tempers differing grace receive,  
Like John to love, like Peter to believe;  
The yielding mind partakes the body's mood,  
As weak or strong, elastic or subdued ;  
Like Paul, some prophesy in tongues, and some,  
The clear in vision, are in language dumb ;  
And some the fearful—and I write to them—  
Who touch the garment only by the hem.

Think not your pathway through this world should be  
Thornless and plain and flowery and free !  
Why should we ask through Eden to be led,  
Brooks by the way, and roses for a bed ?  
If well we read what Holy Writ records,  
Why should our path be smoother than our Lord's ?  
His day of triumph was a day of fears,  
And His fresh laurels were bedewed with tears ;  
He tasted Sorrow as His daily food,  
His Prayer was Agony, His sweat like blood.  
When He could shrink, whose Sacred body, nursed  
In human form, was Heaven-derived at first ;  
When He a prisoner of hope could lie,  
Who captive led a world's captivity ;  
When e'en He failed the Comforter to find,  
Who shared the purpose of th' Eternal mind ;  
When He could use the language of despair,  
Who *knew* His Father ever heard His prayer ;  
When in the throes His Sacred nature bore,  
The flesh gave up, and *could* endure no more ;  
When shrank e'en He who left the courts above  
To make Himself a Sacrifice for Love,—

Ye who are strong may well forgive a heart  
That bleeds and trembles o'er the weaker part.  
Poor fluttering thing ! let this thy counsel be,  
" He knows thy feelings, for He felt like thee.  
There is no pang can agitate thy frame,  
But He must know it who has proved the same."  
There is no sigh that stirs thy breast, Despair,  
But breathed to Him becomes prevailing prayer.

Why should my hand upon the lyre awake  
Such trembling tones as cause the breast to ache ?  
'Tis that its voice, though breathed with sighs, might grant  
To some that solace that myself may want.  
'Tis that my voice its echoing strains would send  
Beyond this sphere to my departed friend.  
'Tis that our faith, when waning, weak, and dim,  
Might gather strength while we remember Him,  
And that like Him I would my verse delay  
To feed the frail that faint upon the way.

Death sent his herald in the Spring, yet stayed  
His coming till the Autumn flowers decayed.  
Then pause we ere the wintry shadows close,  
Fold over fold, the curtain of repose,  
And Memory seals her record to recall  
The graphic forms of Richard's house and hall,  
So like himself, whilst in himself you see  
The flower in bloom of calm antiquity.

Up the small porch the scented Jasmine climbs,  
While three tall, branchy, and majestic Limes  
Arose so near, that through the open door  
Their chequered shadows carpeted the floor ;  
So thick their interlacing branches grew,  
The yellow moonlight scarce could struggle through.  
So short a compass his horizon spreads,  
The Northern Bear reposed upon their heads,  
And as the night winds wave them to and fro,  
They brush the starlight as they come and go.

Our minds partake their fluctuating tone,  
As the winds whisper or are harsher blown,  
Read their own changes in the flickering strife,  
The lights and shadows of our real life.  
The periwinkle blinds with its blue stars  
The area grate, and trails between the bars ;  
Climbing the window-sill, the jasmine gains  
Above the frame, and shoots along the panes,  
Those little squares with lines of lead between  
The ancient crystal, delicately clean,  
Where, in a corner, with a trembling hand  
And diamond's point engraved, together stand  
Names childish, once of men who now are not,  
While the green runners cluster round the spot.  
The grateful flowers they set a garland give,  
To keep their memory green, and make it live.  
Within his little hall I see his chair  
By the hearth-side ; the small round table there,  
On which his Father's best of books he lays,  
Filled with stored marks for texts of prayer and praise.  
Cruden, the Vulgate, and the Greek, and on  
Puer's large tomes lies German Mendelssohn.  
He gathered day by day sustaining bread,  
Nor loathed the manna upon which he fed ;  
For well he loved to trace the Sacred word,  
Down to the root, through languages unheard,  
And upward thence return the warm pursuit,  
Through all its branches, till he gained the fruit.  
And there's no text in Scripture, take it all  
And shake it largely, but some fruit will fall.  
Strung to the wall, a pendant shelf behind  
Held his small volumes of the daily kind.  
Beside the entrance door were neatly ranged  
Some heavier tomes, well used and rarely changed ;  
But all his Father's learned treasures lay  
In larger building, and across the way.  
Large was their sum ; unstudied, yet with care,  
As he received them, he preserved them there,

And scarce increased save when some cottage dame  
Brought him a smoke-dried tome to spell its name.  
Some tattered lore, its own neglect to speak,  
Some cramped black letter which she said was Greek,  
Some learned clerk's Herodotus, which she  
Great Hercules's Bible thought to be,  
A dragon clasped, wood bound, mysterious book,  
The household Idol of the chimney nook,  
Scored with strange hieroglyphics, to the view  
And like a mummy—of unearthly hue ;  
Some heavy tome of controversy hot,  
Embalmed in school dust, buried and forgot,  
In time-bored coffer, its decaying bed,  
Already wormed, and smelling of the dead ;  
Or Barbour's Bruce, descending from an age  
That honoured printing, and preserved the page.

To serve at once the parlour and the hall,  
The clock ticked smartly by the party wall,  
And when it spoke, as drawing breath and loath  
Of double duty, told the hour to both.

Two well-drawn Miniatures, suspended nigh,  
With sad expression, caught the gazer's eye :  
The patriot Russell, martyred in the cause  
Of England's freedom and unfettered laws ;  
And she whose " Letters " melting pity reads,  
His Lady Rachel in her widow's weeds.  
The' originals of those that in the book  
Affect the reader and engage his look ;  
For 'twas his Father's taste and judgment brought  
Forth to the world those records of her thought.  
While pilgrims to her sorrows, worth and fame  
His labours honour, all unknown his name.  
*He* brought her forth who gave the Russells birth,  
A public pledge and model of their worth.  
He brought her forth to cheer the future race  
In virtuous aims, and animate their pace,

And worthy of their country may they show  
The grace and virtue that to her they owe.

Some few choice toys his larger stores produce,  
And some for ornament, and some for use ;  
The jar for scents, for shade the Indian screen,  
The well-pieced bowl, and moon-faced mandarin,  
And little China slippers, formed to suit  
Nankin's fair maids or Cinderella's foot ;  
Large walnut chairs, claw-fashioned legs upbore,  
Their ample seats with damask flourished o'er ;  
The like the' adjacent parlour gave to view,  
Those flowered in yellow—these, in fading blue.  
The bureau doors large looking-glasses faced,  
And grateful contrast, simple wild flowers graced  
The small round stand in window corner placed,  
With grateful grasses, when their bloom they bear,  
The brome, the poa, and the maiden hair.  
For Nature's true and unaffected part  
Fills with pure grace a higher taste than Art.  
To each and all a pleasant memory clings,  
And with sweet sadness, visits absent things.  
O'er each and all nice care, and yet there lay  
Marks of a gentle and serene decay.  
So have I seen just when the glowing face  
Joins youth's young crimson to maturer grace,  
The shining eye, and fixing red begin  
To show the grave lamp is lit up within.

It came at length—Time's long-resisted flood  
Heaved up its bounds, and would not be withstood.  
My friend looked forth, not to surprise betrayed,  
And not a hero or a coward made ;  
Sent his calm eye o'er all the scene to range,  
Then gathered up his mantle for the change.  
I marked his looks, sick heart, and failing limb,  
And watched three generations sink in him.

I pass the varying seasons while decay  
Cast in her seeds and watered day by day,

Long healthy years prepared the soil to feed  
The ripe luxuriance of the bitter weed,  
That struck a root through every vital part,  
But most the fibres clung around the heart.  
I pass the sunset memories that divide  
The clouds made radiant on their Heavenward side,  
Where faith's own glories from the Sphere Divine  
As through the fringes of a curtain shine.  
The morning languor, the reviving air,  
The journeys taken in the wheeling chair,  
The same a generation past, that knew  
His father's weakness, 'twas his hand that drew.  
The calls, the questions, and the hopes, so clear,  
They hope belie, and intimate but—fear.  
I pass the sleep when dreaming Faith must fight  
With mighty forms, and all but infinite—  
The waking damps that cool the feverish head,  
The Angel strengthening, and the Tempter fled.  
I pass the love that looketh from afar,  
And yearns to keep the lips of life ajar,  
To fan with freshening airs the fainting breath,  
And stir the pulse from the cold touch of death ;  
When gentle Woman every joy forsakes,  
The long dread office of the watcher takes,  
Whose weaker frames attain superior powers  
To walk familiar with the ghost-trod hours ;  
Nurse of the frame's decay and Spirit's growth,  
High Heaven's ambassadress at once to both.

Watcher ! what shapes across thy sight appear ?  
What sounds from silence strike upon thine ear ?

Through the veiled shades—adown the solemn way  
I mark a multitude in long array.

A murmur comes, not to the ear address,  
But to the Seer that hearkens in the breast.  
In that pale form, on the lone couch I see  
All that have been, or is, or yet shall be.  
In his low sighs—preluding death—the mind  
Hears the mysterious march of human-kind,

The living generations and the dead,  
In ordered marching like an army's tread  
All this way walking in the countless sum  
Of races gone, and passing, and to come,  
Absorbing in their ranks, as by they bend,  
Our loved in life—the mother, sister, friend,  
All clothed alike, the just and the unjust,  
With Immortality on forms of dust.  
There to thy view what boots my tongue to show?  
But thy Friend saw them, so perchance dost thou."

The same small chamber where his infant breath  
Drew its first sigh, received it back in Death.  
If in that hour when the live Spirit here  
Shakes off its mantle, naked to appear,  
When sounds the' inexorable Voice, a thrill  
Through the deaf organs exquisitely shrill,  
When vainly Nature calls her powers to arms,  
Each through its province hears its own alarms,  
When its white bowl the brain no more fills up  
The red wine curdling in the royal cup,  
When short and shorter sways the failing breath,  
That awful pendulum of life and death,  
When the fine silver nerves relax their tone,  
When the lithe muscle stiffens to the bone,  
When rigid in extremity of pain  
The purple rings draw close on every vein,  
As through the chambers of the heart, the woe  
Of the doomed city hurries to and fro,  
And in the sighings that its people make  
The ivory arches of the palace shake;  
When Soul, the' all-conscious Soul, for weal or woe,  
Flutters upon one pulse to stay or go,  
Doubtful the' unheard-of mysteries to meet,  
Fly without wings, and travel without feet,  
Speak without words a language yet untold,  
Feel without nerves, and without eyes behold,  
Die but to live to Being more intense,  
And without senses, Soul in every sense;

To be—what momentarily he knows he must,—  
 To man, but shadow,—to the worm, but dust,  
 And to himself himself, a thing, but oh !  
 What each one only for himself can know.

If such decisive moment blanched his cheek,  
 His heart was humble, sickness made it weak.  
 Then recollecting that his healthful years  
 Confirmed his faith, though sickness brought him fears.  
 All that his humble faith for him professed,  
 And on what Saviour such a hope had rest.  
 “I know in whom I have believed,” he cried,  
 And launched the gulf, and God Himself was guide.  
 Ask not for more, nor scorn the little scope  
 In this confession of his hope of hope,  
 Clear to my breast that single speech affords  
 More confidence than all the wealth of words.  
 Self with a little good can much display ;  
 Those who best know their hearts have least to say.  
 Enough was told in that expiring breath  
 That his Faith lived e’en in the pangs of Death ;  
 Tried, timid, trusting Faith ! shall I, shall I  
 Hold fast that anchor in the hour I die,  
 Nor turn to mortal succour in the strife  
 Of the Soul’s question of Immortal Life ?  
 At that amazing hour, will such a plea  
 Be mine ? If mine, will it avail for me ?

\* \* \* \* \*

A change has come o’er all things, and the place  
 Reflects no more the features of his face.  
 His generation ended, all is o’er ;  
 That well-known spot can know him never more.  
 With an eye fixed on that where all things tend,  
 He walked in youth as looking to the end,  
 And mindful of his origin in truth,  
 In age he journeyed as he walked in youth.

His was no gallant bark to drive its prow  
 Across mid ocean, where the rude winds blow ;



The merchant's glory to depart the land,  
Sails filled, well freighted, with its decks well manned.  
No risks he shared to watch the' uncertain gale,  
To guess its fate, with none to tell the tale.  
His—all unheeded while in port it rides,  
Uncheered while dropping down the falling tides ;  
No toil-gained wealth to chance in one sole wreck,  
Or lives turn pale upon the crowded deck.  
Close to the shore his little pinnace plies,  
Nor trusts the flattery of changing skies ;  
If slow, yet sure ; and if not daring, wise.  
True to its mark, a gentle course it bore,  
And spread no sail, but ever plied the oar.  
The constant year still saw it on its way,  
Rounding each cape, and coasting every bay.  
The tempting breezes and the cloudy shade  
Nor sped it onward, nor its course delayed ;  
It gained the object of its life-long quest,  
Rocked in the Haven of untroubled rest.  
With trembling skill I also ply my oar  
Where Faith persuades me he has gone before.

## L'ENVOI.

Reader ! when he who writes is parted hence,  
To worlds beyond the atmosphere of sense,  
Keep with sweet thoughts his memory green and young,  
And may his words be frequent on thy tongue ;  
Some pensive phrase, unlikelike, yet Divine,  
Some truthful maxim, some melodious line,  
Some happy verse that paints thy thought like sight,  
Some sigh that tells thee what he *wished* to write,  
The thought that lies embodied in the breast,  
To minds alike revealed, though unexpressed.  
And when a friend, the sharer of thy heart,  
Before thine hour is summoned to depart,  
Beside his grave some evening minutes pass,  
And in thine album place its seeding grass,  
Not without thought that He who gave him grace  
May smile on thee, and let thy prayer have place.

And when the voice goes forth which all must own,  
 "Pilgrim, ungird thee, and thy staff lay down,"  
 May one loved friend thy funeral garland twine,  
 And do for thee what I have done for mine.

## THE WARDER OF THE PYRENEES.

"Such is the patriot's wish, where'er he roam,  
 The heart's best country ever is at home."

SCENE, the southern ascent of the Pyrenees, from Figueras to Jonquera and Belleguarde on the summit; changes to Bearn, Les Landes, Guienne, Tours.

At the western extremity of the Pyrenees, the boundary line between the two great monarchies of France and Spain, is the middle of the little river, Bidasoa, between St. Jean de Luz and Irun. From whichever side the traveller arrives, he may quietly walk half-way over the wooden bridge, but no farther, until his passport has been certified and his baggage cleared. French and Spanish guards are stationed at each end, and he is prevented passing the remaining part of the bridge, except with the diligence. While he stands upon the bridge, he may pause a few minutes to observe the undulating strata of the bare limestone rocks, forming the right or French bank of the river, and admire a fine example of the upheaving of the mountains.

But at the eastern extremity, on the side of Perpignan, that described at the opening of the following poem, the entrance of the two countries is through a mountain pass. A stone pillar is set up at the limit of the respective territories. It is at a short distance on the Spanish side of the summit. The pass itself is therefore possessed by the French, and it is defended by a modern fortress of immense extent. This, the new fortress of Belleguarde, is on a lower eminence than the ancient one, whose extensive remains are still seen far above, blackened by the elements of many seasons.

On the Spanish side, the road has a long and very gradual ascent, almost from Figueras; below and above Jonquera, skirting a pretty pastoral stream, fed by two or three others from ravines on the left, bordered by a belt of green meadow ground, browsed by the small bullock, goat, and jet-black sheep. As the road draws near the small French village of Belleguarde, set in the throat of the mountain, it becomes steeper at every turn, and is commanded, as well as the pass, by the citadel.

This is on the left; to the right hand, about two hundred yards from the road, stands a small square fortress, built of brickwork.

A French sentinel is stationed here, whose daily or nightly duty is to pace his monotonous circuit outside the tower. He paused in the clear sunshine from the tedium of his round; he placed the butt end of his musket on the earth, leaning with both his hands on its glittering tube; he watched intently the track of the slowly moving cavalcade of mules, heavy diligence, and travellers walking on foot up the long and toilsome ascent, at noon.

1st month, 12th, 1841.

THE Warder paced around his tower,  
 In silence of the midday hour,  
 And upward cast his frequent gaze,  
 To mark the sun's declining blaze.

The snow-crowned peak his dial made,  
Its ample longitude of shade <sup>1</sup>  
Swept the horizon, whose degrees  
It measures off by provinces,  
And shows the hour, and points the date,  
And marks them in a foreign state.  
Alike beneath the yellow moon,  
And in the glow of summer noon,  
The mountain's mighty shade descends.  
To him its finger is a friend's ;  
It marks on rock, ravine, or tree,  
His hours fulfilled, and sets him free ;  
An engine, simple yet sublime,  
And working from the birth of Time.

Ascending up the southern side,  
Where Spain's so restless sons reside,—  
The valley narrowing to a pass,  
By pleasant grades, from Figueras,  
Along where pastoral waters wind,  
The fig and olive left behind,—  
And gardens, where gay Nature sees  
E'en now the true Hesperides ;  
The cactus and the aloe fence,  
Sweets, passing sweet, to every sense ;  
Where orange bowers all gold and green,  
In flower, in leaf, in fruit, are seen ;  
E'en winter hours at once behold  
Their mingling white and green and gold ;  
And wild, where Zucar streams meander,  
The fanpalm and the oleander,  
Cistus and gladiola fair,  
And desert leagues of lavender ;  
And where the scent of myrtle breathes  
O'er wastes of Andalusian heaths ;  
These left, and those of Moorish state,  
The algaroba and the date,  
And cork-tree oak, and poplar shade,  
And climbing goat and mountain maid,

And narrow belt of tenderest green,  
Like waving ribbon, trailed between  
The small swift streamlet and the blocks,  
The herbless granite of the rocks,  
Still gathering steepness by the way,  
And double toil where Jonquera  
Sits at the valley's head and sees  
The gorges of the Pyrenees.

High on the left, in stainless white,  
The mountain snows reflect the light,  
Where dwell in ether's richest blue  
The awful steeps of Canigou,  
And near their topmost summits lie  
Old Belleguarde, buried in the sky;  
For oft the Warder's eyes behold  
The clouds around its bulwarks rolled,  
Red lightnings flash about the walls,  
Or kindle in its airy halls.  
Now all is fair—the sweet sun shines,  
And figures its remotest lines,  
Their time-black points relieved and clear  
Upon a silvery atmosphere.  
Up to the right,—small toil to seek  
The point of yon commanding peak,—  
Soon the delighted vision hails  
The waters of the gulf, Marseilles!  
Whose blue and tideless ripples run  
Like silken folds before the sun.  
The wind blows warmly, for it roves  
From loved Italia's myrtle groves,  
And to this Spanish shore complains  
Of her so mutilated fanes.  
Sad are the messages it brings,  
The tales of old historic things,  
Of ruin and the wrecks of war  
By Gonsalvo and Mendoza,  
Of ravine, wrack, and fire and flood,  
Carnage, impiety, and blood,

When Bourbon to the sack of Rome  
 Poured Spanish wolves o'er Hadrian's tomb,\*  
 While vainly Michael, the adored  
 Archangel, waved his guardian sword.  
 The Warrior Saint to whom was given  
 To scatter rebel hosts from Heaven,  
 Failed here one moment to delay  
 The savage stormers from their prey;  
 And Clement from the Vatican  
 Held up his rusty cross in vain,  
 And shook his keys before their eyes,  
 And locked the gates of Paradise.  
 Now on her wounds, yet green to feel,  
 The Austrian stamps his iron heel,  
 And multiplies the *mind* of woe  
 In many a gentle Pellico.  
 The listless Neapolitan  
 Stifles the dignified in man,  
 And Rome with priestly cap and bells,  
 Rome ! her own degradation tells,  
 And to the nations bruits her fall  
 In Saturnalian carnival,  
 With pagan rites in Christian name,  
 Regardless of Italia's shame.  
 Thou, Lady of the Nations, found  
 With thy sea-girdle all unbound,  
 Thy mountain breastplate pierced, and gored  
 Thy beauteous bosom with the sword.  
 Vain steel thy garb for courtly silk,  
 Thy life-blood mingled with the milk ;  
 A purple stain the current runs,  
 To nourish and baptize thy sons,  
 And those that are of dovelike brood  
 Are nourished by the Eagle's food.  
 The very gale that blows to me  
 Is loaded with thy memory ;

\* The tomb of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, is surmounted by a gilt statue of the Archangel Michael.

Ah ! heavily laden are its wings,  
The sighs of centuries it brings ;  
Wet are the messages it bears  
To Spain, with fair Italia's tears.  
Bear me quick, bear me back, O breeze,  
Unto the farthest Cyclades ;  
Or if more eastward thou arise,  
To sacred Zion near the skies,  
That fainting faith may hope again  
Italian slaves shall yet be men.

But call we now the fancy back,  
To turn it on our mountain track,  
Where he, the Warder, leans intent  
Upon his warlike implement.  
Scarce thrice the distance that the bow  
Or slinger's well-knit arm can throw,  
Or rifle strike the wolf or deer,  
Or gossip voices reach the ear,  
Upon a mount of freshest green  
A smaller citadel is seen,  
Of ancient brickwork, less to guard  
By force of strength, than watch and ward.  
The single Keeper's duty calls  
His daily rounds without the walls.  
'Tis here the northern traveller sees  
The WARDER OF THE PYRENEES.  
He holds the keys of mighty states,  
And watches at their mountain gates.

Here paced he round his lonely tower,  
In silence of the noonday hour,  
Where e'en the sunbeams seemed to sleep  
On the grey walls and rocky steep,  
Yet flashed in sparkles from the gun  
He for a moment leaned upon,  
To while the tedium of his day  
By watching up the mountain way  
The mule's long train and slow delay.

Too swift for him—he would have bought  
Their heavier pace to feed his thought  
And ease his solitary cares,  
Though adding double toil to theirs.  
'Tis his in silence to remain  
A prisoner, though without a chain.  
A beggar with his staff and scrip  
Had been to him companionship.  
Deep in the vale the hamlet's smoke  
The cheer of friendly neighbours spoke,  
Whose human sounds he well might miss ;  
The eagle's and the wolf's were his.  
But rarely is the Warder found  
Beyond the measure of his round ;  
The skyey peak, the quiet spot  
Of unsunned valley tempt him not ;  
Blank are such beauties all, and dim  
Nature's sublimities to him.  
For now his vision cannot stray  
From travellers toiling up the way.  
'Tis all unstirring ; and he seems  
Like one absorbed in waking dreams :  
He thinks perchance may be the lot  
Of one to journey near the spot,  
Where in gay town or woody dell  
His mother and his sisters dwell.  
The memories of joyous youth,  
Stamped with reality and truth,  
In shadowy vividness are brought,  
To fill his heart, his sight, his thought.

## BEARN.

Methinks his soldier eye runs o'er,  
For oh ! his heart is gone before,—  
His youthful recollections turn  
Adown the pastoral vales of Bearn,  
Where in her girlhood to their côtes  
His sister leads the milking goats,

And duly from its shed at morn  
The little bullock by the horn,  
To pasture 'mongst the maize, and nigh  
Sits down her distaff small to ply,  
And trills their old provincial tune  
To while away the hour till noon,  
In strains scarce conscious what they mean,  
Of Ronsard or of Goudelin.  
While not to pass his fancy by,  
I give the verse, and amplify.

GOUDELIN.

Un cop yeu premio la frescuro  
A soulel coule, sur la berdero,  
E'countro le roussignoulet,  
Fazio tindæ moun flajoulet ;  
Tant que sur l'herbeto pradiero  
Mous'els se dounaon carriero,  
Quand Amour, qu'ero plus en la  
Qu'augio l'un é l'autre fiula,  
Ben doussamen coumo qui pano,  
O qui camino sur de lano,  
E'tout d'assietous costo jou  
Bol jutja qui fara milhou ;  
Més yeu laissi sur sa bengudo  
Nostro querelo remetudo ;  
  Tapauc,  
Tapauc yeu n'eri pas ta fol  
De pensa que le roussignol,  
Nou randesso mous fredous mudis, etc.,  
Goudelire Abenturæ Amorosæ.

ANNETTE LA BEARNAISE.

One warm spring sunset on the grass  
I sat, a pleasant hour to pass,  
And made my flageolet prevail  
In echoes with a nightingale.



The gentle bird to hear his note  
Replied to from another throat,  
To louder gurglings strained his bill,  
While I blew softer, softer still.

One star came out so bright, so mild,  
It seemed the skies looked down and smiled  
On valley, water, field, and tree,  
They smiled upon my bird and me.

Mine eyes enchanted wandered round  
The groves and flowery meadow ground,  
Thinking the very blossoms heard  
My passion for my darling bird.

When Clement, happening within reach  
To hear us warbling each to each,  
Came softly up, with mischief full,  
Softly as one who treads on wool,  
And, sitting by me, asked to be  
The umpire of our rivalry.

I stopped my pipe ; I was not so  
Simple a girl as not to know  
That he, schooled by the alphabet,  
Could pass both bird and flageolet ;

For 'twixt my flageolet and bird  
Our music passed, but not a word  
To tell to, as it came and went,  
Each other what the music meant.

We sat not long, for when the dew  
Moistened the daisy, I withdrew,  
And homeward loitering all the way,  
His tongue had something more to say.

And then he told me, as I found,  
My heart went in the music's sound,  
And better than the bird, that he  
Could answer what it ought to be.

Now I the next time must take care  
I fall not into such a snare,  
That he should think my sunset hymn  
Was not my bird's, but meant for him.

For ah ! I lost by his fine tale  
My flageolet and nightingale ;  
For on his tongue, in troth, in troth,  
I quite, I quite forgot them both.

The *chanson* to her feelings true  
Upon her lips is ever new,  
And what with smiles and tears that start,  
Gives ease to a *too* joyous heart,  
That with life's sweetness from its core  
Like David's cup is running o'er.  
Yet starts she when her thoughts intrude  
The legend of " Red Riding Hood."  
For well she recollects the night,  
When waking by the cold moon's ligh  
She shuddered with amazement dread,  
To see a wild wolf's hairy head,  
With ears aback and staring grin,  
Red with the hungry fire of sin,  
At midnight through the casement glare  
Upon her little pallette there,  
And frightened by her screams retire  
With the long howlings of desire.

In that gay land where manners reign  
From city belle to country swain,  
In childhood and in youth they both  
Are adults, but of smaller growth.  
He sees her now with kerchief red,  
Bound tastefully about the head,  
The smooth hair parted on her brows,  
Black eyes that wander like the roe's,  
High cheeks sun-touched as if by stealth,  
Round in the ruddiness of health ;

Her ears large drops of gold bedeck,  
A swan-white collar binds the neck,  
A scarlet hood with velvet faced,  
And folded arms with mittens graced  
A little shawl of creamy dye,  
Close pinn'd in front, and rosary.  
On jaunty feet, whose tiptoe springs,  
Like angels', seem upborne by wings,  
To mountain chapel see the lass  
On fête day trip to early mass ;  
Mark how the Warder's features play  
To greet her in the narrow way,  
Till kneeling in the antique fane,  
She joins with infant heart the strain.  
Awhile the anthem, sweetly clear,  
Swells on his own believing ear,  
In notes rebounded by the breeze,  
Along the eternal Pyrenees.

## LES LANDES.

Or was his home the barren sands  
And piny forests of Les Landes ?  
The home, too, so old legends ran,  
Of " Barbebleu " and of " Sister Anne ; '  
Whose woful tale translated here,  
Shakes childhood with remembered fear.  
Boiled he the pitch, or tapped the pine,  
To draw the yellow turpentine ?  
Or went he with his sire in quest  
Of honey from the wild bees' nest,  
To raise—high aim—his youthful tax  
To commerce ? of their plastic wax,  
With cottage stores, shipped off to shine  
In tapers at St. Dennis' shrine.  
Or pleased with manly axe to work,  
Peeled from the standing tree the cork,  
Whose sap with lively vigour rolls  
Up through their black and barkless boles,

Unchecked to all their oaklike sprays,  
Green in midwinter as the bay's,  
And six short summers see renewed  
The bark again upon the wood.

Large is the peasant's home ; it holds  
His varied stores from woods and wolds,  
His crop of cork, his goats for milk,  
His wild bees' wax, his worms for silk,  
His steer for labour kept,—but here  
Wealthy is he who keeps a steer ;  
The grain his sandy wastes supply,  
Some barebone barley, pulse, or rye,  
His pine-tree torches giving light,  
As tapers in the winter's night.  
And one large shelter covers all  
The field-store, granary, and stall.  
Tiled in deep channels is the roof,  
'Gainst thunder-storms for waterproof,  
Far-shelving and wide-spreading, made  
Alike to shoot the rain, and shade  
Along the wall the summer seats  
Of household labour from the heats.  
His mother here, her day toil done,  
Sits shaded from the evening sun,  
Where the vine spreads her verdant wiles  
To mask the rough, deep-channelled tiles,  
And with her tendril fingers weaves  
The edges of o'erarching eaves,  
And into hanging curtains shoots  
Her pensile runners, leaves, and fruits.  
He carves her *sabots* smart and slim,  
She pranks the fête-day vest for him,  
He shapes the basket, bowl, or spoon,  
She spins until the cooler moon.  
With chat and legendary lay,  
They close the summer's sultry day.

As ices on the mountain's brow  
Melt in and to their valleys flow

As stubborn stone cannot resist  
The sapping moisture of the mist,  
As universal dews that fall  
To bathe the weed upon the wall,  
The scenes of youth subdue the mind  
Down to the tender calm and kind,—  
The martial man, no longer steel,  
Bows to the law that all should feel,  
For these familiar things arise  
So real to the Warder's eyes,  
That granite rocks seem widespread sands,  
The ridge that high before him stands,  
A pine-tree forest in Les Landes.

## GUIENNE.

Fair 'tis to see the sweeping train  
Of Tarn, of Indre, or the Seine,  
Yet fairer vales Guienne can show,  
Where down her lovely rivers flow.  
Westward to track the setting sun  
Their deep indented courses run,  
Small space for fields their banks supply,  
But hills, clear waters, and blue sky,  
Where wider reach the shore displays  
Its rich alluvions and clays,—  
With maize and flax the peasant tills,  
And vines upon the limey hills,  
Not asking aid, or trailing low,  
Like those that to the northward grow,  
With these e'en they but meanly shine  
Along thy banks, romantic Rhine.  
Here tall and strong, in rows they pleach,  
The tops close twisted each to each,  
The' admiring stranger walks between  
Endless long allées arched in green,  
While pendant from the sides and crown  
Hang the large purple clusters down,  
And all a rich relief receives  
Of graceful garnish from the leaves.

The sparry stalactites so shine,  
Depending in the mountain mine,—  
So to the ground of the blue space,  
The Crescent owes her sweetest grace.  
Such glowing scenes the vineyards show,  
Where dwell thy wealthy sons, Bordeaux.  
Did here the Warder scarp the soil  
With huge broad hoe in grateful toil,  
And daily through the vintage fed  
On the ripe clusters and his bread,  
And slaked the summer's feverish beam  
In the wide Garonne's rushing stream?  
His youth elastic, gay, and bright,  
Ope long, long summer of delight!

Or where the juicy grape is grown,  
Along thy borders, clear Dordogne,  
Where'er thy glassy waters track  
Their way to Bourg from Souillac,  
The slopes of purple vineyards lay  
Throughout the river's winding way;  
Here, as his boyish fancies suit,  
Swims he the stream, or plucks the fruit,  
Or sails between its verdant bowers,  
With wines to Cubzac's spacious towers?  
Where modern art has dared to raise  
A structure as of fairy days,—  
A bridge of wondrous breadth and length,  
Of little wires of strawlike strength,  
And flung the elfin toil on high,  
Between the water and the sky.

## TOURS.

Or are his pleasant day dreams laid  
At noon beneath the walnut shade  
Of princely Tours? Whose daughters dance  
Upon the Richmond hill of France,

As there we mark the graceful bowers,  
And home of Pope's melodious hours,  
So here, who love the Lyre survey  
The famed and living Béranger.

The lilled Loire, like silver Thames,  
Flows softly by her branchy elms,—  
The river and the radiant skies  
Are classic in our English eyes.  
Here Goldsmith, wandering in their shade,  
Sat down, and to the peasants played ;  
His pipe their starlit dances led,  
And music won a welcome bed :  
No wonder that his skill was such  
Their nature's sentiments to touch,  
His own "Deserted Village" brought  
The tenderest elements of thought ;  
Its deep regretful gushes swell  
A sense they ask not words to tell,  
For the heart's inspiration floats  
In deeper science than the notes.  
It well might rise, as scents of flowers,  
Spontaneous float at dewy hours.  
So Delamartine, when he draws  
The Tribune to assert the laws,  
The phrase so fitly quoted stands  
Great Nature's poetry, not man's.  
And we may gather from his tone  
They have a Poet of their own,  
Whose strains his fellow-people teach  
The compass of their country's speech,  
And echo to our English shore  
The music Goldsmith lent before.  
Round Richmond's heights the water sweeps  
The spot where "Nature's poet" sleeps,  
And here adown the vale below  
The river winds with ripples slow,  
Where elms and poplars grow between  
The Loire's rich margin and the green,

## *THE WARDER OF THE PYRENEES.*

Whose windings, woods, and hills convey  
The raptured senses far away,  
To read and treasure up the grace,  
The poetry of Nature's face.

Well may the Warder drop one tear  
For life's sweet morning breathed in here,  
Our parents' life-red current runs  
Its twofold tides within the son's.  
The father's fills the heroic part,  
But all the mother's swells the heart.

Here roved he with his little pet,  
His Julie, or his Antoinette,  
And plucked for her the serried ranks  
Of water-lilies on its banks,  
And tuned by fits his simple quill,  
To charm her labours up the hill.  
The willow pipe her fancy suits,  
But his is in the martial flutes ;  
His bounding heart-pulse ebbs and flows,  
To that his high-toned townsman blows ; \*  
But now he mourns the fatal charms  
That stirred his youthful breast to arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have we not read his thoughts aright ?  
For see ! he follows us in sight,  
And, statue-like, still leans upon  
The barrel of his glittering gun,  
And strains around the rocky bend  
To watch the latest traveller wend.  
Thus oft when simple feelings yearn,  
A stranger's heart you may discern ;  
You know that such will be the tone  
Of his, because you read your own,  
And hence, if rightly read, is brought  
The wealth of the new worlds of thought,

\* Béranger formerly resided at Tours.



Where still the richest jewels rest,  
Unfound, unfathomed, unconfessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now at eve, midst woods and flowers,  
From travel turned to homefelt hours,  
Full oft my backward fancies fly,  
To where old Belleguarde's bulwarks lie,  
And still my waking vision sees  
The Warder of the Pyrenees.

### THE NUN'S LAMENT.

"The Nun's Lament" is the translation of a singular little poem in Spanish, entitled "*Las doce Coplas Moniales*,"—a curious relic of antiquity, having been written in the early part of the Sixteenth Century antecedent to the Reformation. It was glossed and sung, and it obtained great celebrity in its day. It describes to the life, the grief of an unfortunate Recluse, constrained by her family, at an early age, to become a Nun, whose affecting lamentation tells the story of many such victims who have faded away prematurely in the shades of conventual seclusion, unregarded and unknown. The Poem is remarkable for its tone of reality, and the touching, yet simple pathos of its language. Indeed, the bare simplicity of the original, not always attained in the translation, is one of the charms of this singular piece; for the actual intensity of sorrow never waits upon the artificial graces of style.

Its air of quaint antiquity and depth of feeling is increased by the interweaving of the metrical Latin lines, nor do these militate against its consistency of keeping. They lead the rather, upon a little reflection, to ratify its truth and fidelity to nature. For, being used in the prayers and chants of the daily Latin services of the Church, such reiterated passage must, on the lips of Nuns, have become more familiar to them than "*household words*." How natural does it seem, for a mind too intelligent for a cloister, to find in the expression of grief of the Saviour and the Psalmist an echo as it were to itself! so that whilst chanting their sufferings in the ancient language of the ritual, the heart would give a covert yet audible utterance to its own. It would find in this manner a momentary solace to its pain in the unsuspected melody of its own passionate anguish.

And it is this application to the inward sensibilities of our common nature, especially in affliction and sorrow, which gives a peculiar force and universality to the meaning of Scripture itself; and it is when Scripture is thus applied to the inward sensibilities of our common nature, especially in affliction and sorrow, that we discover its peculiar force, and the universality of its meaning.

Composed in an age when the arts of reading and writing were acquirements only of Ecclesiastics and a few learned Professors, the inference naturally arises that the author of the piece must have been a Confessor of Nuns, one to whose unavailing

compassion these irremediable sorrows were confided. These sorrows appear infinitely deepened, and swell to a note of agony with the pathetic sentiment, that this constrained seclusion in a cloister, by raising all the feelings of Nature in rebellion against its discipline, would inflict on her an exclusion hereafter from the felicity of the Blessed ; and more, that it is even more the cause, by a premature decline and death, of hastening the advance of the coming condemnation.

When the individual example of the "Lament" under these considerations is so touching, how much more affecting will it become when we also consider it as the type of a class reproduced throughout a succession of ages in a series not yet extinct. Even now the last stanza, rendered almost word for word from the original, seems from the mysterious distance of more than three hundred years and of ten generations of mankind to utter a cry of human feeling down even to the present period :—

O ye maids, who list and wander  
Round about this traitor's gate,  
I conjure you that ye ponder,  
Never ill that bows you under,  
Equals this my lost estate, etc.

LARGER than the language lent,  
Is the least my grievance borrows,  
For to watch in discontent  
How my mournful years are spent  
Is a lineage of sorrows.  
*Solatio misera mea.*  
*Clausæ sunt undique portæ,*  
As my wishes never bound me,  
How distinctly they surround me  
To my greater grief I see.

And the secret of the whole  
Is what now can purge my sin,  
Grave, and touching to the soul,  
Rising to the lips within,  
*Derelicta sum captiva,*  
*In florentiæ tate mea,*  
Wan, afflicted, and unshriven  
Must she live while life is given,  
In this stony prison see her.

Buried here henceforth do I  
Wretched Maiden ! meet the morn,  
Dying daily till I die.

Free, and of free mother born,  
 Who has bound me here forlorn ?  
*Sensi nata paucos annos*  
*Fortunam iratam Deam ;*  
 My own parents and my brothers !  
 At their will, and not another's,  
*Diviserunt vestem meam.*

Thus left here on convent ground,  
 Of my damage unperceiving,  
 As my maiden years come round  
 The fierce rankle of the wound  
 Clamours at my soul's deceiving.  
*Anima mea deserta,*  
*Tristis erit usque ad mortem ;*  
 Thousand other troubles suit  
 Over it to draw dispute,  
*Ej super eam miserunt sortem.*

Hence it is that to my sorrow  
 I am sunk in such abyss,  
 Years of anguish cannot borrow  
 Lines to sound what depth it is.  
*Mortis urget me cupido*  
*Thedio compungor ab isto.*  
 When oblivion I can drink of,  
 Life itself I seem to bear ;  
 But, ah ! when I turn to think of  
 Christ and virtue, I despair.

Other troubles without number  
 Have my frame and vigour shaken,  
 For with them I go to slumber,  
 And with them at morn awaken.  
*Cura, mei cordis, heredes,*  
*Dies in noctem verterunt,*  
 Night, a double night indeed is,  
 In so many grates and gratings,

Walls, that gloomy make the mornings  
*Dies mei declinaverunt.*

What shall I say of contentions,  
And anxieties increasing ;  
Grave and bitter reprehensions,  
Burthens still the more increasing,  
Disciplines and castigations,  
And the spirit's sore temptations ;  
*Quibus in vita resisto ?*  
As I walk the way He trod,  
In ten thousand toils I languish,  
Watchings, scourgings, thorns, and anguish  
Make me like the Son of God.

Friends whom my young heart selected,  
Faithful never were, nor true ;  
Who could give me faith expected ?  
Since I feel it was rejected  
By the breast whose milk I drew ?  
*Cupiditate non fida,  
Me parentes tradiderunt.*  
Now, alas ! in lifelong measure  
Tears are left—my life's sole pleasure  
*Quem pro numinis vendiderunt.*

Wishing to increase my pain,  
Like some merciless Confessors,  
Not sufficient is a chain,  
But in prison to remain ;  
So avenged are my oppressors.  
*Supplicio, perfidi, meo,  
Hunc dolorem addiderunt,*  
Here where other eyes must shun me,  
More to wreak their will upon me  
*Manus et pedes fæderunt.*

Now I see my sad position  
Can, alas ! no deeper go,

Veriest wretches' lost condition  
 Never, never sank so low,  
 Since my voice, by weakness dying,  
 Fails to sound my complaints and sighing.

*Similata semper aquo  
 Judicata mortis rea,*  
 This strange torment day by day,  
 Fears, anxieties, and yearnings,  
 Labours, injuries, and mournings,  
 Waste me very bones away ;

So that I can truly charge  
 This my state to its beginning,  
 Since I might have lived at large  
 Without pain of mortal sinning.

*Natam captarunt parentes  
 Vinculis ligarunt eam ;*  
 Selfish nuns, the end discerning,  
 For my toys and trinkets burning,  
*Diviserunt vestem meam.*

O ye maids ! who list and wander  
 Round about this traitor gate,  
 I conjure you that ye ponder,  
 Never ill that bows you under,  
 Equals this my lost estate.  
 Yours are treasures—freedom's pleasures,—  
 I can only anguish know ;

*Vos habetis libertatem  
 Ego vim patior hic fortem*  
 Till conflicting woes and errors  
 Hasten death's untimely terrors,  
 And above me overflow,  
 And engulph me down below.  
*Et super me miserunt sortem.*

The following circumstance is related in the Memoirs of Stephen Grellet, vol. xi., p. 404. (London : Bennett. 1860. Demy 8vo.) *Valencia*.—The Physician [who was his interpreter during his visits to the public institutions of that city] told us that about a year since (namely, 1832) he was sent for into a Nunnery, to visit, as a medical man, a female who was ill. As he stood by her she appeared to wish to speak to him,

but not to be able to raise her voice above a whisper. He put his ear to her mouth ; she placed a paper in his hands, unobserved by those that were near, and whispered in his ear, " I have no bodily disease, but distress of mind." The contents of the paper were to entreat him to devise some means to rescue her from that horrible place. She was a young woman of fortune in Italy ; and after her father's decease, her brother contrived to get possession of her estate, and, through the agency of some priests, to have her removed to Spain, and shut up in this convent. Very soon after this, and before anything could be done for her rescue, the physician himself was imprisoned, and he has not been able to hear anything of her since.

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## MY WINTER HOME.

" And Winter deepens with his stormy din  
The quiet charm of the bright Hearth within."

J. H. WIFFEN.

### I.

GAY and ever green to see,  
Shines the glossy Holly tree.  
Spring can show us flowers more sightly,  
Summer's moments trip more lightly,  
Autumn fruits blush out more brightly,  
Winter still has charms for me.  
Rains descending, tempests blowing,  
Clarion gusts, to music growing,  
Clouds a solid twilight snowing,  
Frost his gemlike mantle throwing  
Over blade and shrub and tree  
Nature's changes, grandly free,  
Winter's charm's the charm for me.

### II.

Home of thought, as it should be,  
In the quiet family,  
Soaring high and sinking lowly,  
Dear "divinest Melancholy,"  
Sad and nunlike, grand and holy,  
Worth an age of simpering folly,  
Prophecy thou leadest with thee.  
Deep and deeper feeling follows,

Sounds the heart through all its hollows,  
 Flute ! that Nature's breathings swallows,  
 To break forth in melody.  
 Such I understand to be  
 Echoes of thy voice in me.

## III.

O, the thoughts that come to me !  
 O, the feelings of the free !  
 Free from toil and careful trouble,  
 Present peace no fancied bubble,  
 Shared to others added double ;  
 Doubt it not, but come and see !  
 Mind on flowers of mind reposes,  
 Intellect what autumn closes,  
 Reason, Reason has her roses,  
 Cropped the sweeter all to be.  
 Reading, Mocha, verse and tea  
 Cheer the quiet family.

## IV.

Gracious feasts for Memory  
 In the thoughtful family.  
 Morals brings her purest pleasures,  
 History his antique treasures,  
 Poesy her sweetest measures,  
 Dear and darling Poesy !  
 Writers from the depth of ages  
 Heap their variegated pages,  
 Stoled Philosophy her Sages  
 Brings to bear us company.  
 All to read their works to me  
 In the thoughtful family.

## V.

O, the charms in books that be !  
 Lights of life ! what duteous knee  
 Would deny you honour duly !  
 Winter hours are yours most truly,

Prized, admired, and loved as newly  
As when light broke in on me.  
Visitors are ye in sickness,  
Noble counsellors in weakness,  
Kind upbraidors, who when meekness  
Bows too low, give energy.  
All—and more than these to me  
Are the thoughts in books that be.

## VI.

E'en such heartfelt joys we see  
In many an English family.  
Far from these be fashion's phases,  
Foreign frippery and laces,  
All that tinsel glory chases,  
Barbarous honours, pert grimaces,  
Gloss that truth of heart debases,  
English virtues all for me !  
Constant love's domestic faces,  
Angel aids towards heavenly places,  
Quaker mind in Saxon races,  
English forms with nature's paces,  
Island Queen ! from sea to sea.  
What are statues, pictures, vases,  
To the worth thy realm embraces ?  
Freedom's refuge—Eden's traces,  
Household morals, loves, and graces,  
Draw the whole world's gaze on thee.

1842.



## LINES

Presented to Augustine Arguelles, Guardian of Isabella II. of Spain,  
with a copy of J. H. Wiffen's translation of the works of Garcilasso  
de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Spanish Poets.

"For mind can never be thought of too highly; it is God's highest work; His mirror and . . . representative; His book, in which he writes His epistles to the soul of man."—CHANNING.

SPAIN'S sweetest Bard's undying numbers  
Lie here in Saxon music drest,  
But He who woke their southern slumbers  
With Gothic Lyre, is gone to rest.  
Ask not where now his head reposes,  
In what far region rests his dust:  
If crowned with amaranth or roses,  
The sculptor's skill belie his bust.

The tongueless Marble's a crumbling pleader,  
The Medal faithless to its trust;  
But the thought that stirs the thought of a reader,  
That essence of motion, cannot be dust.  
Did not Mind, at the first formation,  
Axle this planet and kindle the void?  
The Thought that moves thought strikes a light in creation,  
Young fire of a sphere that will not be destroyed.

How small is the meed of Brass or Column  
To that which the Pen to itself imparts!  
How sullen the Minister's dirge, though solemn,  
To the pages that sound through Human Hearts!  
The Book that our innermost mind engages,  
Makes part of its nature and destiny;  
Its rounds of thought are the links of ages,  
They fashion the chain of Eternity.

Such—the pen of the Poet's glory!  
Such—the translator's from shore to shore!  
Such—the meed of the page before me,  
Of the Dead who have written and gone before.

The Spirit of Love, the bosom that trembles  
To tenderest feeling's smile and tear,  
Here read how each the other resembles,  
For both their monuments are here.

*Madrid, 12th mo. 15th, 1840.*

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## MY BOOKS AND THEIR USES.

I HAVE ever a book on my table,  
And my cabinet's rich with a score ;  
I read them whenever I'm able,  
And then for my ease give o'er.  
Their tedium never can tease me,  
For they open and close at my call ;  
That which censures, but censures to please me,  
And that pleases me most of them all.

I read in my youth of a rhymer  
Neglecting his care to engross,  
Who soared into regions sublimer,  
The soul of his father to cross.  
Not the hours of that evening were fleetier  
Than the flames on my rhymes,—yet I call  
The pain of that sacrifice sweeter  
Than the honour of printing them all.

They are lost! yet they leave me this token  
In the languor of age, that I find  
'Tis a duty for duties unbroken,  
To taste *now* of the *wine* of the mind.  
Kind reprover! what once were rebelling  
Now not done would be duty at strife ;  
For I owe thee this cottage I dwell in,  
And a song in the autumn of life.

I remember Miss Edgworth's "To-morrow,"  
And the blush on my cheek as I read :  
That saved me from want and from sorrow,  
And twined me a garland instead.

Dear Reprovers ! the sweet recollection  
 Comes now towards the close of my days ;  
*You* have gained me these years for reflection,  
 And this leisure to write in your praise.

Lights of life ! and the formers of ages !  
 Our volumes, the grace of our shelves,  
 Minds embalmed and embodied in pages  
 Become as our own *other* selves.  
 Our own not alone are receiving  
 For this life what you give them to feel ;  
 But the features you fashion as living,  
 Eternity sets with her seal.

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#### THE CHURCH IN DECAY.

WHAT greater evil can pursue  
 A church that flourished, *once the true*,  
 Than thus to perish, day by day,  
 In unoblivious decay?

Grey ruin shakes the "holy place,"  
 On pillars, crumbled at the base,  
 A vegetative ravin crawls  
 In leprosy along the walls.

Once fragrant incense filled the room,  
 Soft unction mingled with perfume :  
 The flight of time has borne *this* hence,  
 And worms are in the frankincense.

The canker frets the Judge's dress,  
 The moth the robes of righteousness ;  
 The Priests are dead, the Censer sold,  
 The Lamp gone out, the Altar cold.

And Jealousy, an image fair,\*  
 Is standing on its topmost stair ;  
 The verdicts of the Judgment rise  
 Already in her two bright eyes.

\* Ezek. viii.

The Presence past, the elders mourn,  
All few, forsaken, and forlorn ;  
While works the progress of decay  
Without the power to stem or stay.

For Death, who plucked the ripened fruit,  
Leaves them with scarce an after-shoot ;  
And seeds that should a forest yield  
Are scattered by the winds, and peeled.

The spot, once favoured of the skies,  
Is now but rich in memories ;  
And chronicles record alone  
The Fathers' virtues all their own.

Relenting Time, who something saves,  
Leaves them now little but their graves ;  
A second death is on his wing,  
For even these are vanishing.

Unlike the silent sense of those  
Who watch in luminous repose,  
Their troubled worship vibrates still  
Between the affections and the will.

Forth from the past no answers come,  
And Prophecy herself is dumb ;  
Or they lament the former things  
In anguish of the word she brings.

And if, perchance, some stranger voice  
Bids their long silent roof rejoice,  
The sounds that fill its listening scope  
Are but the very sighs of Hope.

The words of Ministry and Prayer  
Evaporate to common air,  
And souls that would in worship rise  
Expire upon the sacrifice.

In tears there might be some relief,  
For strength itself can grow in grief ;  
They cannot weep, the heart appears  
Too spiritless for even tears.

Call it not Martyrdom to feel  
 The Inquisition's fire and steel ;  
 This cold and heartless waste at home  
 Is Truth's *most* bitter Martyrdom.

3rd mo. 23rd, 1847.

## LINES.

### I.

READER, or writer, or whosoe'er  
 Thou art who look'st these pages through,  
 Pause, and a few brief moments spare  
 To conscious introspection due.  
 Art thou a mourner? ask thy heart ;  
 Could Moore's gay trifles satisfy  
 An aching void ; the tears that start,  
 Can Scott's fictitious pages dry?

### II.

Will Campbell's hope, Montgomery's sigh,  
 Or all that pensive Rogers writes,  
 When dark affliction passes by,  
 Nerve thee to kiss the hand that smites ?  
 Mistrust the lay that deeply charms ;  
 All is not truth that's sweetly told,  
 Nor fancy's flash the fire that warms,  
 Nor every glittering 'scutcheon gold.

### III.

Though fancy's lights round fiction glow,  
 And fiction warbles fancy's lyre,  
 The one impugns the truths we know,  
 The other wakes a wandering fire.  
 Is the mind healthy? Does it need  
 Such food, nor will it ask for more ?  
 On Truth's pure Scriptures will it feed  
 With sweeter relish than before ?

IV.

When the mind's eye is all awake,  
 Night's curtain round—the world apart—  
 Will such things profit? Will they make  
 Thy memories pleasant? Ask thy heart.  
 Its beating pulses seem to say,  
 Time calls—Life hastens—Duty pleads—  
 The next may be the final day  
 Of him who writes, or thee who reads.

V.

How steep the mark! how high the end!  
 How easily the sweetest minds  
 From square-drawn verity descend  
 To yielding beauty's bending lines!  
 \* \* \* \* \*

I would not lightly chill a mind  
 Because it echoes not to mine:  
 The spice that warms thy gentle blood  
 Might fan a fever's flame in mine;  
 And rightly tried when on thy side,  
 The sense of truth is clearly cast;  
 Think not that hour is misapplied  
 Which leads thee onward to the last.

PART II.

At morn or eve, when thought grows still,  
 The sauntering hours that slowly move  
 Let Sewell's Martyr-history fill,  
 Or holy Fletcher's life of Love;  
 On Pity's records fix thine eye,  
 To acts of Christian labour turn,  
 With Woolman's tender spirit sigh,  
 With Missionary Martyrs mourn.

So Peace be thine, nor what ensues  
 The thought that misspent time employs;  
 Thine be the powers whose present use  
 Refines the dull, the lost restores,

Broad waters be around thy shores,  
The throne by sovereign Truth posset :  
And never gallant ship with oars  
Invade the kingdom of thy rest.

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### Lines on Cambridge.

WHERE classic Camus pours his sedgy urn,  
The sighing Dryads and the Wood nymphs mourn ;  
Long spiry rushes fringe his sullen banks,  
And sapling willows stand in martial ranks.  
The brook is here unknown—each sullen flood  
With slimy footsteps treads a path of mud.  
No flowing daughters their swift tributes bring  
O'er shining sands, and as they bear them sing,  
To yield their burthen, and forgotten be  
In the far nobler flood which bears them to the sea.  
Here intersecting "drain cuts" bear about  
The unclean humours which the earth casts out.  
Pregnant with feverish airs which sing at strife,  
And make that deathlike which would yet be life.  
Here Engines work to give our sweet soil ease,  
And free her furrows of their wet disease.  
Thus may we see in Esculapian halls,  
Where skilful Cooper hastes when Science calls,  
The figure lovely late in life, but now  
Death sits triumphant on its livid brow.  
What noxious airs infect the crowded room,  
And sow the young seeds of disease to come,  
In those who listen with a silent breath  
To learn his lessons, how to war with death ;  
And thus his ready blade the form divides,  
Where life so panted, and disease resides.  
His skill exhibits it to sight, and draws  
The peccant humour, foe to Nature's laws.  
His silver tongue, with the sad scene at strife,  
Teaches from Death to gain the love of Life.

A loathsome art, and yet we bless the skill  
Which lengthens life almost at human will.

The deathlike region boundless crops supplies  
Of bread for man, where'er the prospects rise ;  
Where greedy Commerce ploughs the land for gain,  
Abundance loads till it can scarce sustain ;  
Of loads of grain this right ungrudging yields,  
While five per acre vex our burdened fields.  
Few pastoral herds abound, the lowing kine  
In poorer pastures than are ours, repine ;  
Scant are the dairy's luscious sweets, and all  
The products of distended udders small ;  
The fleecy flock to various greens they drive,  
Upon its scanty browsing slowly thrive ;  
Sold off in more inviting vales to feed,  
With fatter increase to supply our need.

Wealthy the masters are, and purse- bounds  
Of large expanse confine their spacious grounds ;  
Which fill, in favouring years, with sums untold  
Their almost bursting bags with ruddy gold ;  
Yet sordid are their minds, and run to waste,  
In evening's leisure hours, for want of taste  
To cultivate and to enlarge its wing,  
To rise from Earth like the sweet lark, and sing ;  
For purer spirits exaltation know,  
The grosser matter only sinks below.

These are Thy gifts, Eternal and Adored !  
Great Source of being ! Man and Nature's Lord !  
From Thee the talent is derived—to turn  
Earth to Man's food—and it should upward burn ;  
From *Thee* the Earth her fruitfulness receives,  
And strength to generate the good she gives ;  
Each blade of her green mantle points the source  
Of mind on high, whence she derives her force ;  
Thus human thought should ever, ever tend  
To its first Cause, true Centre, and *best* End ;  
Prove from the life, whilst in the body here,  
Its ancestry drawn from a nobler sphere ;



Join a communion to kind Spirits given,  
Take Angels' food, a rich foretaste of Heaven ;  
And plume its ardent wings, away to soar  
In Bliss Eternal, Boundless, Evermore !

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### MEMORIAL TO A FRIEND.

#### I.

OH, yes ! She was dear to us all, and in dying  
Her love was more tenderly twined in the breast ;  
For she looked like a Saint from this cold region flying,  
To wing her glad way to the halls of the Blest.

#### II.

We will mourn not nor weep, for her pathway of light  
Through a wearisome world was not cloudlessly fair,  
To her Heavenly Home hath she taken her flight,  
And no shadow can sully her happiness there.

#### III.

Who can say, had the will of Omnipotence spared  
Her young days, that their course had been spotlessly trod?  
E'en the Angels of Light, when they foolishly dared  
To repose on themselves, were forsaken of God.

#### IV.

Yes ! Affection and Friendship shall cease to repine  
At the loss which hath left them benighted and dim ;  
For she dwells in the soul-soothing light of His Shrine,  
Offering up evermore grateful incense to Him.

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### LINES AFFIXED TO A TABLE OF PEDIGREE SENT TO A DISTANT COUSIN.

" We all do fade as a leaf."

TIME *was*—when these were strong and fair,  
And life's glad path was green,  
When journeyed hand-in-hand the pair,  
And Pleasure walked between.

*Time was*—to human nature true,  
And youthful passion's power,  
Our fruit as early blighted grew,  
'Or faded in the flower.

*Time is*—that lowly, lowly laid,  
Their records are forgot ;  
Its shadow casts a deepening shade,  
To teach us they *are not*.

*Time is*—that conscious of the need  
To prize the short'ning day,  
Alive to its alarming speed,  
We labour, faint, and pray.

*Time shall be*—when the trumpet's sound  
Will wake their second birth,  
And mouldering forms from sleep profound  
Disturb the heaving earth.

*Time shall be*—when our state, like theirs,  
So seeming cold and strange,  
Will fix the forming characters,  
To take no after change.

Oh ! will they tremble to the sense  
That quickens to condemn ?  
Or know in lowly confidence  
A Saviour lives for *them* ?

O Thou who hear'st the sinner plead  
The sacrifice He gives,  
Permit us in Thy smile to read,  
For *us* a Saviour lives.

Thus one united Family,  
All ended human care,  
Within heaven's circle may we stand,  
Nor one be wanting there.

7th mo. 7th, 1840.

## TO THE MEMORY OF J. H. WIFFEN.

Written in a copy of his translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"  
sent to a friend at Toronto, in Upper Canada.

' Tu che ne vai in Pindo,  
Ivi pende mia cétra ad un cipresso  
Salutala in mio nome e dille poi  
Ch'io son dagli anni e da fortuna oppresso."

*Rime del Tasso.*

" If with no vulgar aim, no selfish view,  
I sought to give thy foreign chords a tongue,  
Let not my hopes all pass like morning dew,  
When on the cypress bough again thou'rt hung."

*2nd vol., page 548, 3rd ed.*

Go, little Volume, wheresoe'er  
Thy yet untravelled course may be,  
In the far Western World, and bear  
A Brother's sighs along with thee.

Thy Lyre uphung, beneath the shade,  
No more thy master's hand may try;  
His recent form is lowly laid,  
His soul is in the infinite sky.

By clustering Holly fenced around,  
Where soft the aged Fir-tree sighs,  
In quiet and forgotten ground,  
The Historian, Friend, and Poet lies.\*

Nameless the Christian Martyr there  
Reposes by his sleeping side;  
'Tis meet the Muses should not share  
The meed to martyred Faith denied.†

His house and garden, where the bee  
Hums of Hymettus' thymy steep  
Smile unremembered now—whence She,  
His loved in life, goes forth and weeps.

\* The Society of Friends at that time admitted no memorial stones in their places of interment.

† William Albright and other Friends at Woburn suffered under the persecuting edicts of the Stuarts, for Religious Liberty the true basis of civil freedom.

Then go, thou Volume, wheresoe'er  
Thy yet untravelled course may be,  
In the far Western World, and bear  
A Brother's tears along with thee.

For to a rising hemisphere  
His tuneful memory shall depart,  
And Bedford's name shall there be dear,  
And Ida's cling around the heart.\*

When Spring is pranked in leafy bowers,  
And Autumn joins her stormy din,  
And Winter veils in flaky showers  
"The glow of the bright hearth within."

Unconscious to his youthful mind,  
Another Crown shall Tasso wear;  
His wondering Muse shall smile to bind  
The wreath so foreign, strange, and fair.†

Then go, thou Volume, wheresoe'er  
Thy yet untravelled course may be,  
In the far Western World, and bear  
A Brother's sighs along with thee.

Young Founder of a future race,  
In thy posterity I see  
The sunny glow of female grace,  
The vigour of the wise and free.

Some—shall the Senate's toils employ,  
Some—harvest the rich year's increase,  
Some—Ministers of Heaven's own joy,  
To sin's returnings proffer Peace.

And One perchance, the warm and young,  
His silent Lyre redeeming kiss,  
As he o'er Sainted Tasso's hung,  
So inspiration draw from his.

\* See the poetical dedication to Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, and the *l'Envoi*, in the third Edition, two poems distinguished by the applause of one of the sweetest writers of modern times; but he is the Poet of Memory's Pleasures.

† Tasso was crowned after death in the Vatican, 1595.

Then go, thou Volume, wheresoe'er  
 Thy yet untravelled course may be,  
 In the far Western World, and bear  
 A Brother's sighing heart with thee!

1st mo. 1st, 1837.

### THE FRIENDS' BURIAL GROUND AT WOBURN.

THE Burial-ground of the Society of Friends of Woburn is situated two miles north-west of that town, at the foot of a considerable range of hills on the edge of the county, and about one hundred yards from the road to Nottingham and Leeds, Manchester and Liverpool,—one of those highways which, like palpitating arteries, convey the tide of never-ceasing circulation between the metropolis and the great commercial towns of the north and north-west. It is a little plot of table-land standing almost alone. Beside the border of one of its great thoroughfares, yet separated as it were from the hurry of life, its seeming solitude is heightened by an extensive Heath and a long line of Forest, which clothes the boundary hills of the two counties. A long building, of cottage-like appearance, without the peculiarities, yet bearing the marks, of age, having been erected in the time of Charles I., or the Commonwealth, with a circular grass plot in front, and thickly peopled Burial-ground, backed by a narrow slip of garden behind, constitute the premises. The whole is shut in from outward observation by a noble fence of Holly, ever green; three lofty and aged Fir Trees, the lingering remnants of an early race, add solemnity to a spot—

“Where holy men to worship God  
 Might wander for an hour.”

It seems a place selected by the missionary spirit of the early Friends, near enough to the market-place of men for their invitations to be overheard: “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; yea, come, buy wine and milk *without* money and *without* price.”

The walls have rung with the warnings, invitations, and consolations of unbought Truth, delivered by plain, holy, self-devoted men. At this place in early times were “great gatherings

of the people," and its thickly set Burial-ground proves the number of their converts and the constancy of their principles. There, as in other old places of interment of this people, they opened the ground nearest to the dwelling-house, as if to draw together as closely as might be the two states of the existence of man, only separated, as they really are, by the thin veil of momentary vitality ; or, as they were bound in proverbial brotherhood to one another by a community of suffering for their peculiar principles, as if the sympathies of faithful Friendship united the living to the Dead in endearing and reverential connection.

Who, that has witnessed a Funeral in one of these retired country places, has not felt the touching simplicity of their practice of this solemn rite ? No pall nor feathers ; no bands nor hoods ; their every-day dress a symbol of the unchanging sincerity of affection. The body borne by the Friends of the Departed, the slow gathering round its spot of rest, the heartfelt hush of the company, deepened at intervals by the breathings of Nature—such as the sigh of the autumn wind, or the stifled twittering of the summer bird—sober the mind down towards a true and oftentimes unwelcome estimate of its own daily state and habits of thought. So deep is the silent solemnity, that the very pulse of the heart is audible, travelling onward apace to the termination of life. Conscience, more clean at such an hour as this, takes a breathing time from the contending influences of a passing world to renew its covenant with Life Immortal, whilst opportunely, perhaps, the voice of some Minister of grace and power corroborates the testimony of the witness within.

Time has trodden down the little mounds which once distinguished the narrow dwellings ; many of them are nameless and forgotten ; but the Memory of some of the silent tenants is still dear to the bosoms of a few who admire their Christian courage, and revere their Virtue.

The pious of all parties owe a debt of gratitude to the Editor of the Letters of Lady Rachel Russell. In that ground his body rests. His ever active, learned, and diligent mind admired, edited, and procured the publication of the popular series of Lady Russell's Letters, whose widowed sorrows have been the edification of many. A widow, too, was the exemplar of his

virtues, who with his grandsire, his father, and his son, sleeps by his side. He collected the existing Library, and planted the aged Fir Trees which grace with solemnity the spot. Dear be the Memory of his son, who finished his well-aged course to rest with him. He was the friend of many who had no other friend. His silent virtues spoke out in the sighs of the poor, who followed with their children, not indeed "afar off," to witness the last of One whom tradition may chronicle in the distance of years by the surname of "the Good." His affable, discursive, investigating mind flowed in an undercurrent of retiring bashfulness, throughout a long life of kind offices, cheerful hopes, living sympathies, and innocent wit. The scenes of Nature never spoke to his heart in vain; it expanded at the view of her beauties with the feelings of Faith and Love, and glowed with the sensibilities of Youth in the time of old Age.

And here, last and latest, was gathered the Historian and the Poet, whose lyre

"Is on the cypress bough again uphung,"

and whose recording pen has raised a Monument to a Noble Family,—to use his own words respecting the Biographer of Howard, "more honourable and enduring than the ornature of marble."

#### LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A BUST OF THE PHIDIAN VENUS.

DIVINITY in Stone ! yet glowing  
Warm to the eye, supremely fair !  
Beauty a sense like odour throwing,  
As though the spirit harboured there.

Upon that brow, so pure, so soft,  
Immortal Love hath set his seal,  
And left in kinder mood than oft,  
The sign we cannot choose but feel.

'Tis true those full and fixed eyes,—  
They cannot move or glow with fire,  
Or herald, as the wishes rise,  
The thoughts the bosom would respire;

But lo ! those lips, those eloquent lips !  
So full of Love, and Peace, and all  
Which suffered such a dark eclipse  
When erring woman wrought our fall.

And knowing this, say who can look  
Upon that marble, nor prefer  
That Man the fatal apple took  
And Eden left, to live with Her ?

1819.

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WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A  
BEAUTIFUL BUT UNKNOWN LADY.

UPON Her cheek the eye may trace  
The lineaments of Heavenly grace,  
A tender streak of ruddy Light,  
Which strikes at once, and holds the sight.  
It is not brilliant—is not gay,  
It is not Pleasure's dazzling ray,  
It does not wildly flash and burn,  
Like rich winds in a sparry bowl,  
But softly beams and shines, as roll  
Sweet waters from a crystal urn.  
It makes, albeit he strive in vain,  
The gazer turn to gaze again.  
It seems to speak in tender tone,  
Of childhood's happier moments flown,  
When pleasure like the buds of roses,  
At every change new sweets discloses,  
And we, like bees with all the flowers,  
In dalliance spend the laughing hours.  
On the smooth brow the chestnut hair  
Descends, and makes a twilight there,  
So softly shadowed and so sweet,  
As that when light and darkness meet,  
And purple ocean, round his isles,  
In Heaven's own aspect looks and smiles.



On that pure tablet grief hath laid  
 Her hand, but not one furrow made ;  
 On that unsullied page as yet,  
 No impress of her seal is set ;  
 From those rich tresses to the view,  
 That dark eye takes a darker hue ;  
 Full, glassy, brilliant, there the mind  
 Sits like the Deity enshrined ;  
 Within its pupil works a spell  
 Which fills the breast—we know not why—  
 With scenes on which the thoughts must dwell,  
 Of vanished hours of peace gone by,  
 Of visions clear, to eye and ear,  
 Which Heaven bestowed in its revealing,—  
 Of Her the lost, the loved, the dear,  
 Who poured the first warm tide of feeling.  
 We gaze and grieve, and still we gaze  
 Upon the soul-appealing token,  
 And mourn that Time can never raise  
 One flower like those his touch hath broken.

*Woburn, May 19th.*

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### A NOVEMBER EVENING.

*Written after the Death of His Sister Sophia.*

THOUGH 'tis but weakness of one's self to speak,  
 And the true Christian ought not to be weak,  
 Should I not mourn a Sister and a friend,  
 Life's first companion, constant to the end ?  
 Now left alone, my solitude I keep,  
 While all things weep Her loss, or seem to weep.

Without—Her pet plants in the garden blow,  
 A languid, drooping, undelightful show.  
 My unskilled fingers train up every stem,—  
 They feel the *duty* is not given to them.  
 To nurse their weakness all my skill is vain.  
 Affection chills them from a heart in pain.

Within—my lamp and book, and overwrought  
The fainting Fancy's unproductive thought  
These lines betray ; a sadly pensive gloom  
From the mind's colour shadows all the room ;  
The table's spread, untasted is the cheer,—  
My hearth is joyless, for She is not here.

11th mo. 12th, 1864.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME ENTITLED "LOVE AND  
FRIENDSHIP."

BE still, thou beating heart, be still,  
Nor stem the thoughts of other days,  
When "Love and Friendship" led at will  
Thy course through hope's delusive maze.

Recall not Memory—instead,  
Grow cold thyself, for pity's sake ;  
For "Love and Friendship" both are fled,  
And thou art left alone to ache.

Alas ! 'tis useless to deny,  
Though good the counsel, 'tis in vain ;  
The very effort to comply  
But makes thee more alive to pain.

The injured beech, when spring comes round,  
Spreads its green garlands wide and far,  
And last and less the early wound  
Betrays it by a smoother scar.

But age that joins thy parted rind,  
For "Love and Friendship" but reveals  
The scar that they have left behind,  
To mark a *wound* that never heals.

4th mo. 25, 1865.

LINES SENT WITH A COLLECTION OF  
AUTOGRAPHS TO A FRIEND.

THE Poet's verse, the Statesman's thought  
Speak here, once more, of life, as when  
The paper wet with ink was brought,  
Instinct with reason from their pen.

Yet they are cold ! and Genius claims  
For many a one the passing tear,  
Whose very fingers traced the names  
That we behold recorded here.

How small the touch ! yet glory's bound  
Were large to occupy the half  
When names that made the world resound  
Are shrunk into an *Autograph*.

Yet me they teach ! the bolt that smites  
Uplifted now a moment spares ;  
*This* head that thinks, *this* hand that writes,  
Will shortly lie as cold as theirs.

Yet if some one with thoughtful eye,  
Turning these treasured pages o'er,  
Awake to the reality  
Of mind he had not gained before,

To such an one does this appeal.  
It has a guerdon—more than fame—  
If it but makes her *think* and *feel*,  
And love the lines that *want a name*.

1847.

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THE TRANSLATOR TO HIS BOOK.

FAREWELL, dear Prize of many hopes and fears !  
My task was love, and now with fond regret  
I look upon thy finish. Fruit of years  
And food of thoughts I never should forget ;  
For well didst thou repay the growing debt

Of careful toil. Go forth, my Book, and trace  
 Thy destined course, whilere my sun be set,  
 No more to glisten on my pallid face ;  
 For lo ! I watch the shadows gathering o'er  
 My evening path,—then go thee forth before !

For we must part upon the Border-land,  
 Where man from all his works shall separate,  
 And frail and good take up on either hand  
 The places of their judgment, soon or late.  
 Why should I linger then, or seem to wait  
 For other bidding ? for with Thee the close  
 Of life seems wound up but to dedicate  
 Its last calm days to that Divine repose  
 Which the sweet doctrines of thy pages tell  
 In gentle style. Go, then, and fare-thee-well !

*Near Woburn, Beds, 1861.*

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### FRAY LUIS DE LEON.

*(Printed in the "British Friend.")*

Fray Luis de Leon is one of the sweetest and most graceful of the Spanish Poets. He was born in Andalusia, and flourished during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Studious and learned in all the dialects of the Peninsula, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he gained by competition from seven opposing candidates a professorship in the University of Salamanca, in which he displayed such admirable talents for teaching, that he was soon advanced to the head professorship of Scripture exposition. But neither his piety, learning, and assiduity—nor his gentle disposition amiable mind, and retiring nature—could protect him from the enmity of some, and the envy of many, his inferiors. He had translated into Latin, and afterwards into Spanish, the Song of Solomon, adding to it brief explanatory comments for the use of one of his friends ; this little work was printed and read with delight by many throughout the country. The Inquisition, however, had enjoined that no book of the Holy Scriptures should be given to the people in their own language ; and in this the enemies of Fray Luis de Leon found a ready occasion to denounce him to the tribunal of the Holy Office, whose familiars arrested him in its name, and cast him into a prison where hope seldom came, and where he passed five long, weary years, under protracted examinations and many deprivations. He was not, however, denied the use of the pen, and the following gives us a natural and touching expression of his thoughts and expressions at this period, from the dungeon of the Inquisition :—

HERE falsehood and malignity  
 In darkness have imprisoned me ;

O happy is the humble state  
 Of him, the wise, who from the great  
 And vicious world can rusticate !  
 If lowly be his household shed,  
 And meanly is his table spread,  
 His joyful life alone he passes  
 Among the fields, the flowers, the grasses,  
 Unenvied and unenvying found,  
 With God's sole presence compassed round.  
 Led on that higher life to see  
 By Solitude and Liberty.\*

During his confinement he wrote some religious works, and softened the dreary hours of his captivity by the composition of several of his best Poems, thus enjoying, by the exercise of his exquisite imagination, at least some of the brief gratifications of retirement from the world of envy, falsehood, and oppression—a state he so ardently longed for, but which his lot throughout his life denied him. His day of liberation at length came, and restored him to his dignity and professorships. His countrymen remark that he took up his lecture to the students at the very point he had left it, when interrupted several years before by his arrest, without making any or the least allusion to the long interval of time between, something in this manner: “Señores, as you have heard me expound the subject to the third proposition, our lecture proceeds with the fourth,” etc.; so profound were the dread and the secrecy induced by the power of the Inquisition.

As a Poet, for tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, melody of diction, and simplicity, Fray Luis de Leon ranks second to Garcilasso de la Vega. He transfused the charms of the Roman Poets with the Castilian language, as Garcilasso did those of the Italian; the one imitated the Pastorals of Virgil and Odes of Horace, and the other the refined grace of the sonnetti and canzoni of Petrarch. He lived in the time of our Queen Elizabeth, and was coeval with Spenser. The following is a free translation of a poem on Retirement, and is an example of his general style of thought and sentiment :—

### RETIREMENT.

“Que de descausada vida ve.”

How calm a life is theirs who leave  
 The road where millions toil and grieve,  
 And follow, unobserved to view,  
 The path of those, the wise, the few,  
 Who early from the world withdrew ;  
 Whose breasts untroubled by the state  
 And honours of the rich and great,

The last two lines are not in the original Spanish.

Ask no gay palace for a home,  
No jasper shafts, no arching dome,  
With gold and arabesques inlaid,  
By the wise Moorish artist made.

They had no care that noisy Fame  
Should chant with fickle voice their name,  
Or Poet's pen should deck and dress  
What Truth herself could not confess.

Tho' Fame's vain finger makes the sign,  
What profit to this peace of mine,  
If praises written upon air  
I seeking find, and finding, share  
Undying fear and mortal care?

Hills, rivers, woods, ye glorious sights !  
O secret and secure delights !  
I seek from tempests long and rude,  
Heart-aching, strengthless, and subdued,  
Your soul-reviving solitude.

O for one dream ! one life-long day !  
To pass the rest of life away !  
In others' breasts I will not pry,  
Vainly severe to judge and try,  
Who rank and money glorify.

The birds shall wake me up to thought  
By anthems tasteful, though untaught,  
Nor ever waking fears instil,  
That have the spirit to fulfil  
The slavery of another's will.

Free from all love, from hatred free,  
Hopes, wishes, zeal, and jealousy ;  
Self in myself, O might I live  
To taste the good the heavens can give  
To Peace, for mortal angel fit,  
And but myself to witness it.

Where slopes from yon green hill the land,  
An orchard with my own glad hand  
There have I made, which yearly, Spring,  
With infant blossoms covering,

Will into swelling beauty shape  
The promised citron, fig, and grape.

Beyond, as longing to behold  
The fruitage grow in green and gold,  
On high an airy Fount shall spring  
And to the spot haste warbling.

Till lulled, encircling tree and tree,  
Fed with fresh lymph in due degree,  
Where spreads the level land shall make  
The circle of a silver lake ;  
With blossomed turf shall overspread  
The borders of its liliated bed,

Freshen the air to cool the flowers,  
New scents creating at all hours,  
With murmuring wings to fan the trees,  
That wealth and power shall cease to please,  
Lost in forgetfulness and ease.

Let them have treasures who confide  
Their mercies to the wind and tide ;  
I shall not know the sighing yoke  
Of fear *they* feel when storms provoke  
The North to bluster in their cloak.

Their vessel leaks—in blackest night  
Daylight declines—the heavens affright  
With voices wild, and the next seas'  
Resounding clamour joins with these.

Me, the meanwhile, of viands spare,  
Enough will seraph Peace prepare ;  
The gold-chased winecup his may be,  
Who leans upon the fickle sea.

Whilst he is miserably burning  
With thirst of riches unreturning,  
My length along the green turf laid,  
I chaunt these verses in the shade.  
Beneath the leaves my brows I bind  
With laurel, by green ivy twined.  
My pen and voice attune the' accords  
Of harmony to prompting words,

Till Angel ranks look down to find  
 The Poet and the Lyre combined ;  
 Seraphs who feel their heavenly mirth,  
 Increased by bliss like theirs on earth,  
 There low on twilight's clouds recline,  
 And mix melodious hymns with mine.

5th mo. 18th, 1849.

## FROM THE SPANISH. A MELODY.

" Ven, Ninfer ! adonde el ecclamor floresie."

COME, Maid, where the pomegranates flower,  
 Fenced round by the ivy's green shade,  
 Where the cedars and cypresses tower  
 To the growth that the abèle has made.

This retreat, circled round by the river,  
 Come, O come for the spot is all mine ;  
 And its gift, to make richer the giver,  
 When thou comest, darling Maid, will be thine.

Why linger ? what fortune detains thee ?  
 Why still in suspension and fear  
 Keep the hope that does nothing but pain me  
 Till thou, darling Maid, shalt appear ?

A garland, a garland of roses,  
 Kept cool on the bough of the tree,  
 And white lilies, white lilies in posies,  
 Darling girl, have been waiting for thee.

Even now, where the pomegranates flower,  
 Fenced in by the ivy's green shade,  
 Where the cedars and cypresses tower,  
 Even here, comes my own darling Maid !

6th mo., 1849.



## THE REPLY.

I COME where the pomegranates flower,  
 Fenced round by the ivy's green shade,  
 Where the cedars and cypresses tower,  
 I come as thy own trustful Maid.

What wonder if something delayed her !  
 O call it not doubting or fear ;  
 'Twas the rush of the heart that betrayed her,  
 When it beat that the moment was near.

Like the barque to all winds, with precision  
 Man varies his course and concerns,  
 Her centre is woman's *decision*,  
 Round that her futurity turns.

What are gifts to be lavished upon her  
 With nobility only his own,  
 Where his wisdom, truth, virtue, and honour  
 Are the jewels she asks for her crown.

If his love be not yon flowing river,  
 Fresh, constant, and flushed to the brim,  
 His gifts ! they return to the giver,  
 But she has lost all things in him !

6th mo., 1849.

## HYMN.\*

(BY GIROLAMO SAVANAROLA, WRITTEN ABOUT MCCCCXCV.)

"Viva, viva in nostro core,  
 Cristo re duce, e signore !"

"Hail ! all hail ! in heart adored,  
 Christ, our gentle King and Lord !"

## I.

LET each one his understanding  
 Cleanse, and in his will resign  
 Earthly toys and vain affections ;  
 Let him melt in love divine.

\* Version made for R. R. Madden, writing the life of Savanarola.

Look to Christ, our King, regarding  
All His bounties, old and new,  
So with fasting and repentance  
Deeds and inmost heart renew.

## II.

If you wish that Jesus triumph  
By His grace your heart above,  
All its hatred and disdain  
Changed for gentle, gentle love.  
Every hateful feeling banished,  
Such their inborn peace can tell ;  
Here in heart, and there in Heaven,  
Jesus loves with them to dwell.

## III.

Gentle Jesus, O how blessed  
He who turns the world away !  
His the breast whose daily state is  
Ever pleasant, calm, and gay.  
Therefore are my feelings troubled,  
That for dust and chaff abroad  
We should lose not that sweet guerdon,  
Which is Jesus Christ our Lord.

## IV.

Rouse thee, then, O thou Benign One !  
'Gainst the world-wide Pharaoh's might,  
Casting down the old red dragon,  
Evil turn to swanlike white.  
Rouse e'en now thy royal lion,  
With the tribe of Judah's sword,  
Whom to look upon is horror,  
Where thy vial has been poured.

## V.

Blessed be the Virgin Mother,  
Blessed Jesus Christ our love,  
Blessed be the gracious Pastor  
Of the Sacred hosts above,

Who to those that sat in darkness  
 Caused the Light to break—e'en thus  
 Let us call for, living, dying,  
 Christ to dwell Himself with us.

3<sup>rd</sup> mo., 1853.

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# SONNET OF BENARDO TASSO TO GIULIA GONZAGA.

(ABOUT 1536.)

"Donna real! la rui beltà infinita."

WITH His own hand the ever-blest Creator,  
 O Royal Lady! fashioned Thee to shine,  
 A radiant presence, that to Him, thy Maker,  
 Thou shouldst draw many in the Life Divine.  
 Thine eyes' calm lustre chastest love uniting  
 With actions worthy of perpetual name,  
 Show an example evermore inviting  
 Where Beauty leads along the paths of fame.

Virtue with mind, power with gentleness,  
 Go with Thee forth, as with the day the sun,  
 Or as the stars in galaxy possess  
 Their shining field, and heavenly circles run.  
 The step, the smile, the intellect, the speech—  
 Beauty in motion!—with emotion teach  
 What Beauty's highest graces are in each.

8<sup>th</sup> mo. 14<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

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# BERNARDO TASSO TO GIULIA GONZAGA.\*

(ABOUT 1550.)

"Pellegrina gentil, che questa e quella."

O GENTLE Pilgrim, seeking where to find  
 The truth and goodness of the Perfect Mind,  
 To make thine own more lovely and refined;

\* Sonnet 155, Rime, ed. 1749, t. 1, p. 113.

Star of the Morning, whose resplendent glow,  
To guide us from this world of shades below,  
Lights the safe path in which our steps should go ;  
Gem, where the *Image of thy God*, in clear  
And lovely impress is displayed, and near  
Each form of glory and of goodness here.  
Divine Idea, Goddess-like to be  
Glass of His Truth, our Supreme Good to see ;  
Blest is the Soul that yearns in sighs for Thee !

8th mo. 30th, 1863.

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## IN PRAISE OF THE LADIES.

*Imitated from the Spanish of Castillejo.*

THIS world would be to pleasure closed,  
And poor without the Ladies,—  
A mart where goods lie unexposed,  
And poverty displayed is.

Without them, life were but a scroll,  
A town of consternation,  
A body heartless, and a soul  
Lost on the wind's gyration;

A tree that flower and fruit has none,  
A barque without conductor,  
A castle without corner-stone  
To bear the superstructure.

What worth are we, with all our toils ?  
What are we, or what merit,  
If Woman's wiles and Woman's smiles  
Are not with us to share it ?

To whom we dedicate the end  
Of all our thoughts and actions,  
On whom attend, towards whom we bend  
Our cares and satisfactions.

Who guides the charge both small and large  
 Of family and chattel,  
 Of purse and shop, of hearth and crop,  
 Of provender and cattle?

Who is the cause that shining eyes  
 A love to ours can proffer;  
 That brightest prize which earth and skies  
 Can promise or can offer?

When thicken all adversities,  
 Sickness, and care, and labour,  
 When from the coming sorrow flies  
 The brother, friend, and neighbour,—

O, what so certain, prompt, and nigh,  
 Above dissimulation,  
 As pity's dew in Woman's eye,  
 And her sweet consolation?

From Her proceeds whate'er we call  
 The good that man possesses,—  
 Herself the garland of it all,  
 Who gives it and who blesses.

What is the guard, the soul, the worth,  
 The sum of all that's human,  
 The glory of created earth?  
 A NOBLE-MINDED WOMAN!

And when she lays her foibles by,  
 And bows the heart to Duty,  
 A soul sits in her glorious eye,  
 Of MORE than *human* beauty.

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#### LINES.

Oh, dulce Suspiro mio!  
 No quisiera dicha mas,  
 Que quando a Dios te vas  
 Hallarme donde te envio.

Go, gentle Sigh ! go, gentle Sigh !  
 While low in prayer I bend me,  
 And I will ask no more reply,  
 Or sweeter bliss  
 Than this, than this,  
 To find me *where I send thee.*

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## LINES

Printed at the beginning of the Spanish New Testament of Francisco de Enzinas, being the first Spanish translation from the Greek. 1543.

" Christ, once a mortal man—again  
 Immortal—speaks to mortal men."

HE is no Heir of Mine, who shuns  
 The Testament I leave my sons,  
 Nor seeks, as legatee, to read  
 The rich provisions of the deed ;  
 Much less so he who would defer  
 To be My Will's executor.  
 Too many such ; and there are those  
 Who reading still remain My foes,  
 And show by blood of Mine they shed,  
 How ill, alas ! they've profited.

But thou who readest, ponder here  
 My name, My nature—Love and Fear !  
 For thee I suffered, wept, and died,  
 The Cursed, the Scourged, the Crucified ;  
 Now Crowned, and One with Deity  
 I pour my daily prayer for thee.

Would'st thou, then, join Me in the skies,  
 Learn from this fading world to rise ;  
 Turn daily o'er, with heart intent,  
 This volume of My Testament,  
 With lowly mind and willing hands,  
 Reading, and doing My commands.

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## THE DEATH OF PLACIDO, THE CELEBRATED CUBAN POET.

Letters from Matanzas and the Havana announce the condemnation, by the council of war, of eleven criminals—other accounts say twenty—alleged to have been concerned in the recent conspiracy of negroes and Mulattos. Amongst them is Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, the celebrated Poet known by the name of Placido, who in his last hours exhibited extraordinary courage.

Placido was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of the Havana, who united to purchase his freedom from Slavery. His enemies assert that he was intended for king in the last conspiracy, and that he was one of its principal instigators. He was apprehended, and after a long examination sentenced to death. It was rumoured that he would proceed along with others to the *Capilla*, the chapel of the condemned. At the expected time a large crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintance. The unfortunate victims are conducted into a chapel hung with black and dimly lighted. A succession of priests attend to chant in sepulchral voices the service of the dead. Here they remain four and twenty hours. Placido manifested during the whole time a serenity truly admirable. He came out of the chapel calm and undismayed. On his way to execution he carried a Crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud, plaintive, yet firm, voice a beautiful prayer in verse, composed in his solitary moments, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses of people who lined the road as he passed along. According to persons who were present, the last stanza was uttered just as he reached the place of death. On arriving at the fatal place he sat down on a bench, with his back turned, as ordered by the military. Rapid preparations were then made for his death. It is well known that in some affecting poems, written by Placido in prison, he had said it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body—they must strike his heart to make it cease its throbbings. And now the dread moment arrived. At the last he arose, and said, "Adios mundo!"—"Adieu, world!"—and sat calmly down. The word was given. Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up. He turned his look upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing the expression of superhuman courage, he said, "No hay piedad parami!"—"There is no pity for me." "Soldados-fuego!"—"Soldiers, fire!" pointing to his heart. At that instant two balls pierced his breast, while his last words yet rung in the ears of the beholders.

He died at six o'clock in the morning of sixth month, 1844, a victim to Slavery. A noble mind was cut off from the earth. Such, by the confession of his enemies, was the extraordinary courage he exhibited in his latest hours.

### TO GOD. A PRAYER.

BY PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

Recited by him as he walked to the place of execution.

*From the Spanish.*

"Ser de immensa bondad, Dios Poderoso."

SOUL of Eternal Goodness, God Almighty,  
In grief to Thee, my best resource, I cry ;

Put forth Thine arm omnipotent and lightly  
Strip off the painted mask of Calumny;  
Wipe with Thy radiant fingers this disgrace  
With which the world would blot me in the face.  
Listen and hear.

King over kings, God of my grey forefathers !  
My sole defender, and my hope, O Lord !  
Thine is green Ocean full of life, Thou gather'st  
Flames in the Sun, the dayspring fling'st abroad,  
Warming with life the flowers, the North congealing,  
Ruling the Rivers' flow, the fiery whirlwinds repelling.  
Hear me, oh hear !

All things exist by Thee ; all fade, yet cherish  
A seed of resurrection sown by Thee ;  
All is as nothing out of Thee, to perish,  
Gulfed in unsoundable Eternity ?  
Yet e'en the void obeys Thee like the whole,  
For out of it Thou mad'st a human soul.  
Hear its last cry.

I cannot gloze Thee, God of clemency,  
And since Thou seest with Thine all-piercing eyes  
Clear as the air my soul's transparency,  
Prevent calumnious men, nor let them rise  
To charge Thy Majesty with their offence,  
And clap their hands o'er murdered innocence.  
Hear and prevent !

But if it better glorify Thy power  
That Truth should perish, and that I should die,  
And my cold reliques in an evil hour  
Be outraged with malign complacency ;  
Speak, Lord, the word, and finish and fulfil  
In me the triumph of Thy Glorious Will.  
Speak, and I die !

8 mo. 24, 1844.



## SONG OF THE NEGRO PLANTATION SLAVE,

Being the conclusion of a Ballad sung about the streets of Madrid in the year 1850. It was noticed by the Government, and prohibited.

" Dulce Patria de mi vida,  
Cuánto me acuerdo de tí,  
Donde libre respiraba,  
Esclavo me ves aquí."

" Sweetest memories turn to thee,  
Dearest spot, my native land ;  
There I breathed, the loved, the free ;  
Here, a heart-struck slave I stand."

How impossible appears  
What before mine eyes I view ! . . . .  
By our fellow-men enslaved,  
Having but a darker hue.

Dulce Patria de mi vida,  
Cuánto me acuerdo de tí,  
Donde libre respiraba,  
Esclavo me ves aquí.

He who formed the white man's skin,  
When He wove and fashioned mine,  
Made He to be born a sin,  
Where His sunbeams hotter shine ?  
Sweetest memories turn to thee,  
Dearest spot, my native land ;  
There I lived, the loved, the free ;  
Here, a fettered Slave I stand.

Though my country's farthest bound  
Burns with summer from above,  
Ripe upon its soil are found  
Hearts of virtue, truth, and love.

Dulce Patria de mi vida,  
Cuánto me acuerdo de tí,  
Donde libre espiraba,  
Esclavo me ves aquí.

When the white man journeys there,  
Young and old refresh him so ;  
Bed, and food, and hut they share,  
Free to come, and stay, and go.

Sweetest memories turn to thee,  
Dearest spot, my native land ;  
There I dwelt, the loved, the free ;  
Here, an abject Slave I stand.

Only for our colour still  
Must they hold us Slaves. Ah, why,  
Without reason, at their will  
Do we suffer, toil, and sigh ?  
Dulce Patria de mi vida,  
Cuánto me acuerdo de ti,  
Donde libre espiraba,  
Esclavo me ves aqui.

Ever when they give commands,  
'Tis with threatening look and word ;  
Frequent through the shrinking band,  
Strokes of punishment are heard.  
Sweetest memories turn to thee,  
Dearest spot, my native land ;  
There I dwelt, the loved, the free ;  
Here, an abject Slave I stand.

Brethren, to your lots conform ;  
God and Patience you shall see  
Things impossible perform,  
They will work our liberty.

Dulce Patria de mi vida  
Cuánto me acuerdo de ti,  
Donde libre espiraba,  
Esclavo me ves aqui.

Sweetest memories turn to thee,  
Dearest spot, my native land ;  
There I lived, the glad, the free ;  
Here, a heart-struck Slave I stand.

## DANTE TO ALBANO.

*(Printed in the "British Friend," 1850.)*

Letter from a *new Christian*, secretly a Jew, in Spain, to Antonio Henriques Gomez, a literary Spanish Jew who had fled the country, and resided as refugee, sometimes in France, sometimes in Amsterdam. A. de Castro's "*Historia de los Judios en España.*" Cadiz, 1847.

FRIEND of my heart, once more I pen  
 The lines of hope, and breathe again !  
 Trust me, my dread, now undeceived,  
 Can speak of all that is believed ;  
 For every hour, 'twixt hope and fear,  
 Since thy departure seemed a year,  
 Imagining thy flight would bring  
 My instant ruin on the wing.  
 My memory became a void,  
 Without thy presence unenjoyed ;  
 My former friends I shunned or crost,  
 Thinking by thee that all was lost.  
 How terrible to me that day,  
 Which drew thee from thy home away !  
 To quit this sea of stormy waves,  
 Where thought is tombed in living graves.  
 Yet prudently thy flight thou bent  
 From torture, and I praise the' intent,  
 Since faithfully hast thou redeemed  
 The fate that wasted me, or seemed.  
 At thy departure such a shock,  
 As ocean hurls against the rock,  
 Was given, and still the breakers fret,  
 And the proud sea is heaving yet.  
 This is no land that freedom loves,  
 But like the main unstable moves,  
 Moves without gale to stir the ocean,  
 And feels, in apathy, commotion.  
 The glassy calm conceals the shoals  
 Where love is wrecked, and perish souls,  
 Where momentarily engulfed descend  
 Worth, fortune, family, and friend.

For every word, however plain,  
A covert enemy you gain,  
His neighbour every neighbour fears,  
Unless a witness overhears.  
Here lust of lordly power obtains  
A blessing, and securely reigns,  
While greediness of lucre buys  
The soul, and sells as merchandise.  
Proud tongues of glory boast, and they  
Accomplish not the good they say,  
Who speaks the truth for honour dies,  
He noble is who smiles and lies.  
The sharper, who the falsest plays,  
And *wins*, is honoured with the praise,  
Who gilds his garments at the' expense  
Of honesty and common sense.  
There is a company of grave  
And reverend jugglers that we have,  
Who in their lust of power and pelf  
Hoodwink Hypocrisy herself.  
Gayer than Spring they turn the hours,  
Engarlanding their games with flowers ;  
But not the evil ones can wait  
More watchful at the snares of fate.  
Two lines of their most secret pen  
To ashes burn the hearts of men,  
Not locust swarms on flowers of May  
Have hydra heads so fierce as they.  
Like Deities they sit on high,  
And deal the verdicts of the sky,  
The calm which follows their appeal  
Makes venerated reason reel.  
Their footsteps thread the crowded street,  
All seeming slow, yet softly fleet ;  
Clouds of mysterious incense hide  
The recognition of their pride.  
These enemies that wrought thy pain  
Divide thy *half of life* from Spain,

Yet let not thy rejoicing be  
 "If others suffer, I am free."  
 Unsatisfied with half thy store,  
 They turn to peel the many more.  
 Guard well our secrets, nor reveal ;  
 Thy friends may be the first to feel.

\* \* \* \*

Thrice happy thou who couldst retire  
 From mulct, from prison, pains, and fire,  
 Now eastward passing with a name,  
 Wreathed by the grateful hands of fame.  
 So cruel is the age, and strong,  
 Truth is reversed, and right is wrong,  
 That, envying the serene repose  
 Thy venturous resolution knows,  
 In liberty and peace to rest,  
 Enshrouded in the distant West,  
 The example thou hast left I see,  
 And gird my feet to follow thee.  
 Surely a miracle Divine  
 To happy pilgrimage drew thine,  
 To find, in foreign lands, a birth  
 To new relations, friends, and earth.  
 Now, I shall be the next to roam  
 From kindred, country, hearth, and home ;  
 For when Religion wrongs His laws,  
 The Deity Himself withdraws.

10 mo. 16, 1850.

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IMPROMPTU ON READING A RELATION OF AN  
 AUTO DA FÉ OF BOOKS.

BURN Books ! burn Thought ? unthinking men,  
 Not your control  
 Can kill—the Spirit of the Pen  
 Is still the Soul.

What through the pile and flame be brought,  
And more, and higher !  
The lightnings of electric thought  
Return in fire.

Thou Pen ! the quick'ner of the worth  
Of man *to be* !  
Thou, multiplying Mind, on earth !  
Avouching its Celestial birth,  
Shalt make it free.

For every tome of price destroyed,  
A double volume fills the void  
Of nobler pages.  
Burn on ! ye wise ones *of a day*,  
For so ye beacon Freedom's way,  
And speed the *ages*.

12 mo., 1850.

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STANZAS FROM THE ITALIAN OF SIGNORA DONNA  
COSTANZA D'AVALO, DUCHESSA DI AMALFI.

O HEAVENLY Love, O Light divine !  
From this dark world of noise and strife,  
My spirits flee direct to Thee,  
And languish for immortal life.

My heart e'en now enjoys the day  
When Love his bounteous banquet brings,  
And spurns away this weight of clay  
To mount upon seraphic wings.

No whirlwinds there, no tempests dare  
To trouble that Celestial scene ;  
For my true Sun becalms the air,  
And makes my every hour serene.

If, covered in a mortal veil,  
 My Saviour suffered, not in vain  
 Unbarred the portal Adam closed,  
 And back through Eden guides again ;

Why was I in such anxious haste  
 With wandering feet and far astray,  
 Refusing joys of Heaven to taste,  
 And here on earth to make my stay ?

For now the fire of Love Divine  
 Demonstrates if with constant heat  
 I hold to Heaven, the world is mine,  
 And conquered lies beneath my feet.

#### THE RISE OF THE ITALIAN REFORMATION.\*

WHEN Germany beheld the light of the Reformation dawn over the ruins of Christian piety, manners, and knowledge, and kindle the hearts of nations, even Italy did not remain untouched by its heavenly beams. There, where the spirit appeared entirely extinguished under lifeless forms—where the disorders of the priesthood mocked the holy manners of a Christian community—where the “heavenly Corner-stone” was built into the edifice of a worldly hierarchy, until it was not to be discerned—even there the spirit of the German reformation came like a new dispensation into the world, and met with a decided reception in many noble minds and elevated spirits. And never, in any age, have such been entirely wanting under the glowing skies and serene atmosphere of Italy. History has recorded upon her pages many precious names, to whom, in connection with the reformatory movement of Italy at the era of the German reformation, memory clings before all others. They are scat-

\* *The Benefit of Christ's Death*: probably written by Aonio Paleario: reprinted in *fac-simile* from the Italian edition of 1543, with a French translation printed in 1522, from copies in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge; to which is added an English version, made in 1548, by Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, now first edited from a MS. preserved in the library of the University of Cambridge, with an introduction by Churchill Babington, B.D., F.L.S. London Bell and Daldy. 1855.

tered over the whole country. Scarcely one of the chief cities, scarcely any of the celebrated centres of learning, remained without some distinguished disseminator of truth and knowledge, who appeared to have derived his first impulse from Germany. At the court of the Duchess Renée, Ferrara saw many of the noblest minds of the time united together, men full of Protestant spirit, of whom we may name, Marcantonio Flaminio, Celio Calcagnini, Bartolomeo Riccio, Fulvio Peregrino Morata, father of the pious and accomplished Olympia Morata. Naples possessed in Juan de Valdés an undaunted *knight* for evangelical truth, and Pavia collected her students in jealous veneration round Celius Secundus Curione (who has left us a touching memorial of his four daughters), so early ripe for heaven, to protect him as a shield from the arrows of the Romish court. From the extremest point of Istria went out the pair of brothers Aurelio and Pietro Paulo Vergerio, who esteemed true peace of conscience much more than the cap of the cardinal; while Antonio Bruciolo, the Florentine, not to mention others, gave the Bible into the hands of his countrymen in their own language as the most powerful protest that could be made against Romish errors and usurpations; and Bernardino Ochino, of Sienna, preached from state to state his thrilling sermons on Salvation through Faith in Christ. As simple preachers under the monk's cowl, or as professors in the universities, Giovanni Mollio at Bologna, Paolo Ricci at Modena, Pietro Martire Vermigli at Naples, Giulio da Milano at Venice, were men who, learned and earnest, eloquent and open-hearted, gave course to the gospel or *good news* by word and by writing, and everywhere laboured to promote it. Even the high College of Cardinals at Rome held Gaspar Contarini, Morone, and Pole, men in the midst of it who in the earlier years of the Reformation, as friends and favourers of the doctrine of faith, appeared dangerous and suspicious to the Papal see.

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## LINES

On visiting, late in life, the Graves of my Forefathers, in a retired  
Burial-ground of the Society of Friends, in a distant part of the  
country.

"Behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house."

JUDGES vi. 15.

## I.

SIDE by side,  
Each to all the rest allied,  
In this lone, forgotten ground  
My own people I have found,  
At the dewy hour which brings  
Thoughts of long-remembered things.

Far adown the western sky  
Venus hangs and Gemini,  
Towards the South Arcturus turns,  
Like a far sea-beacon burns,  
And a blaze in ether throws  
Where the blue like ocean flows.  
While, with rising beams increast,  
Lovely Lyra lights the East,  
Like an eye we love, at sight,  
Giving and receiving light.  
Like the mind of Genius thrown,  
Gracing all it glances on ;  
Like the lips which, but once stirred,  
Leave a voice for ever heard,  
And a measure hymns to me  
Of Heaven's unwritten poesy.

I, a Pilgrim come from far,  
Led by Memory's twilight star,  
At what time her evening rays  
Glimmer through life's gathering haze ;  
Herald of approaching night,  
Dewy fair, and coldly bright,  
Questioning from all the Past  
How the Future might be cast ;

Whether their Eternal morrow—  
Tearless, fearless, free from sorrow—  
Would receive a near allied,  
Them to join—the Purified,  
Side by side.

II.

Side by side,  
Each to all the rest allied—  
Ancient grandsires, fathers, mothers,  
Gentle sisters, generous brothers,  
Son and daughter, friend and neighbour  
All their chequered joy and labour  
Ended, laid there down to rest,  
Here on Parent Nature's breast.  
Every one complete of stature  
From the finished mould of Nature ;  
Not a child of all the number  
Prematurely sunk to slumber.

O'er them Summer shoots her rays  
Through the twilight's golden haze,  
Measured in the sun's decline,  
Even lie they, line by line,  
Ranged in series as they died,  
Side by side.

III.

Side by side,  
Distant not an infant's stride,  
Each to all the rest allied,  
Ranged in series as they died.  
Ridge by ridge, from bound to bound,  
Stretched the file across the ground,  
Every form in order laid,  
In its hollow house decayed.

Here a Martyr, there a Poet,  
Though no mark is raised to show it,

But on one of Death's long muster,  
Sky-blue harebells swing in cluster,  
Side by side—side by side—  
To one common root allied ;  
Nought to human culture owing,  
But of gracious Nature's sowing ;  
Fed of sweetest earth and air,  
Sure a gentle heart lies there !  
One with whom I do inherit  
Kinship less of blood than Spirit ;  
One who was discovered by,  
Not the bloom, but fragrancy ;  
One whose natural unfolding  
Fixed the heart in the beholding,  
In whose cup the dew of sorrow  
Turned to beauty on the morrow ;  
Where e'en evil lost its malice,  
Changed to virtue in the chalice ;  
Flower of human-kind ! while they,  
Formed in Adam's firmer clay,  
Rested as our near allied,  
Side by side.

## IV.

Side by side,  
Softest shadows casting wide,  
Fir trees rise in pleasing grace,  
Round about at equal space,  
Save that here and there between  
Spreads the beech trees' broader green,  
By the rising night airs swayed,  
Chequered move their light and shade.  
Was it not that something gave  
Like a heaving to each grave ?  
For where'er my footsteps tread  
Seems a stirring of the Dead !  
And I feel as though I found  
Mind in motion underground ;

That the circling current ran  
Through the dust that once was man,  
Through each being ranged apart  
Round to my own beating heart.  
For the soul's reciprocations  
Move in Nature's tremulations.

Is it that their spirits come,  
Each one to his former home?  
Is it that my own is wrought  
To the prophecy of thought?  
Is it that they move to meet  
Him who makes the line complete?  
Is it . . . but I turn again  
To the common life of men.  
Least and latest of my race,  
My lone footsteps I retrace,  
Whilst o'er all the west wind sighs,—  
Voices round the precincts run,  
"We have yet a place for one!"  
O, how loud my heart replies:  
"Kindred spirits! near to view,  
I almost am one of you;  
For the knowledge that I yearn  
Now to know, I soon shall learn."  
And indeed, not far behind  
Moves the march of all mankind,  
To one common lot allied,  
Side by side! side by side!

7th mo., 1846.

~

1932  
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